



CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO.
51

10¢

DECEMBER

COMICS





New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



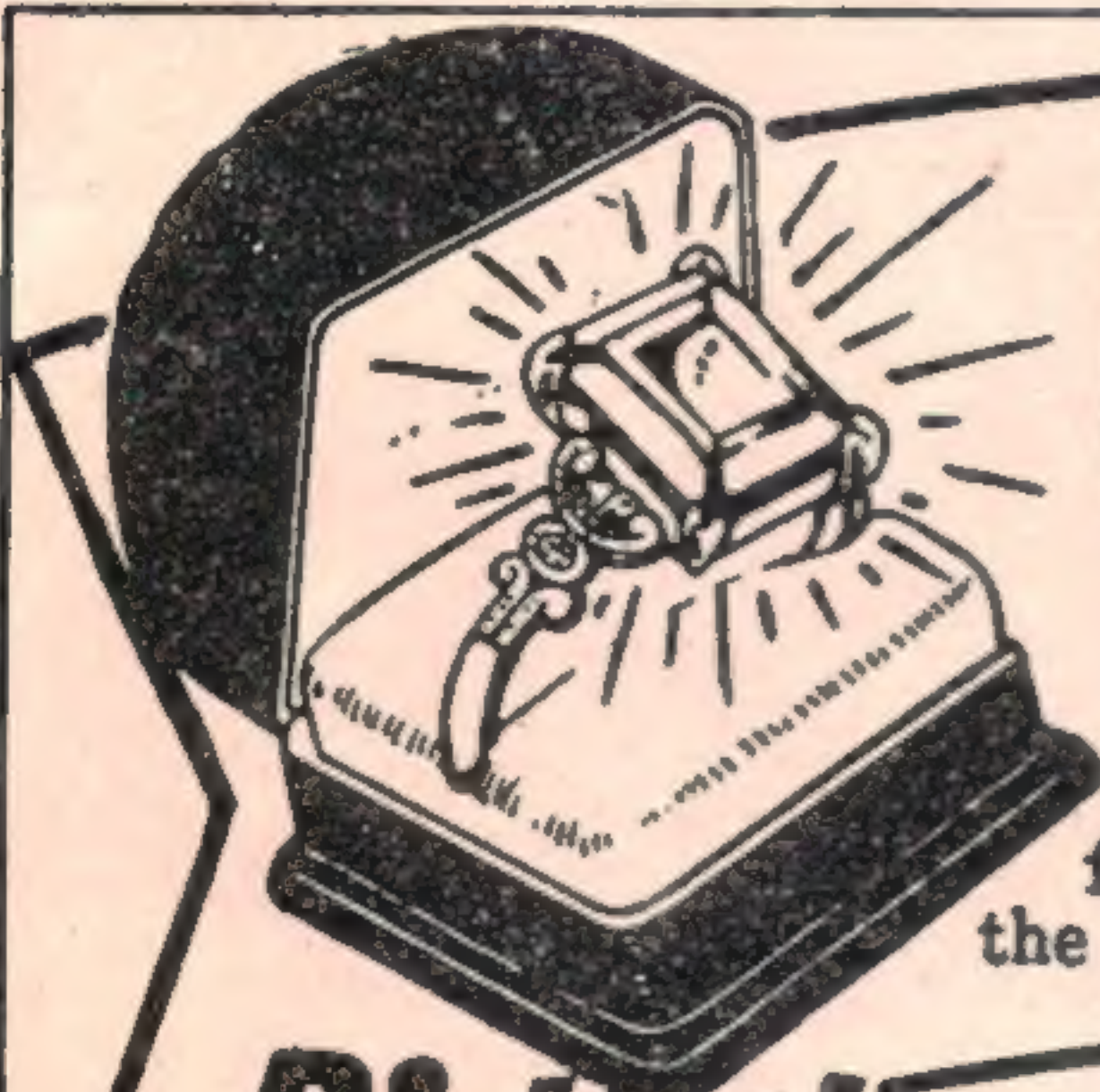
Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1315, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name Color of Hair
Address Color of Eyes
City State

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1315, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month data. **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.

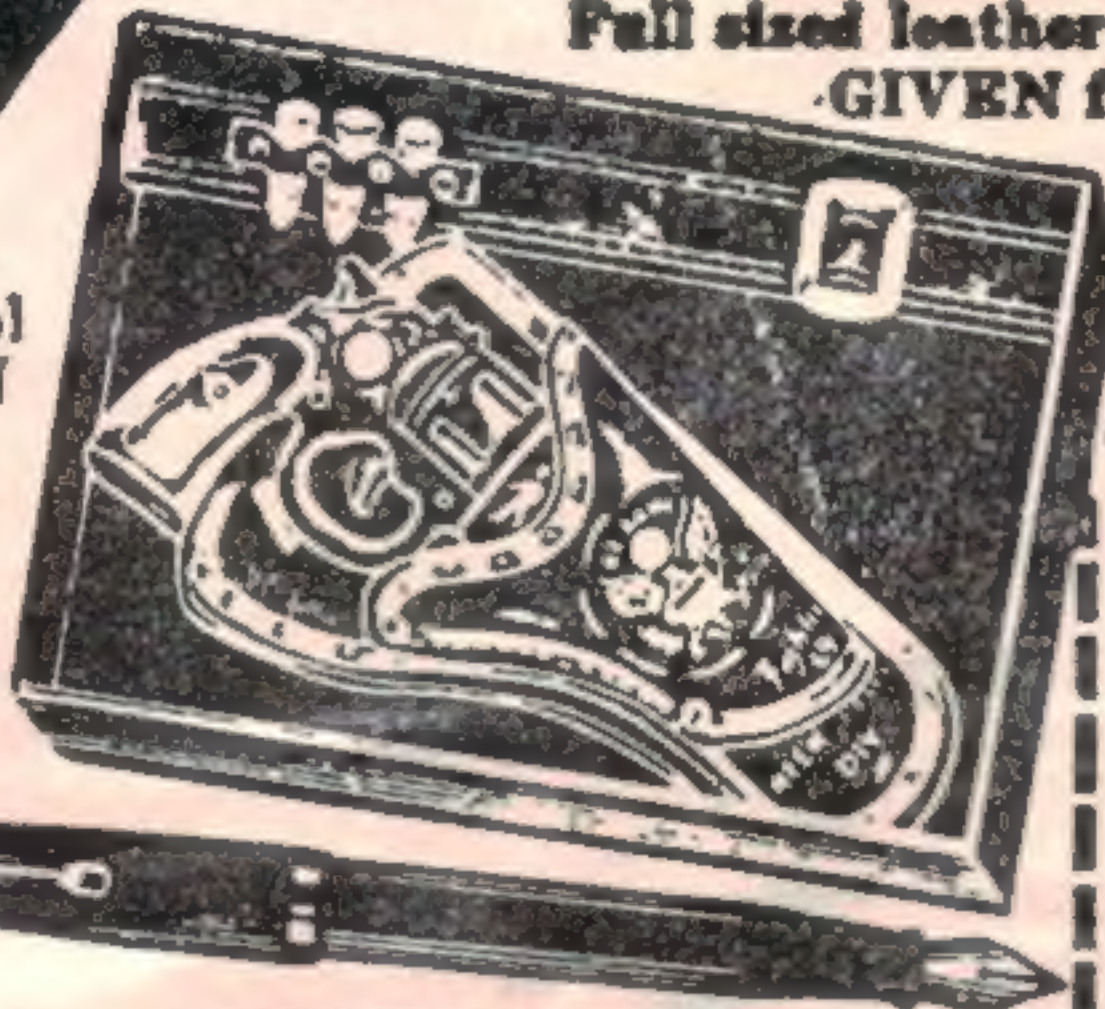


6 TEASPOONS

SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.



POWERFUL TELESCOPE

GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA

Candid type.

GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



OR CASH
Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-520, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name
Address
City
State Gift Wanted.....

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept E- 520, Jefferson, Iowa

CAPTAIN AMERICA

IN **MYSTERY** OF THE **ATOMIC** **BOOMERANG!**



THE TERROR CAME FROM EVERYWHERE...YET SEEMED TO COME FROM NOWHERE...RAKING UP TERRIBLE HOLOCAUSTS OF WHOLESAL MURDER AND DESTRUCTION! WITH EVERY STEP A STEP CLOSER TO LURKING DEATH, COURAGEOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA DELVES INTO THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF
THE ATOMIC BOOMERANG!

STEVE AND BUCKY ARE WITH AMERICAN FORCES WHO HAVE JUST TAKEN OVER AN IMPORTANT JAPANESE ISLAND.

GOSH, WE TOOK THIS ISLAND WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT!

HMM, DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY JAPS AROUND, EITHER!

**BUT
SUDDENLY..**

BOOM!

HOLY COW! W-WAS THAT A BOOBY TRAP GOING OFF?

TOO BIG AN EXPLOSION FOR THAT!

**SECONDS
LATER!**

A-ANOTHER ONE! MAYBE ITS AN AIR-ATTACK!

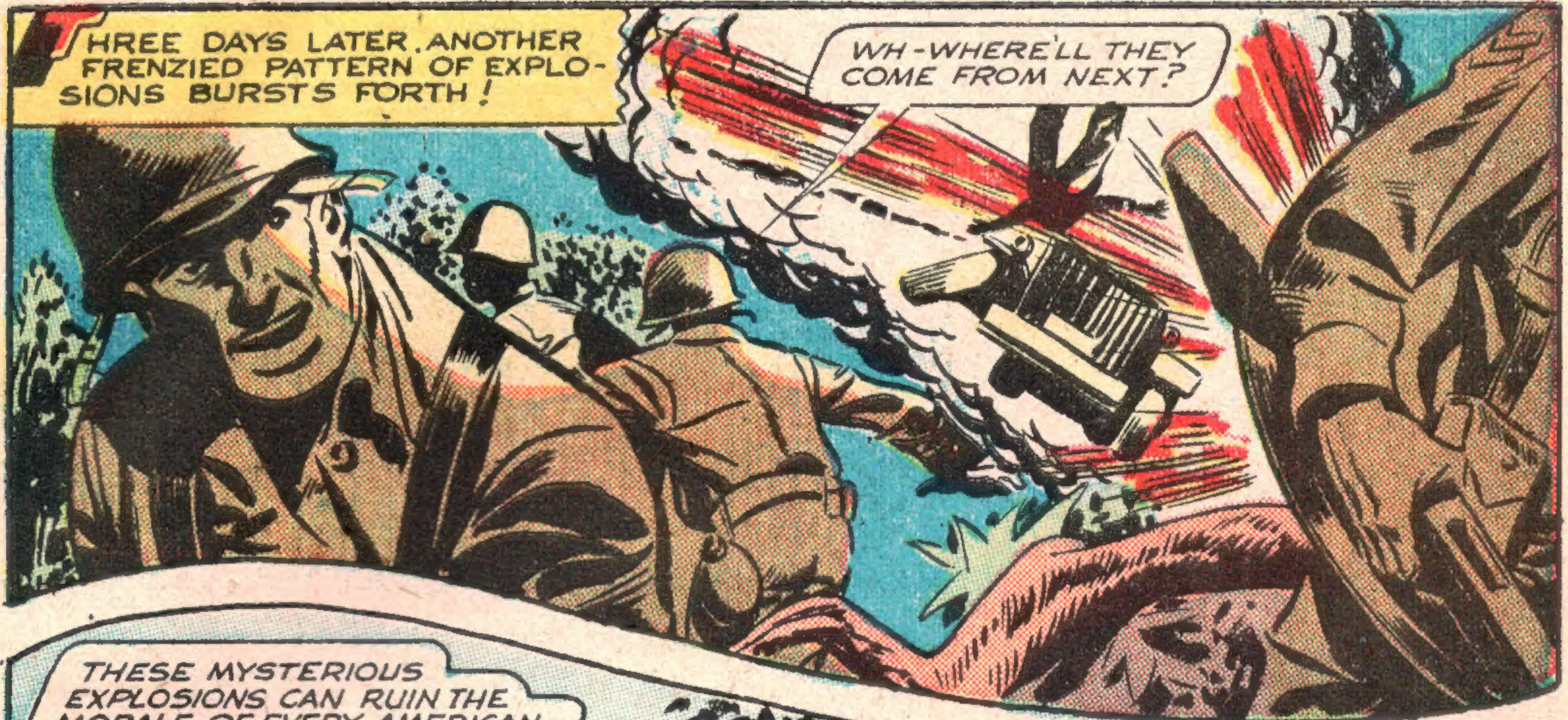
BAROOM!

MIGHTY STRANGE, BUCKY. THE EXPLOSIONS SEEM TO HAVE COME FROM NOWHERE!

THE COMMANDING OFFICER ORDERS EVERY FRAGMENT OF DEBRIS ANALYZED, BUT....

SORRY, SIR, WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE TO WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSIONS!

KEEP TRYING! THEY DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN BY THEMSELVES!

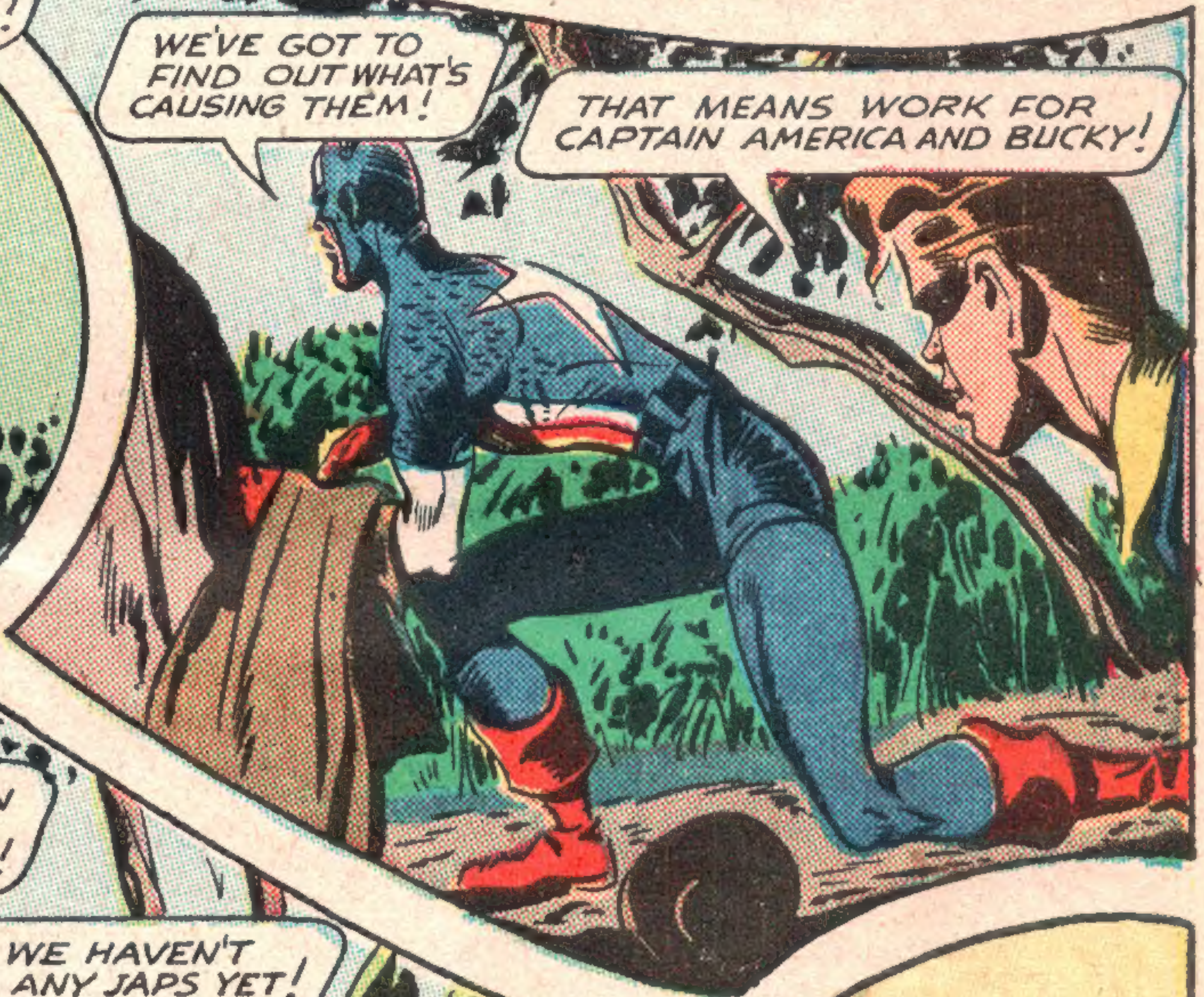


THREE DAYS LATER, ANOTHER FRENZIED PATTERN OF EXPLOSIONS BURSTS FORTH!

WH-WHERE'LL THEY COME FROM NEXT?



THESE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS CAN RUIN THE MORALE OF EVERY AMERICAN SOLDIER LEFT ON THIS ISLAND!



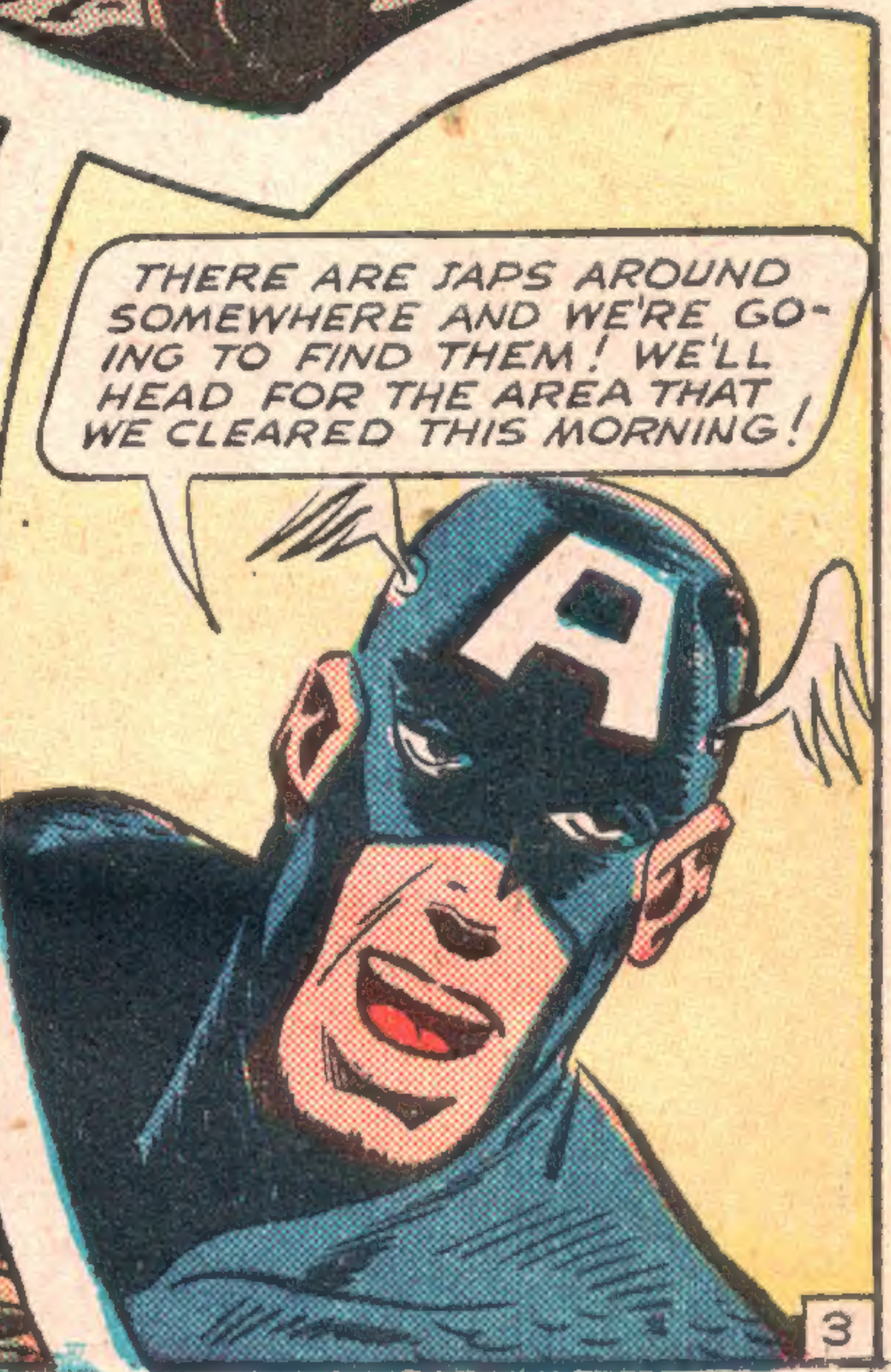
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S CAUSING THEM!

THAT MEANS WORK FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

EVERY EXPLOSION HAS BEEN IN A CLEARING WHERE MEN OR MACHINES WERE PLACED!



BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANY JAPS YET!



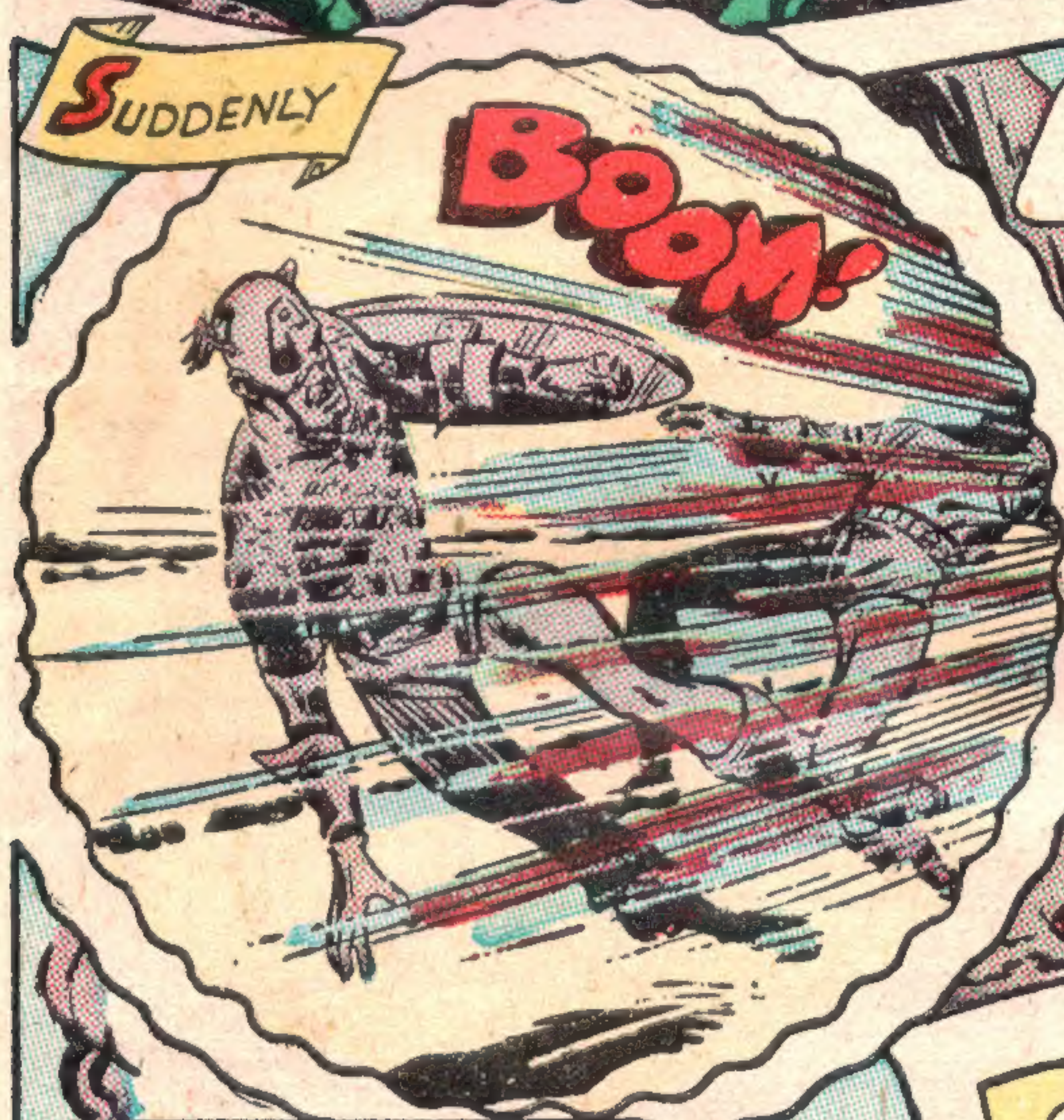
THERE ARE JAPS AROUND SOMEWHERE AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND THEM! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE AREA THAT WE CLEARED THIS MORNING!





AWAY! QUICK!
THE "ATOM-WATER"
WILL EXPLODE!

AFTER
HIM!



SUDDENLY

BOOM!

YOU ALL
RIGHT,
BUCKY?

YES--BUT THE REST OF
THE JAPS GOT AWAY!

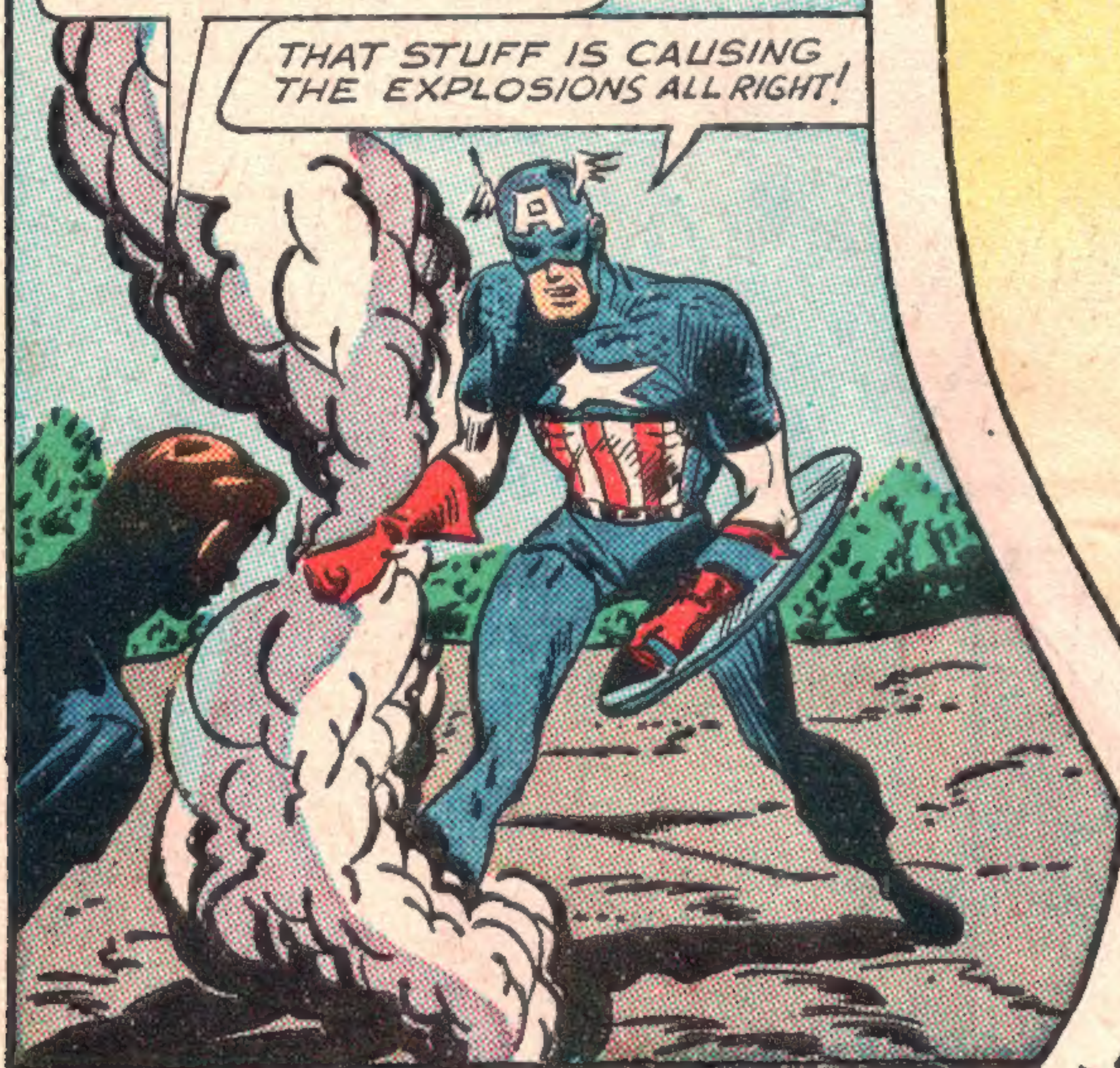


W-WED BETTER GET OUT
OF HERE, CAP! THEY
DROPPED A LOT OF THAT
"ATOM-WATER" AROUND!

THAT STUFF IS CAUSING
THE EXPLOSIONS ALL RIGHT!

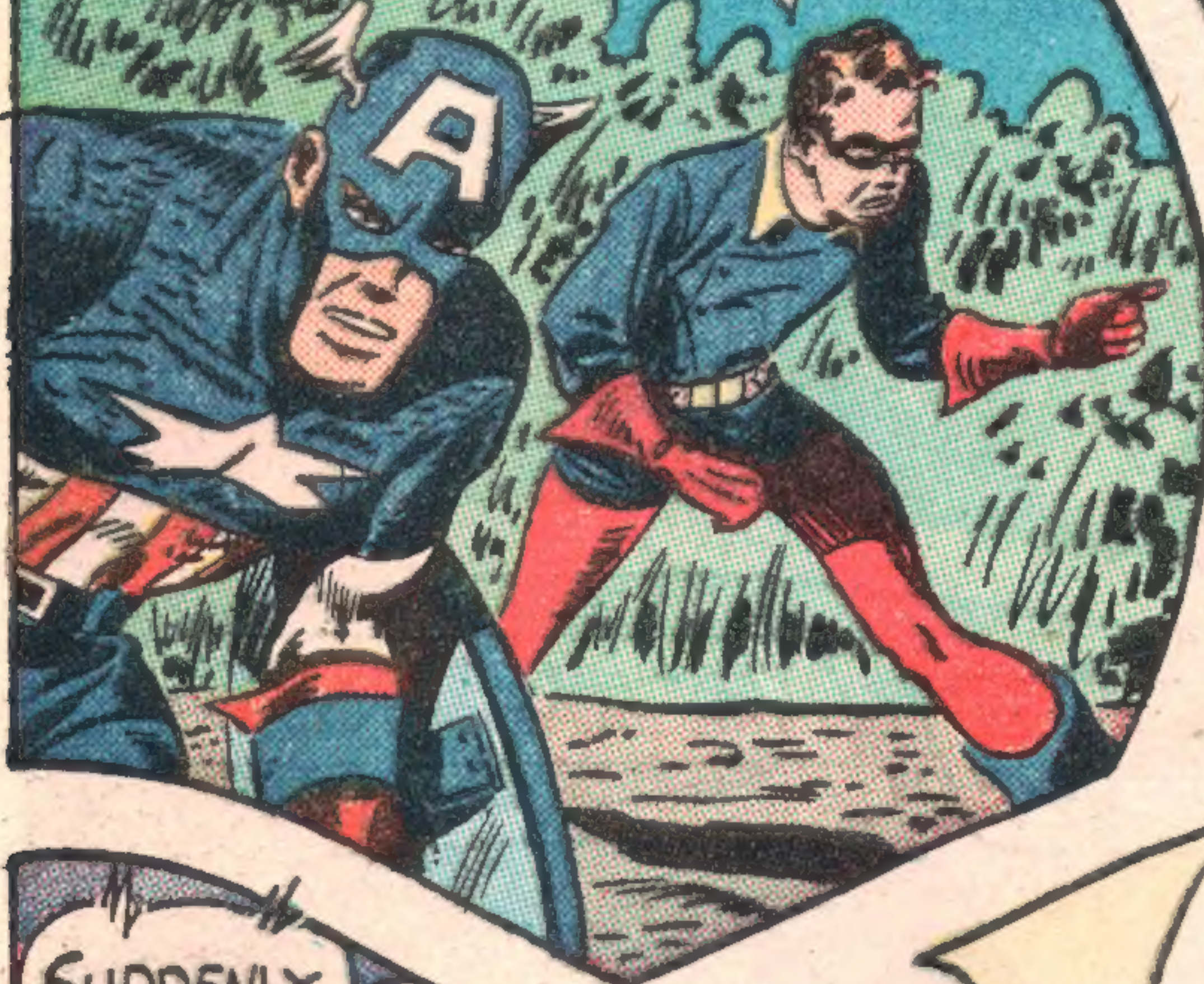
IT'S FUNNY THAT THERE
HAVEN'T BEEN ANY EXPLO-
SIONS IN THE LAST FEW DAYS!

THOSE DAYS WERE
EITHER CLOUDY OR
RAINY! EXPLOSIONS
COME ONLY
ON SUNDAYS!

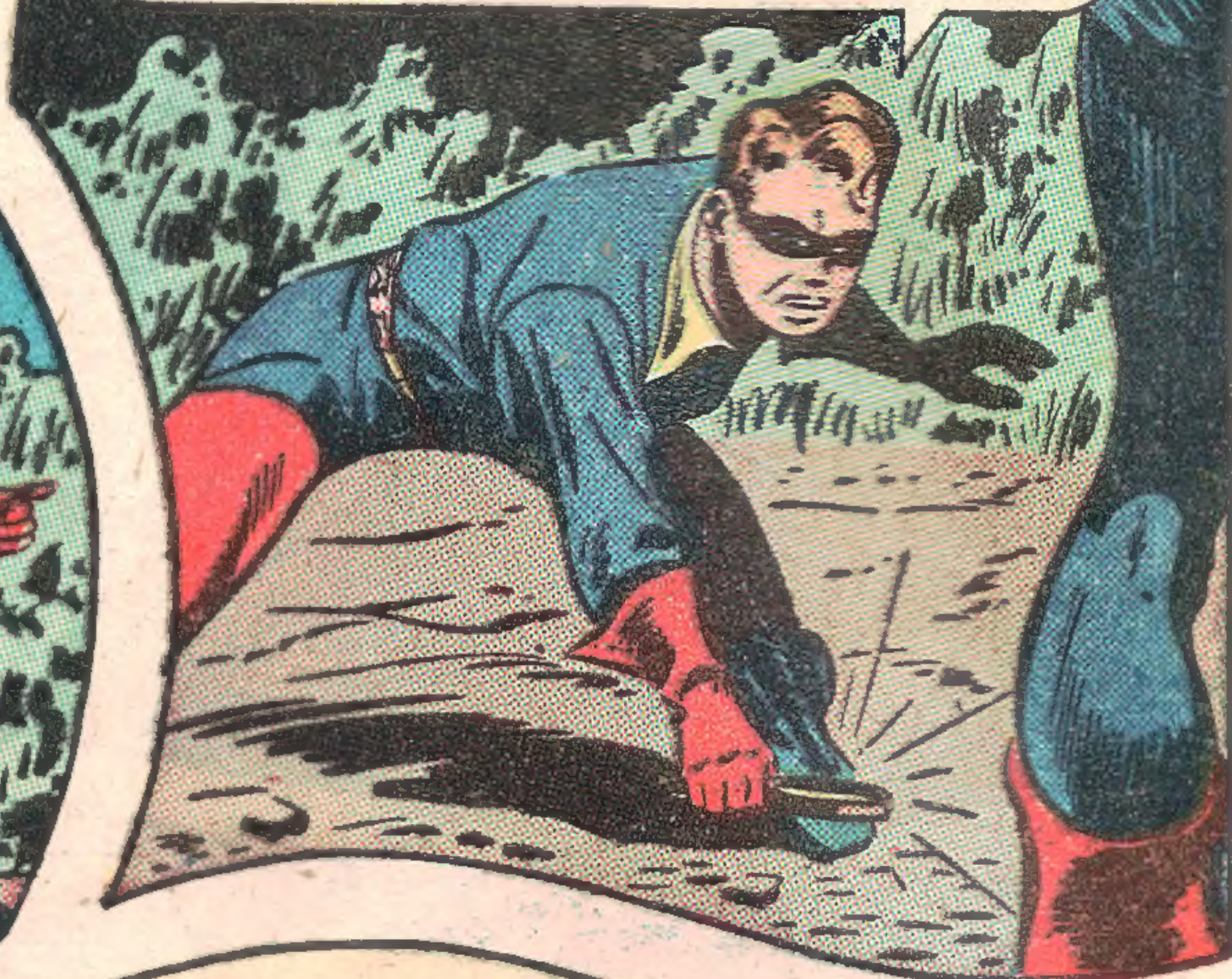


THERE'S SOME SORT OF
CHEMICAL REACTION
BETWEEN THE SUN AND
THAT ATOM-WATER, BUT...

CAP! SOMETHING'S
GLEAMING OVER THERE!



ONLY A MAGNIFYING GLASS! SOME
GI MUST HAVE DROPPED IT! I-I'D
HOPED IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CLUE!



SUDDENLY

ANOTHER EXPLOSION! W-W-E'D
BETTER FIND THOSE JAPS IN A
HURRY OR EVERY AMERICAN
ON THIS ISLAND WILL BE DEAD!

MEANING US, TOO!

BOOM!



LET'S FOLLOW THE TRAIL
OF THE EXPLOSIONS!
THAT OUGHT TO LEAD US
IN THE DIRECTION OF
THE JAP HIDEOUT!

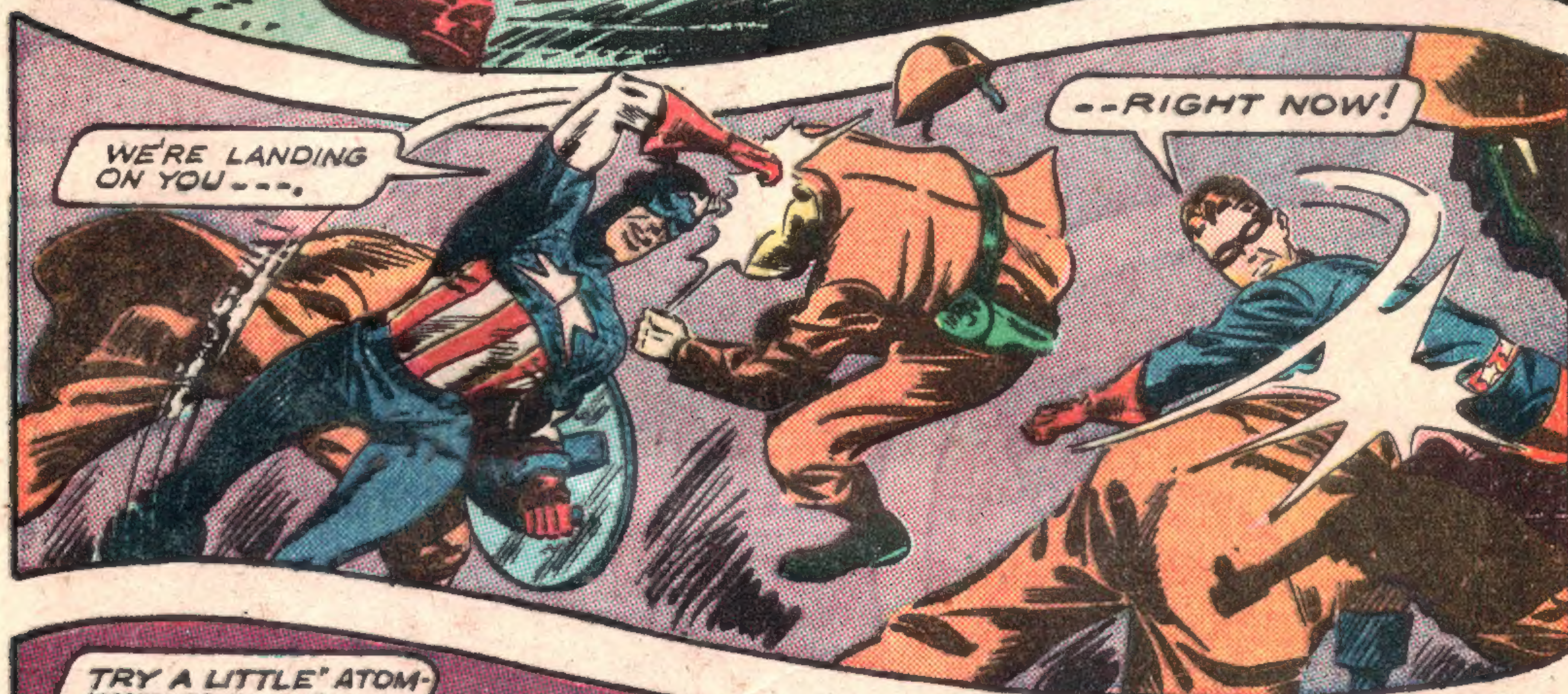


THE EXPLOSIONS
WILL RID THIS
ISLAND OF
AMERICANS!

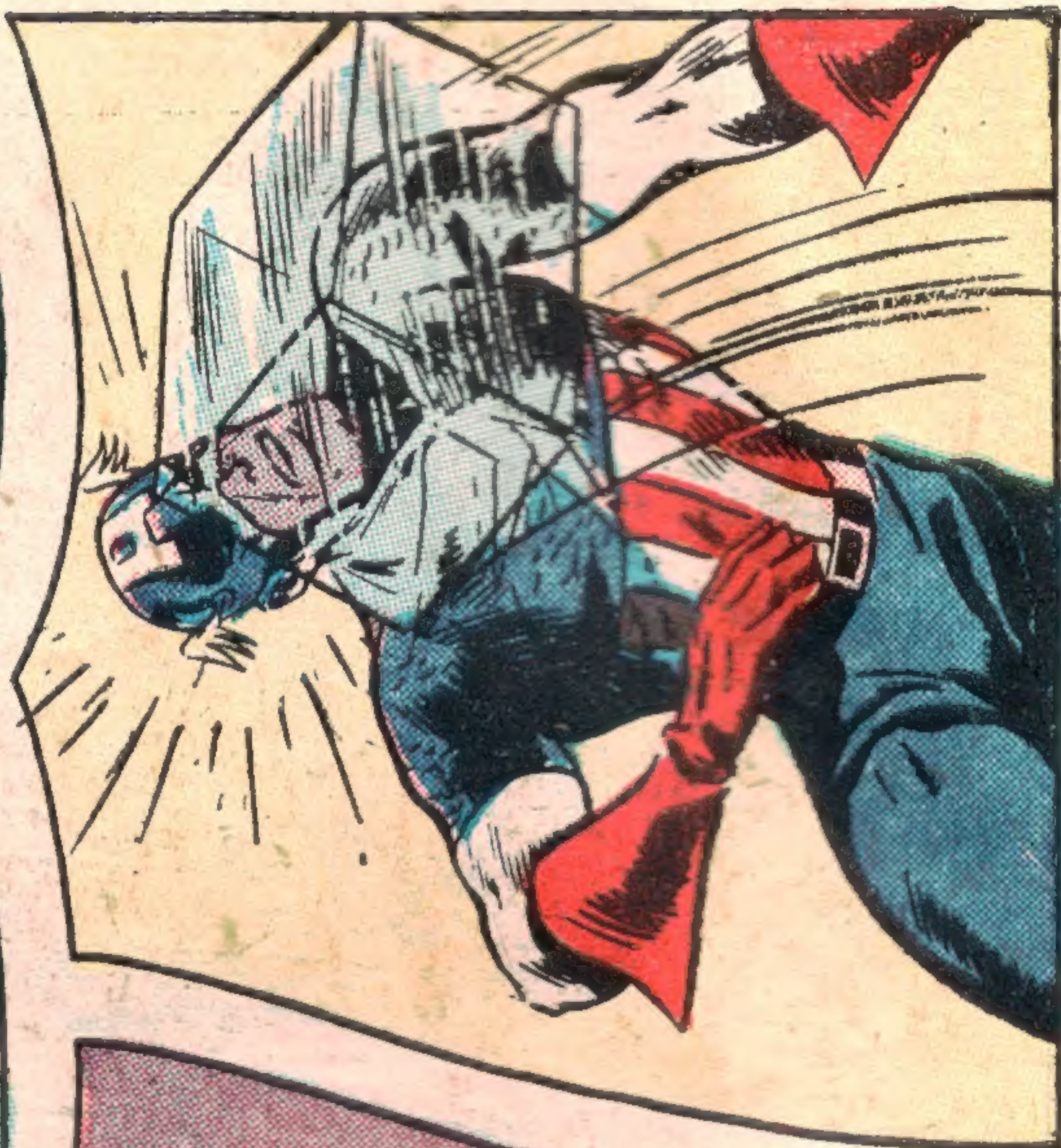
AS SOON AS THAT
IS DONE WE SHALL
USE THE 'ATOM-WATER'
ON OTHER ISLANDS
WHERE THE AMERICANS
HAVE LANDED!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER,
IN A SPECIALLY-PREPARED
UNDERGROUND CAVE....

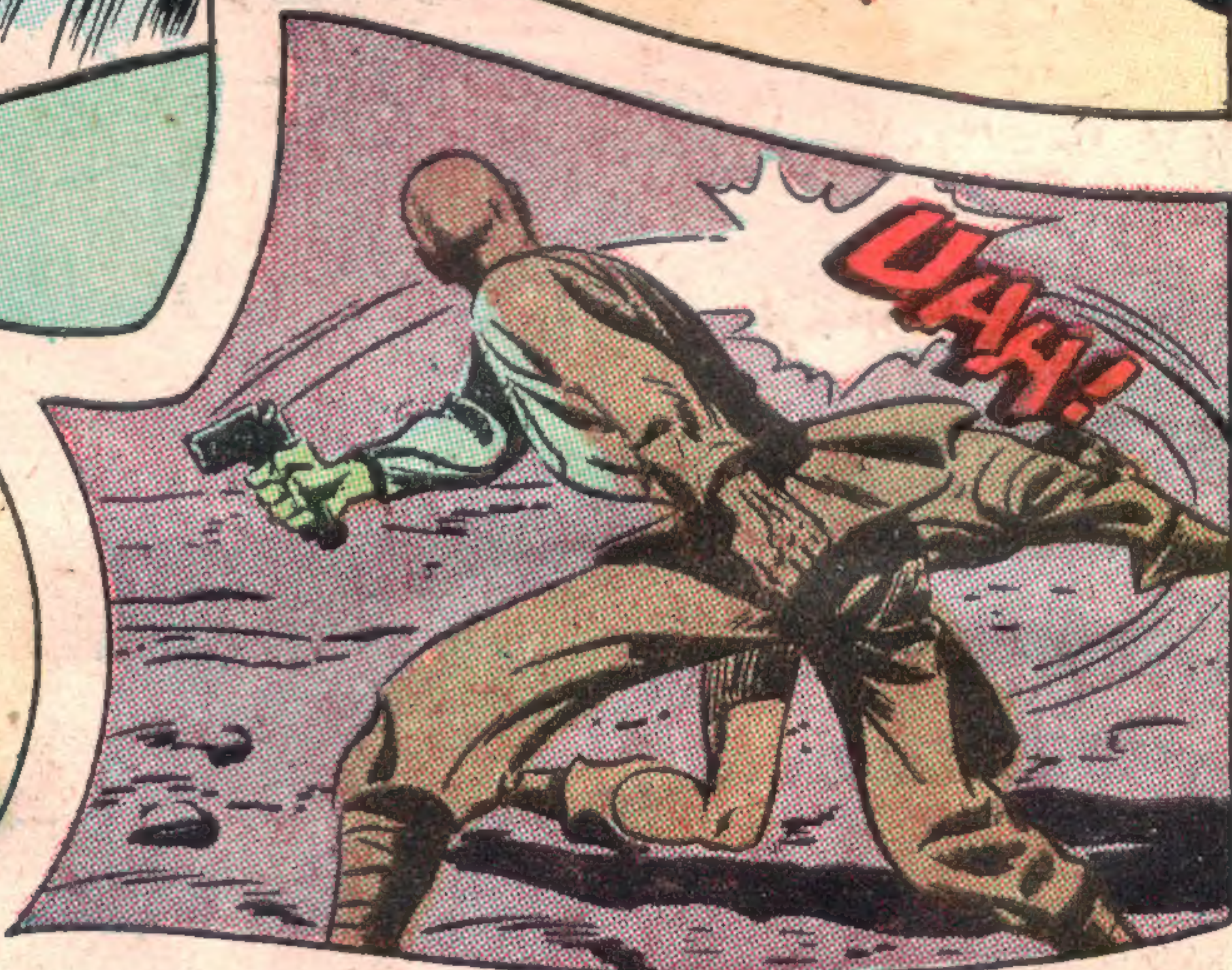




UNSEEN. THE TREACHEROUS PROFESSOR RUDD PICKS UP A LARGE GLASS VAT, AND...



CAP!



MAKE CERTAIN YOU BIND THEM WELL!

WE WILL, PROFESSOR RUDD!



LATER...

YOU KNOW THE SECRET OF THE EXPLOSIONS, CAPTAIN AMERICA --- BUT YOU SHALL CARRY IT WITH YOU TO YOUR GRAVE!



VERY CLEVER, PROFESSOR RUDO! BY USING THE "ATOM-WATER" YOU SAVE THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS AND WEAPONS FOR FIGHTING US!

EXACTLY!

AT THE SAME TIME, YOU HOPE TO RAISE JAPANESE MORALE ON THE HOME FRONT!

BUT WHY ARE THERE NO CLUES?

BECAUSE OF MY CLEVERNESS. HA! THE SUN'S RAYS EVAPORATE THE ATOM-WATER AT THE EXACT MOMENT OF THE EXPLOSION!

SINCE YOU KNOW ABOUT MY "ATOM-WATER" -- I SHALL GIVE YOU A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE OF HOW IT WORKS! TAKE THEM OUTSIDE!

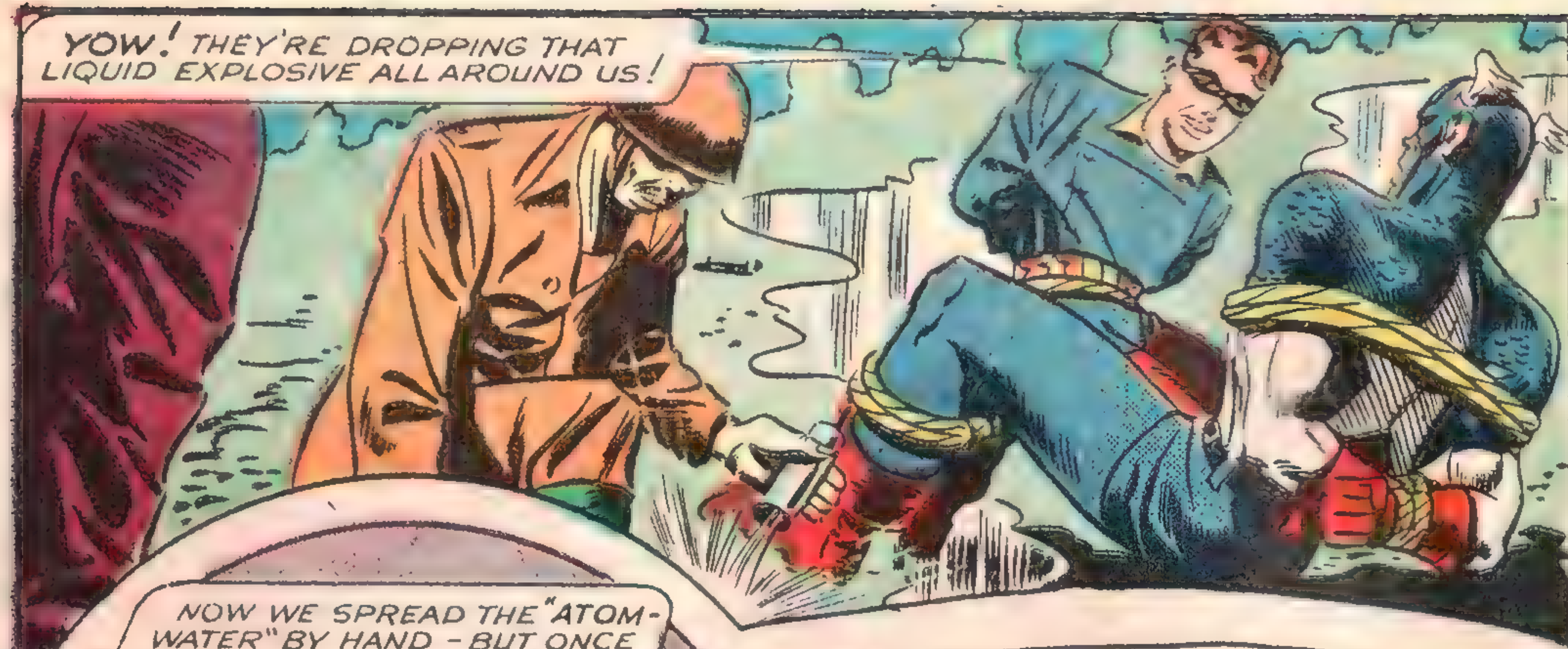
WITH PLEASURE, PROFESSOR RUDO!

SOON --

HERE IS A NICE SUNNY PLACE!

YES! IT IS A SAFE DISTANCE FROM OUR HONORABLE LABORATORY!

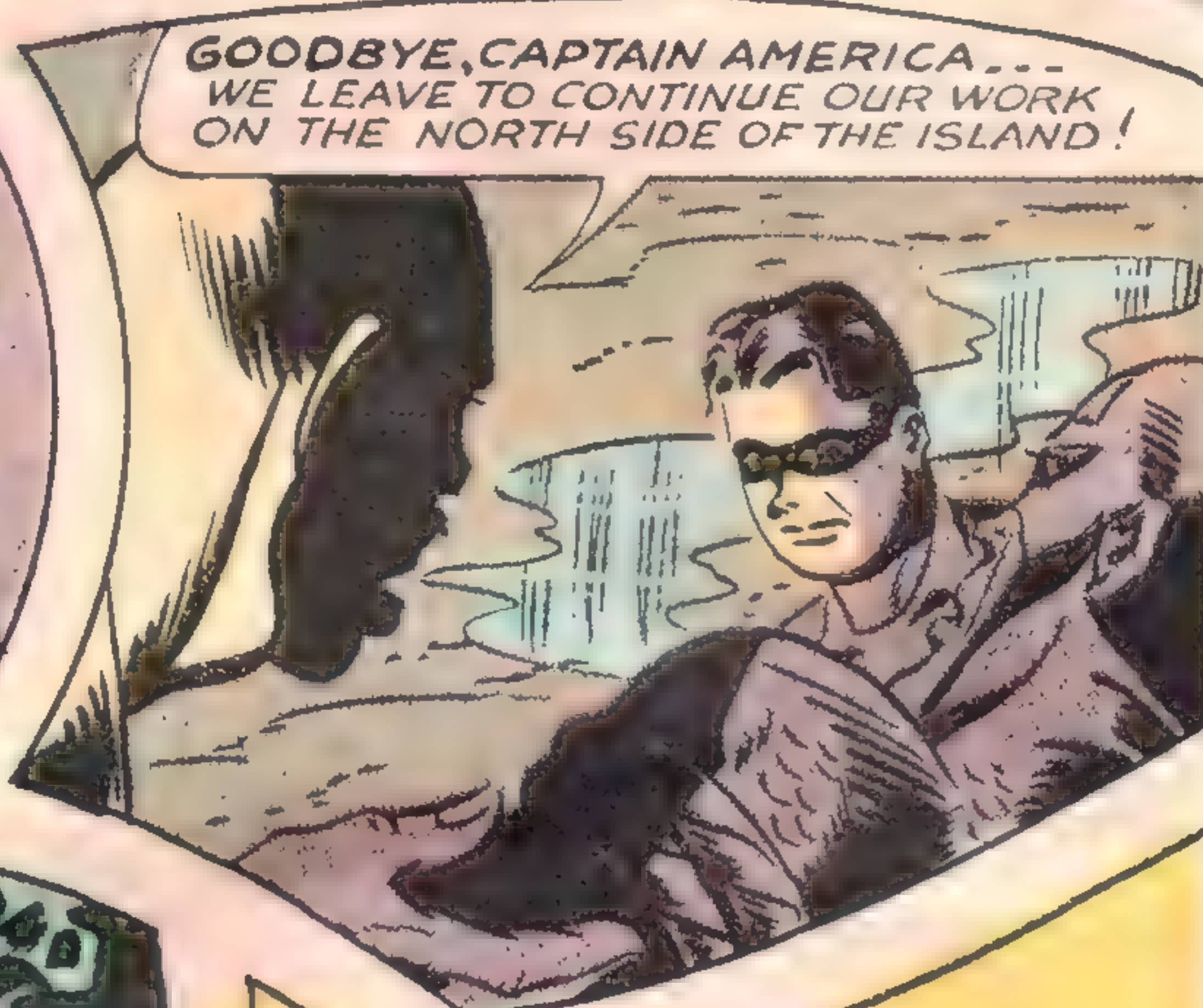
YOW! THEY'RE DROPPING THAT
LIQUID EXPLOSIVE ALL AROUND US!



NOW WE SPREAD THE "ATOM-
WATER" BY HAND - BUT ONCE
THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL
COMMAND RECOGNIZES
ITS VALUE WE SHALL
DROP IT FROM PLANES!



GOODBYE, CAPTAIN AMERICA...
WE LEAVE TO CONTINUE OUR WORK
ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE ISLAND!



I HAVE LEFT YOU A VIAL OF "ATOM-
WATER"! YOU CAN ANALYZE IT ---
AFTER THE EXPLOSION! HA!

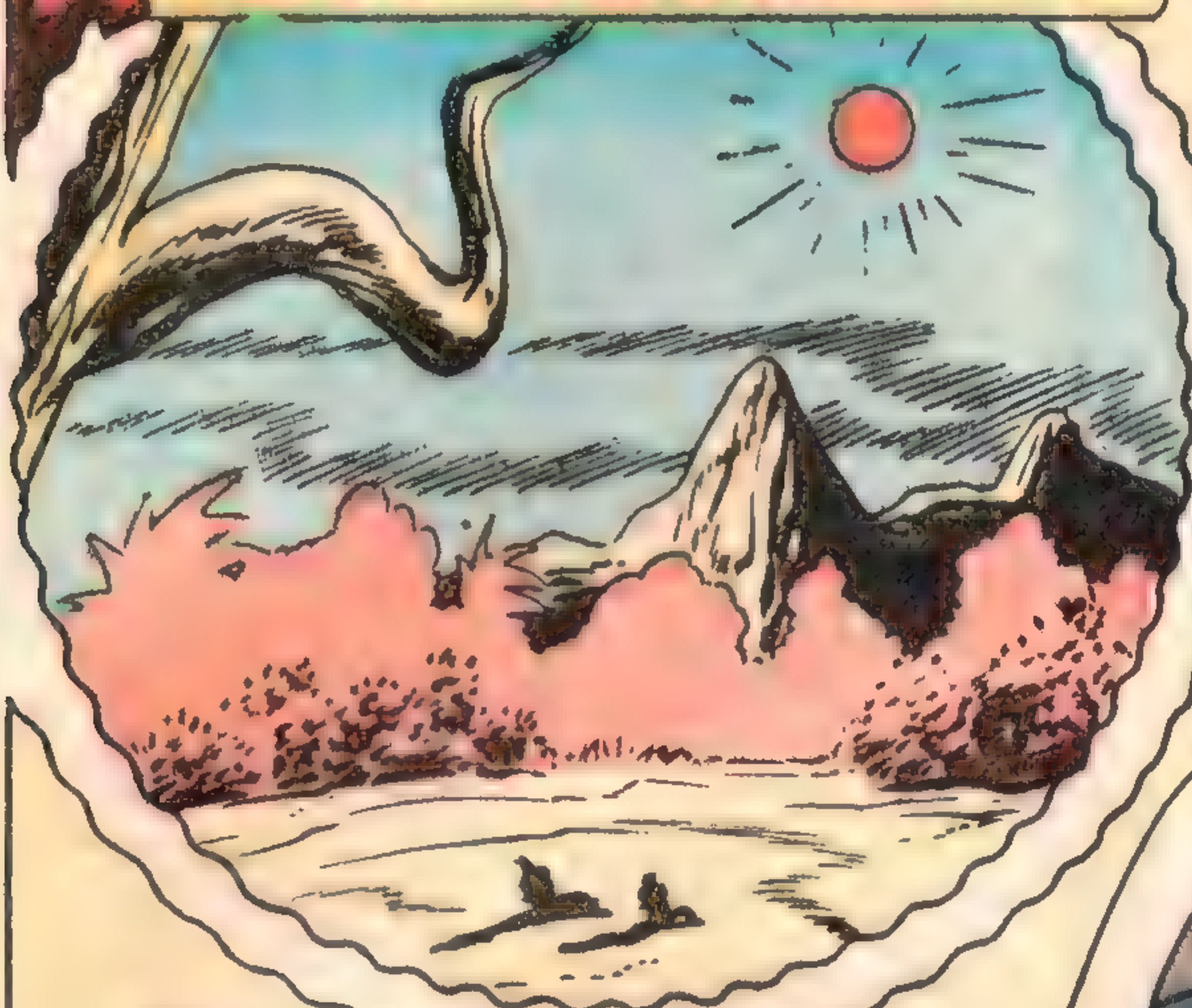


TH-THIS IS ONE SUNBATH
I-I DON'T ENJOY AT ALL!

THAT GOES FOR
ME TOO-BUCKY!



RELENTLESSLY, THE HOT TROPICAL SUN BEATS DOWN ON AMERICA'S GREATEST FIGHTERS FOR DEMOCRACY -- BRINGING THEM CLOSER TO DEATH WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND!



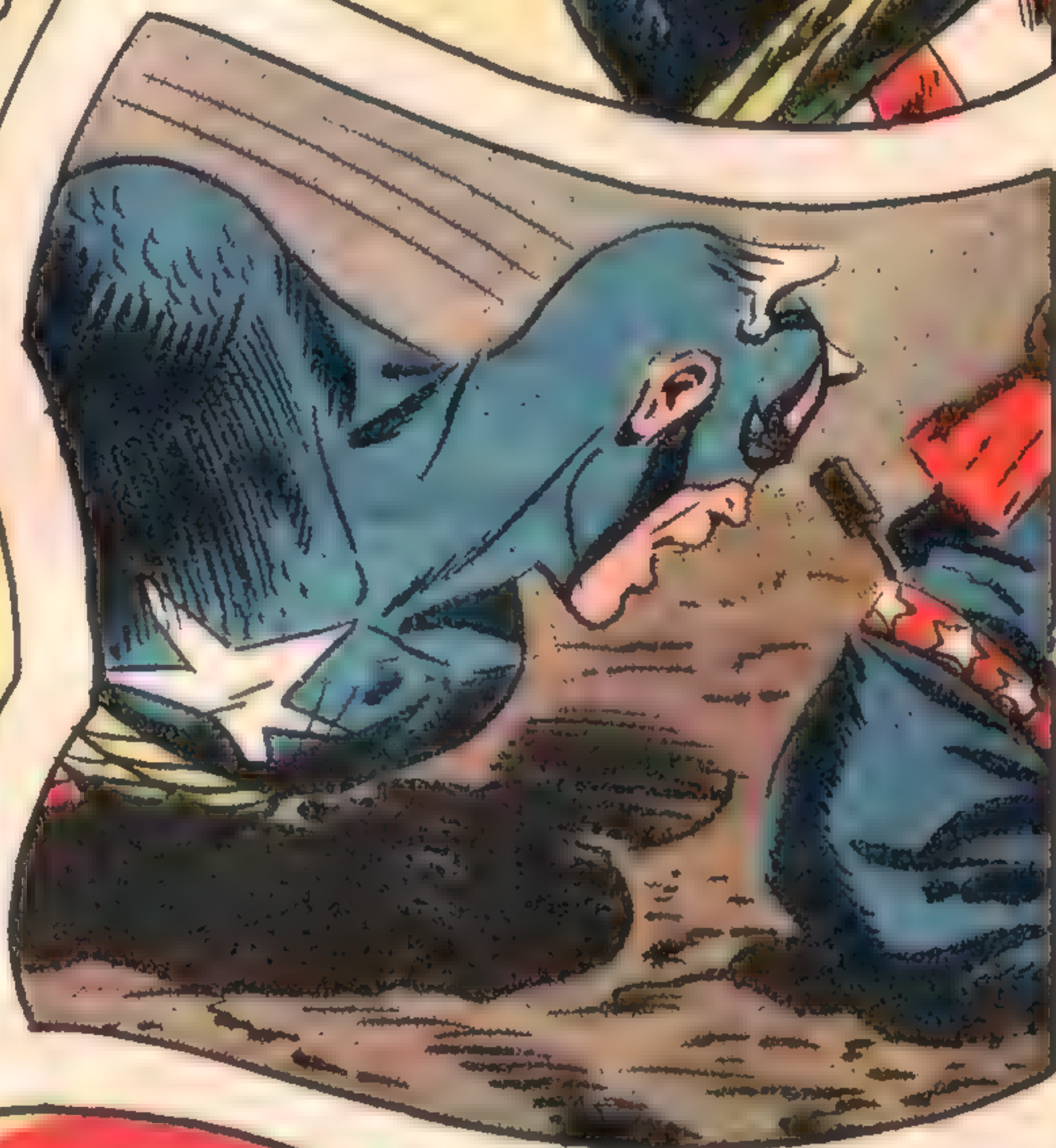
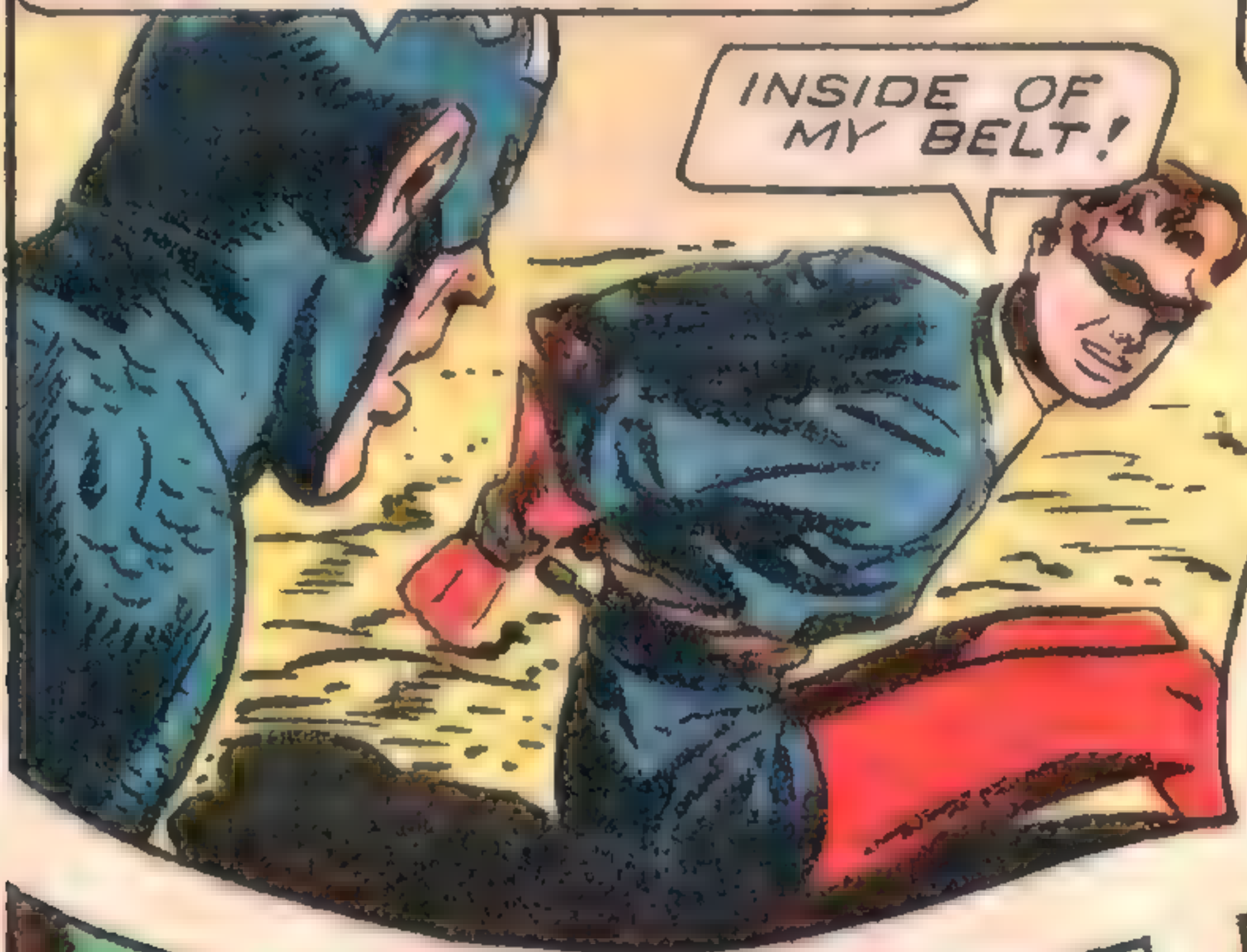
SUDDENLY!

BUCKY!



THAT MAGNIFYING GLASS THAT YOU PICKED UP WHERE IS IT?

INSIDE OF MY BELT!



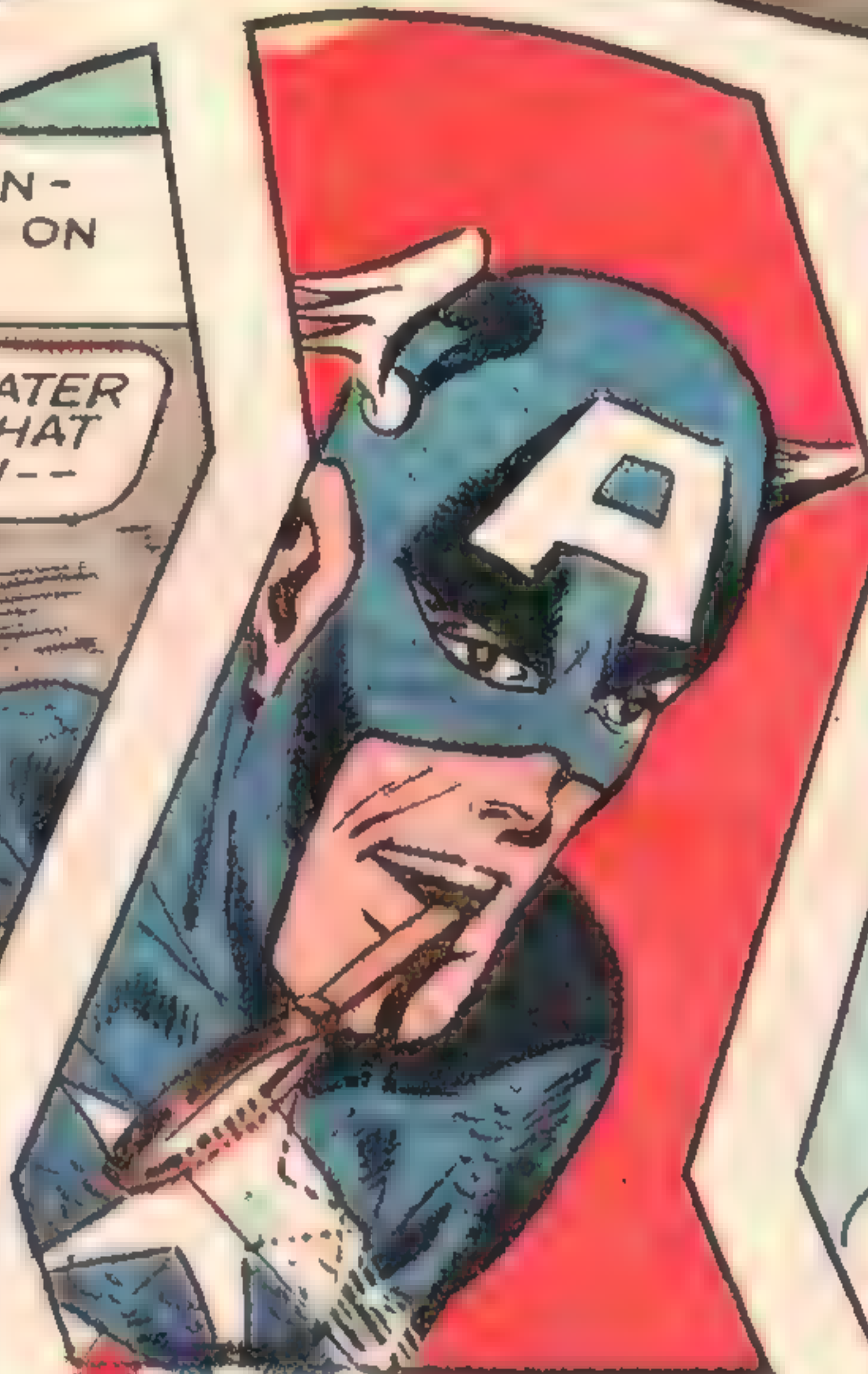
SWIFTLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA CONCENTRATES THE SUN'S RAYS ON THE HEAVY ROPES ----

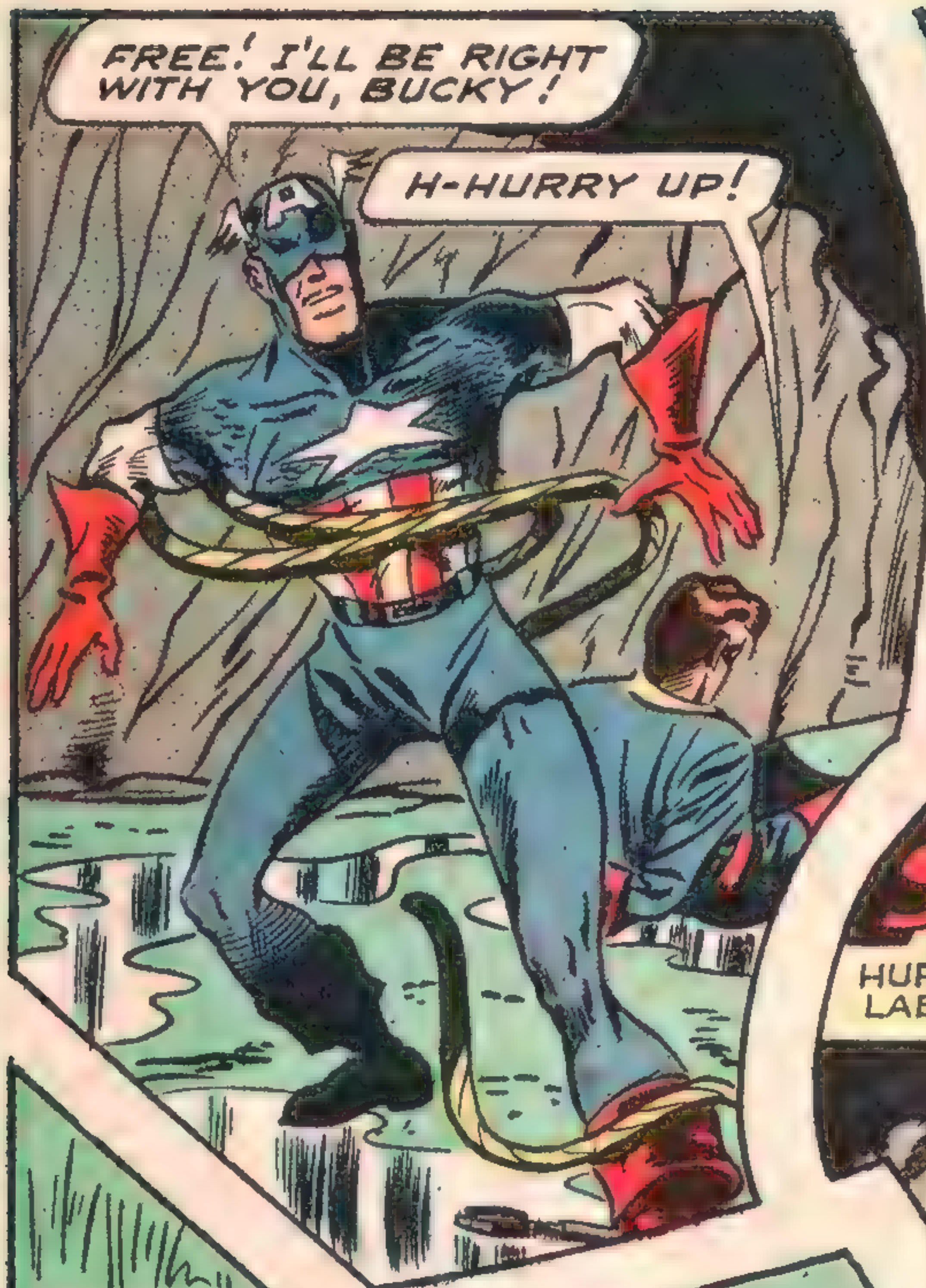
G-GOSH! IF THE ATOM-WATER EVAPORATES BEFORE THAT ROPE BURNS THROUGH--



SUSPENSEFUL SECONDS LATER--

CAP! CAP! THE ROPES BURNING!





FREE! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, BUCKY!

H-HURRY UP!

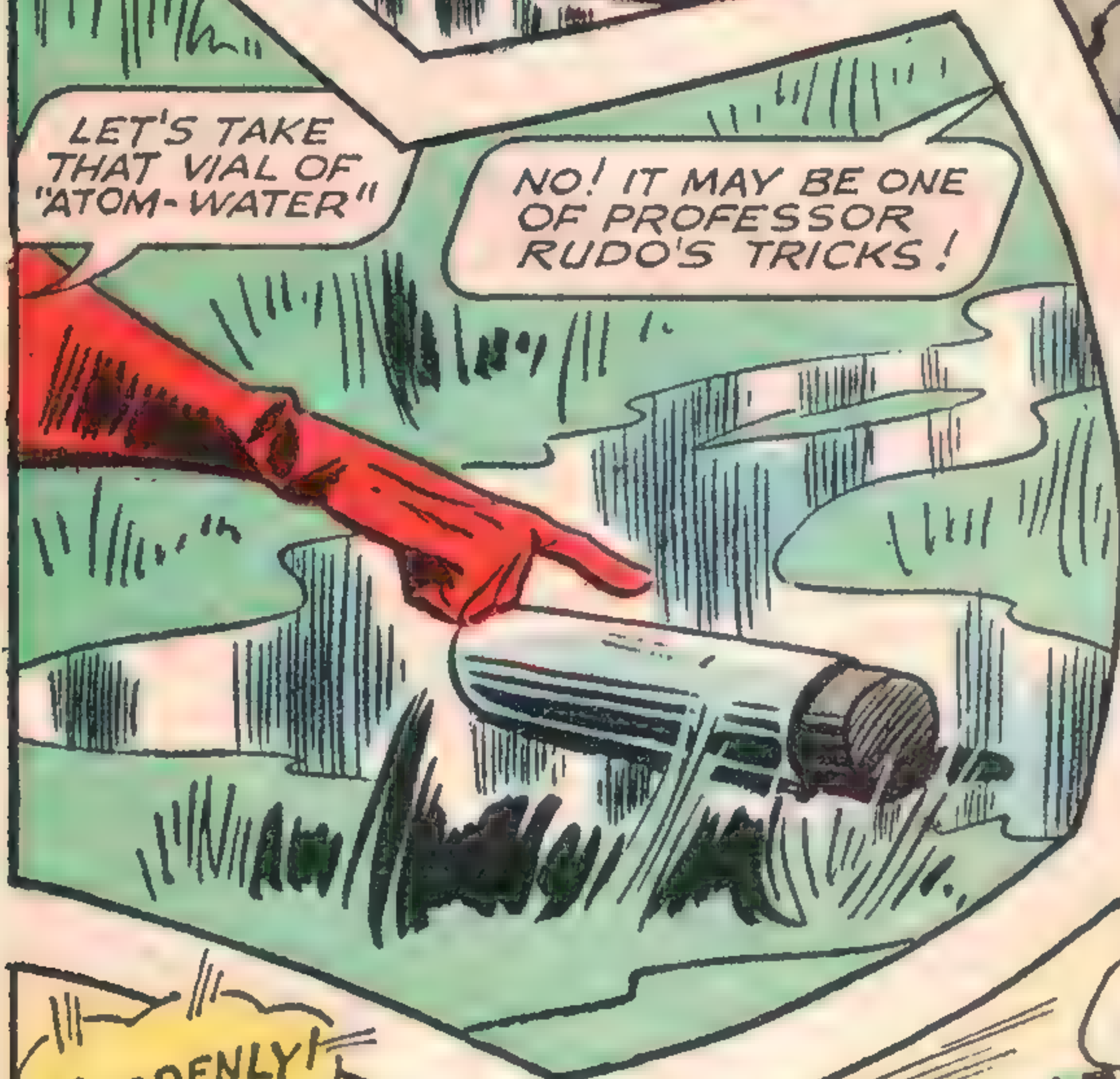


W-WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THAT EXPLOSION!



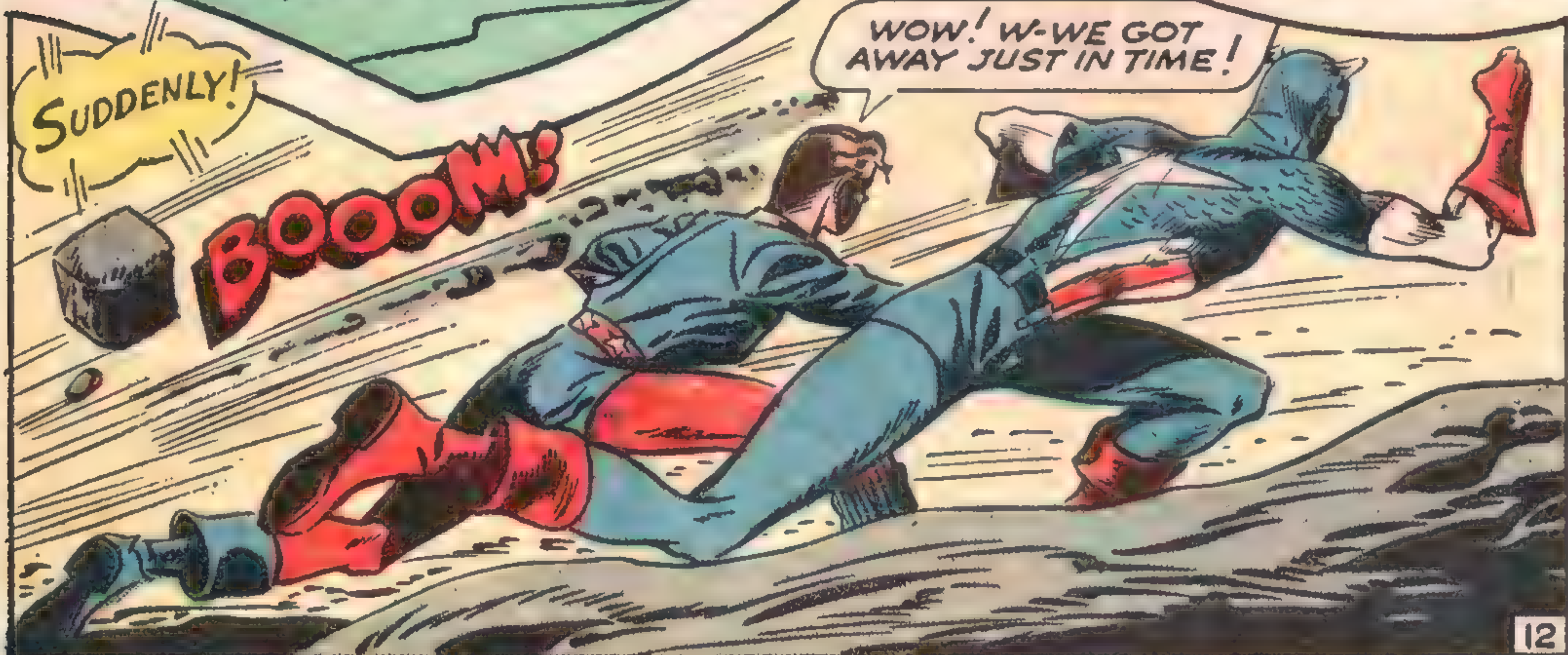
SWIFTLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA HURLS THE VIAL TO RUDO'S LABORATORY ENTRANCE.

NOW HE CAN USE IT FOR A DOORMAT!



LET'S TAKE THAT VIAL OF "ATOM-WATER"

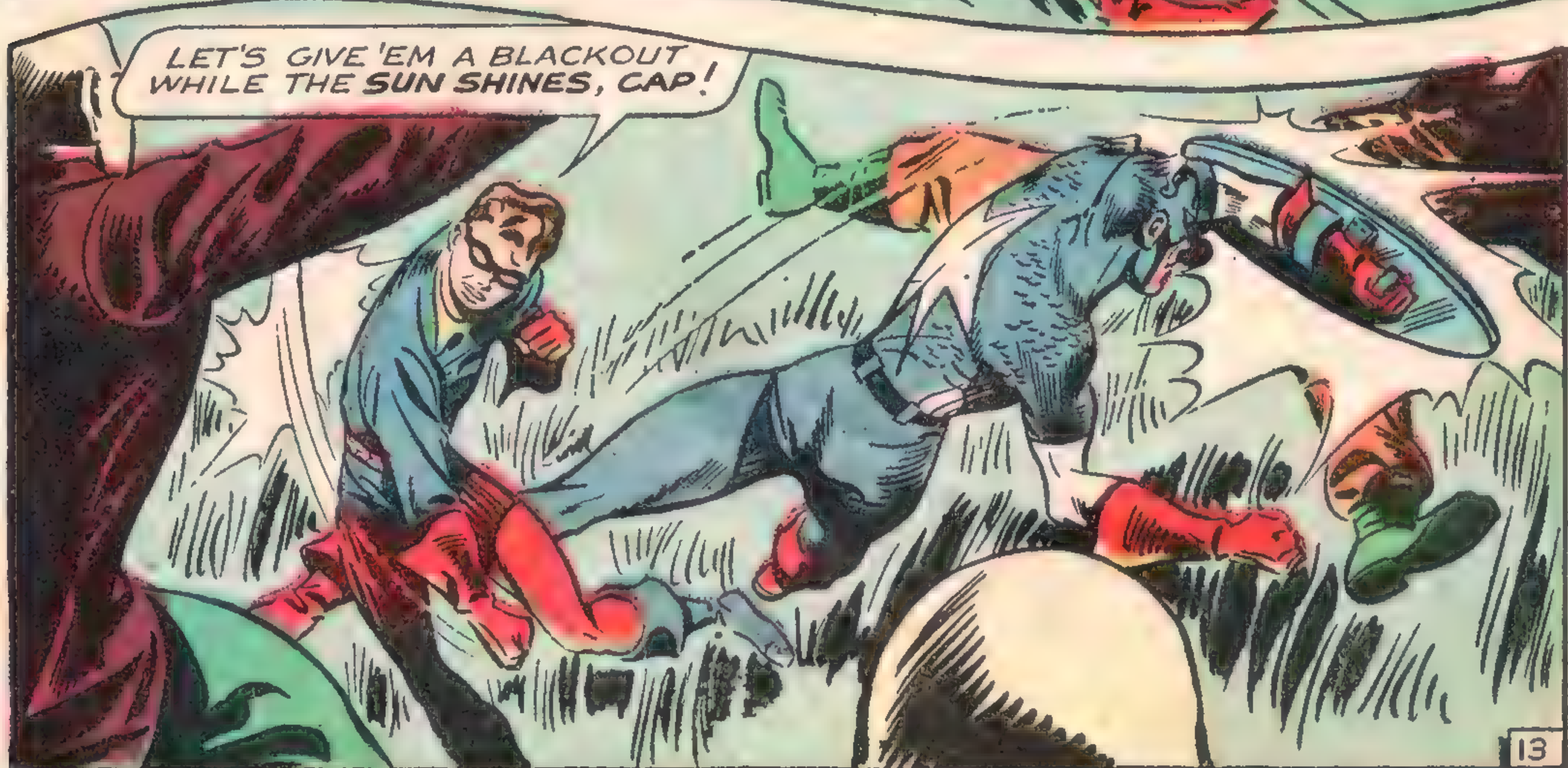
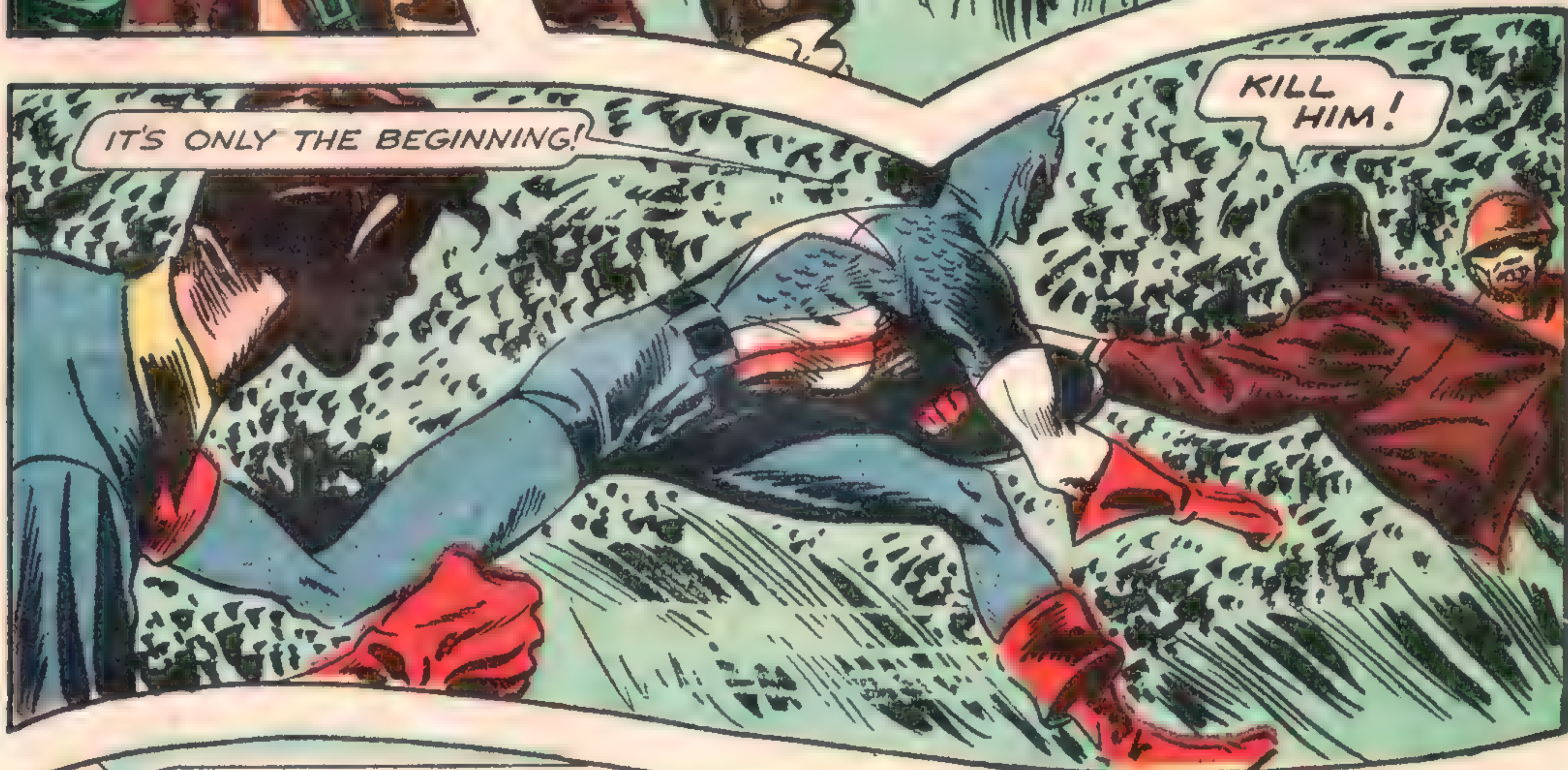
NO! IT MAY BE ONE OF PROFESSOR RUDO'S TRICKS!

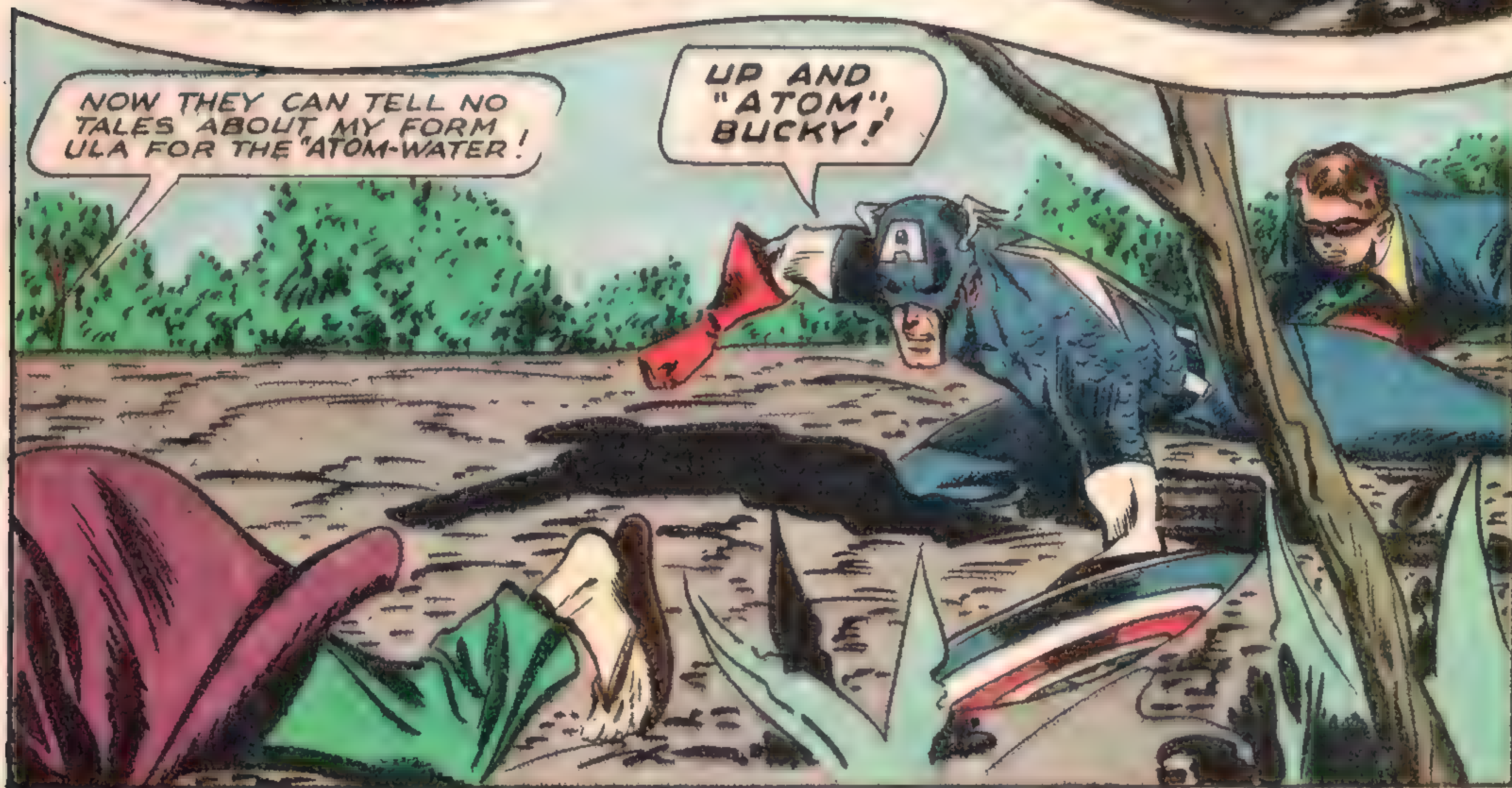


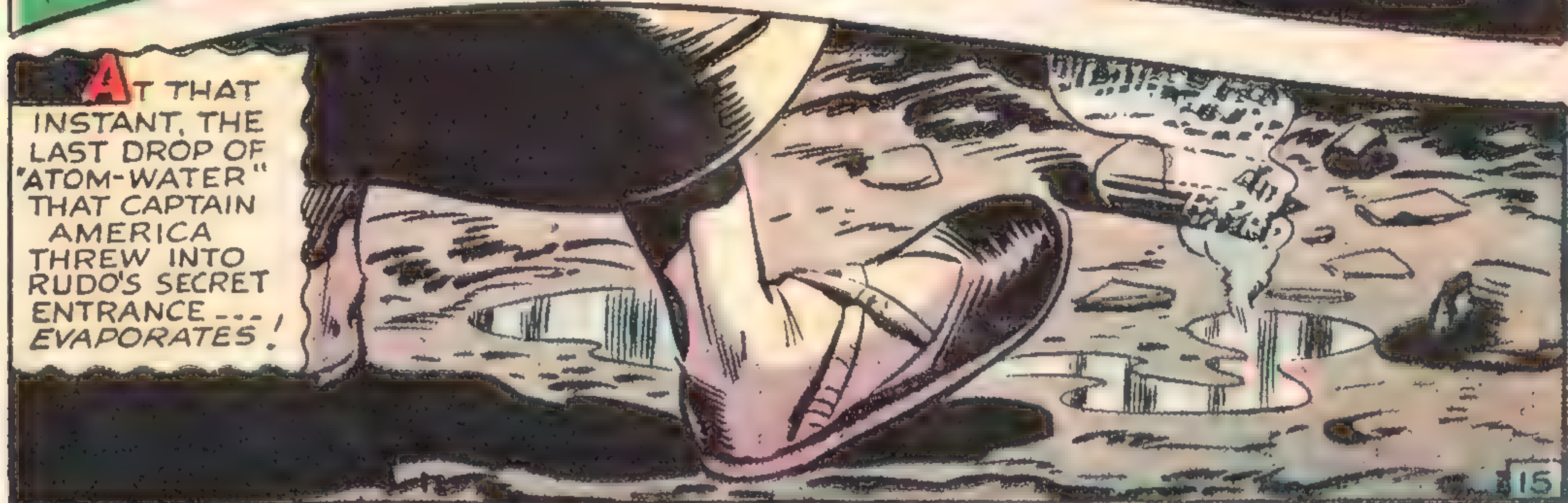
SUDDENLY!

BOOOOM!

WOW! W-WE GOT AWAY JUST IN TIME!







...AND THE EXPLOSION
CATCHES PROFESSOR
RUDO

BOOM!

AND IN THE
MEANTIME, THE
JAPS' "ATOM-WATER"
HAS BEEN A BOON—
IT'S KILLED OFF
THOUSANDS OF
THEIR OWN MEN!

MOMENTS LATER ---

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE JAPS
"ATOM-WATER." I FOUND IT UNDER
ONE OF THE JAPS PROF RUDO SHOT!

AMERICA IS MILES
AHEAD OF THE
JAPS! YOU SEE...

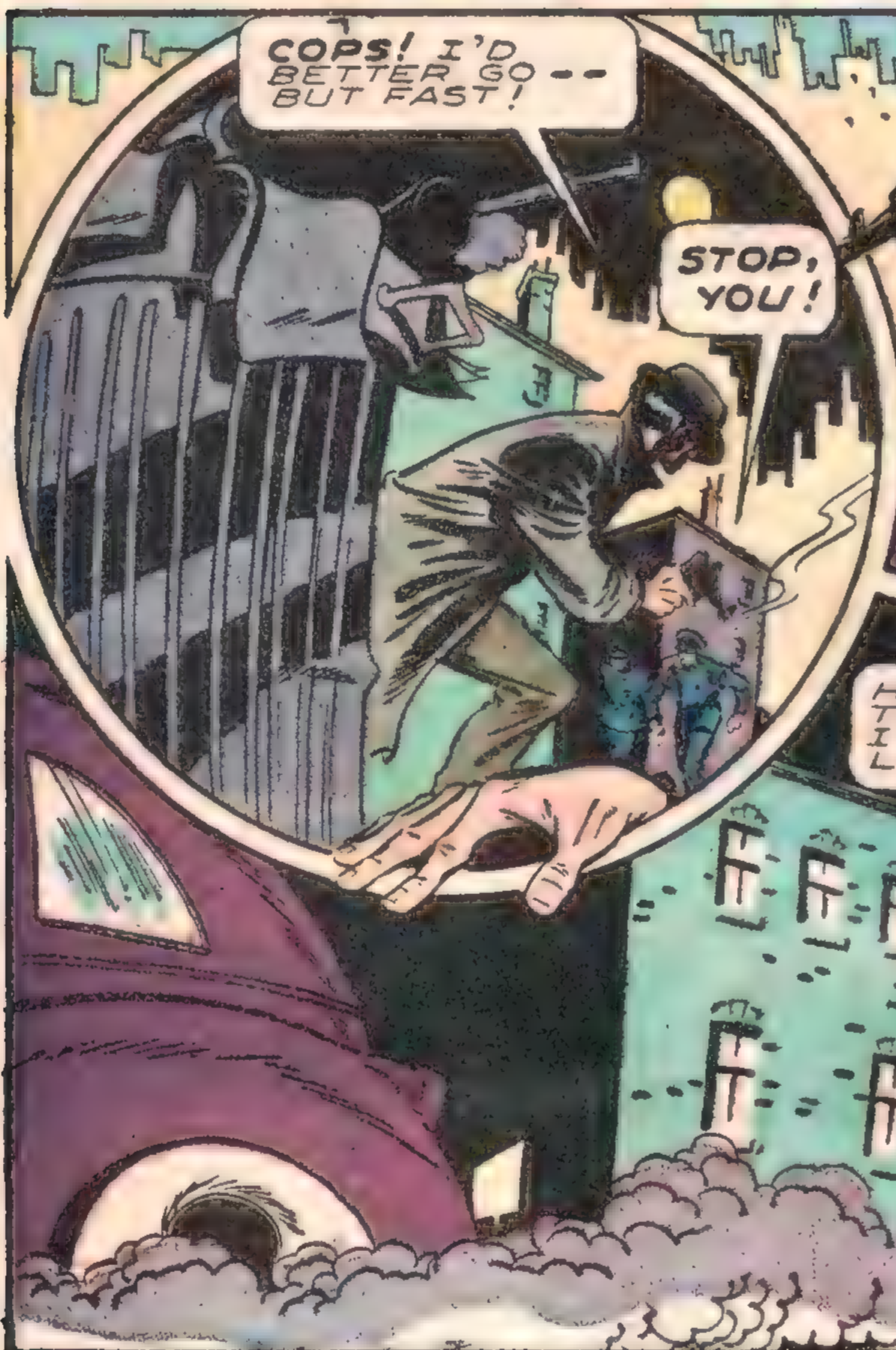
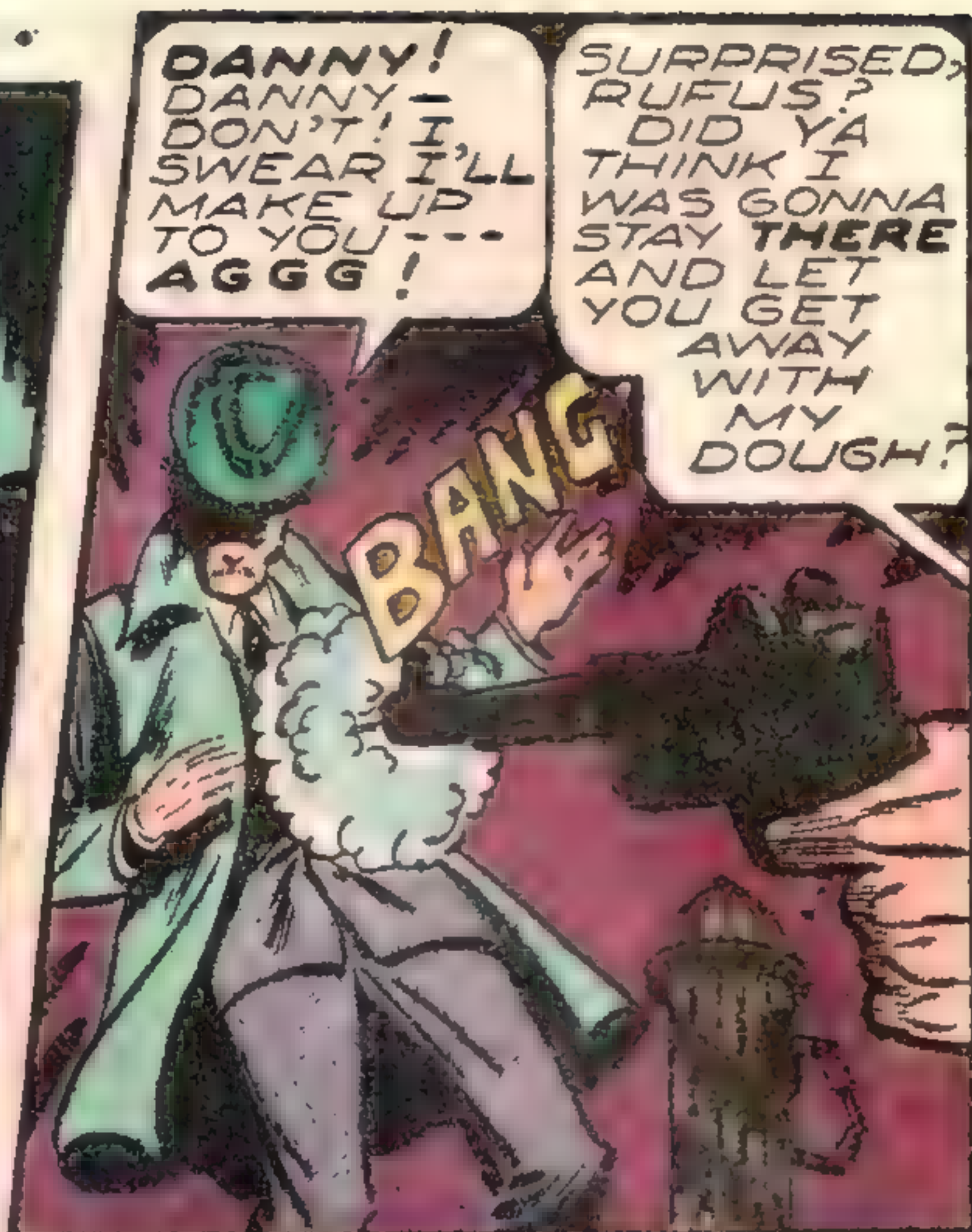
...WE'VE JUST
PERFECTED SOME-
THING CALLED
THE ATOMIC
BOMB! IT
WILL END
THE WAR
IMMEDIATELY!

END



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MAN IS MURDERED --BUT WHEN A FINGER-PRINT, LEFT AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, SHOWS HIS KILLER TO BE A MAN **DEAD AND BURIED**? FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TORCH AND TORO, AS THEY TRY TO UNRAVEL THIS FAST AND THRILLING MYSTERY IN THE TALE OF

“ KILLER FROM THE GRAVE ”

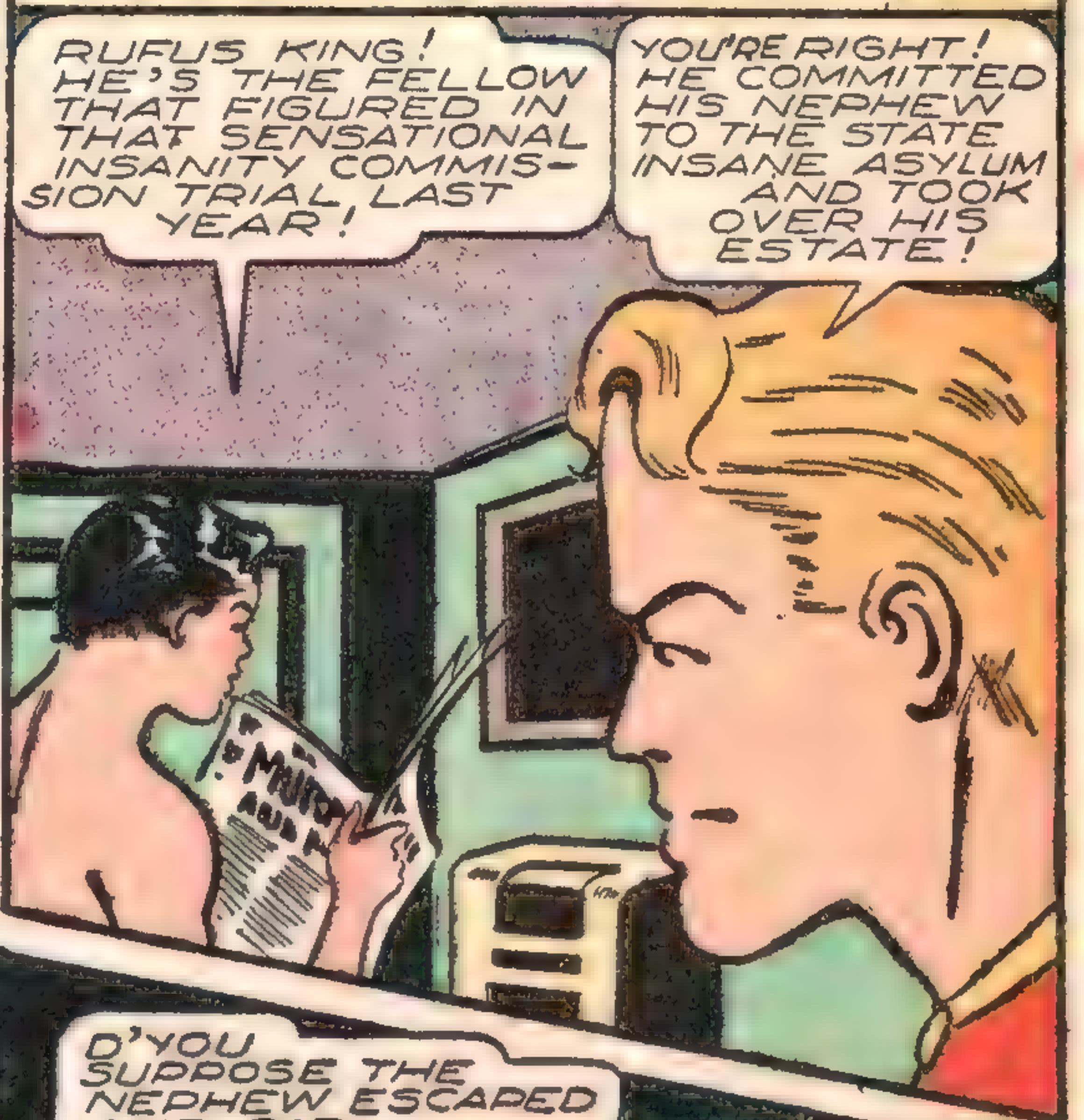


HE GAVE US THE SLIP, BUT I'VE GOT HIS LICENSE NUMBER ANYWAY!

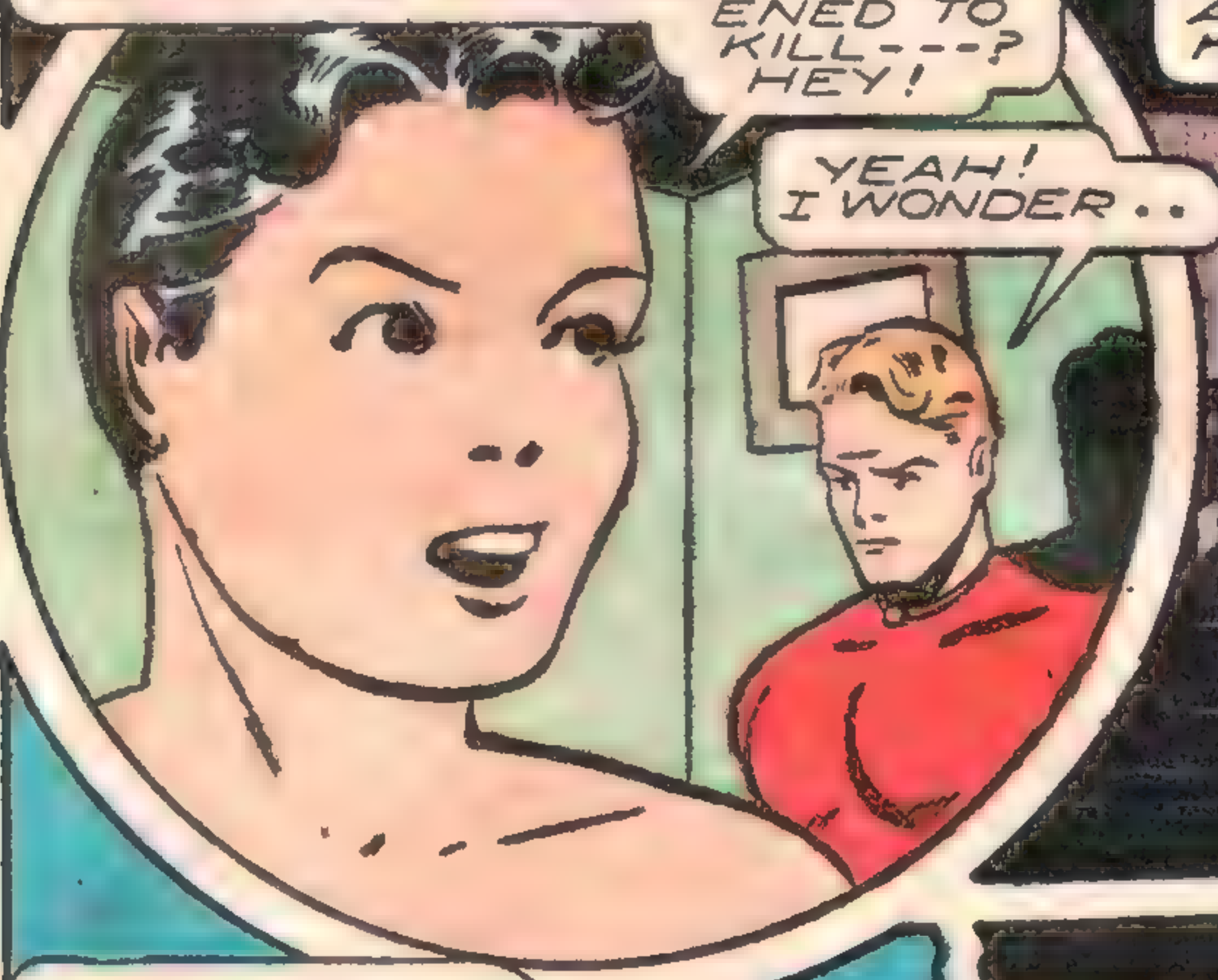
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...



IN A NEARBY APARTMENT, TWO WELL-KNOWN CRIME FIGHTERS...

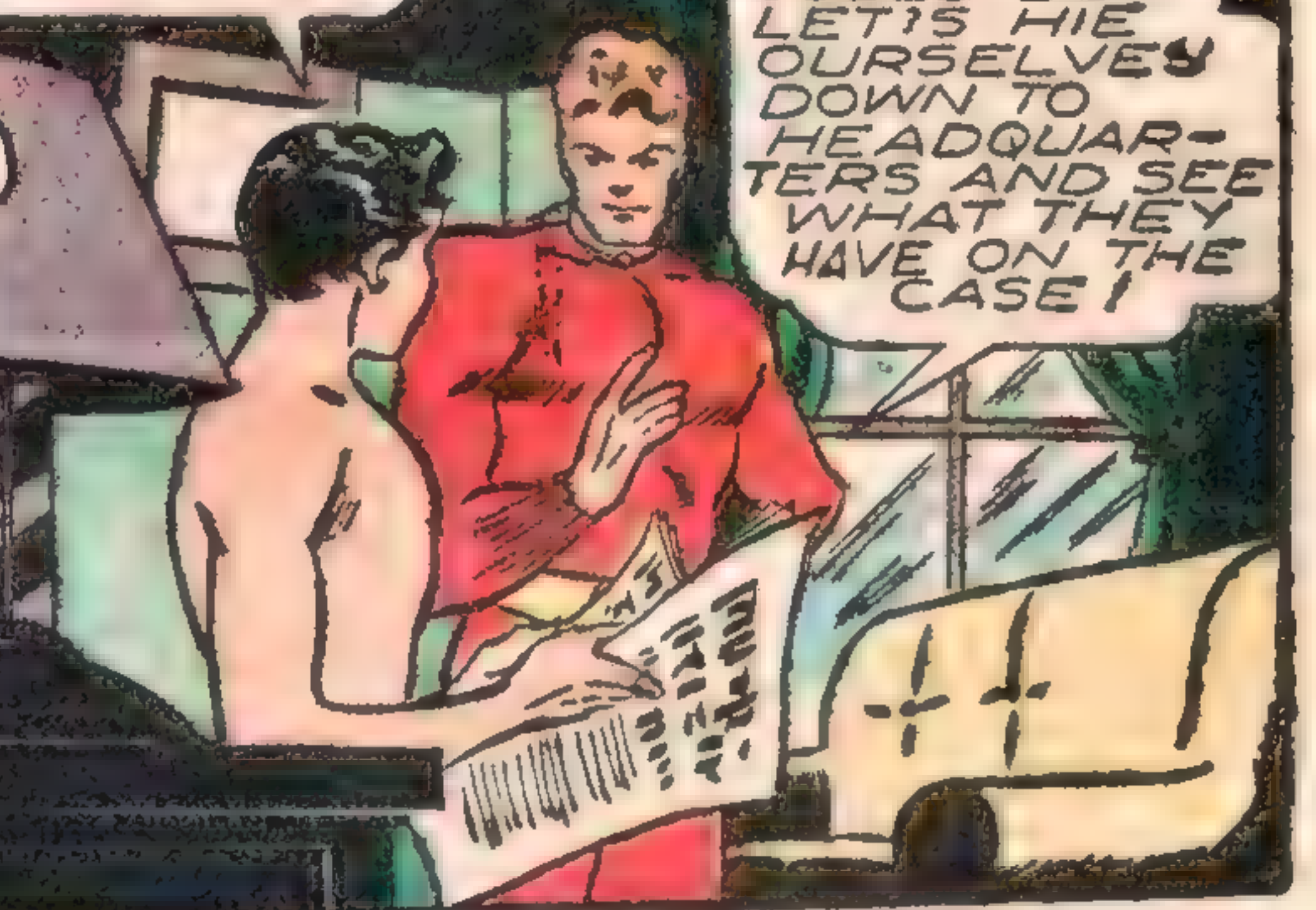


WHAT A STIR THAT CAUSED! THE NEPHEW CLAIMED KING WANTED TO ROB HIM, AND WHEN THE COMMISSION SENT HIM TO THE ASYLUM, THREATENED TO KILL---? HEY!



D'YOU SUPPOSE THE NEPHEW ESCAPED AND DID KILL HIM?

COULD BE! LET'S HIE OURSELVES DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE WHAT THEY HAVE ON THE CASE!

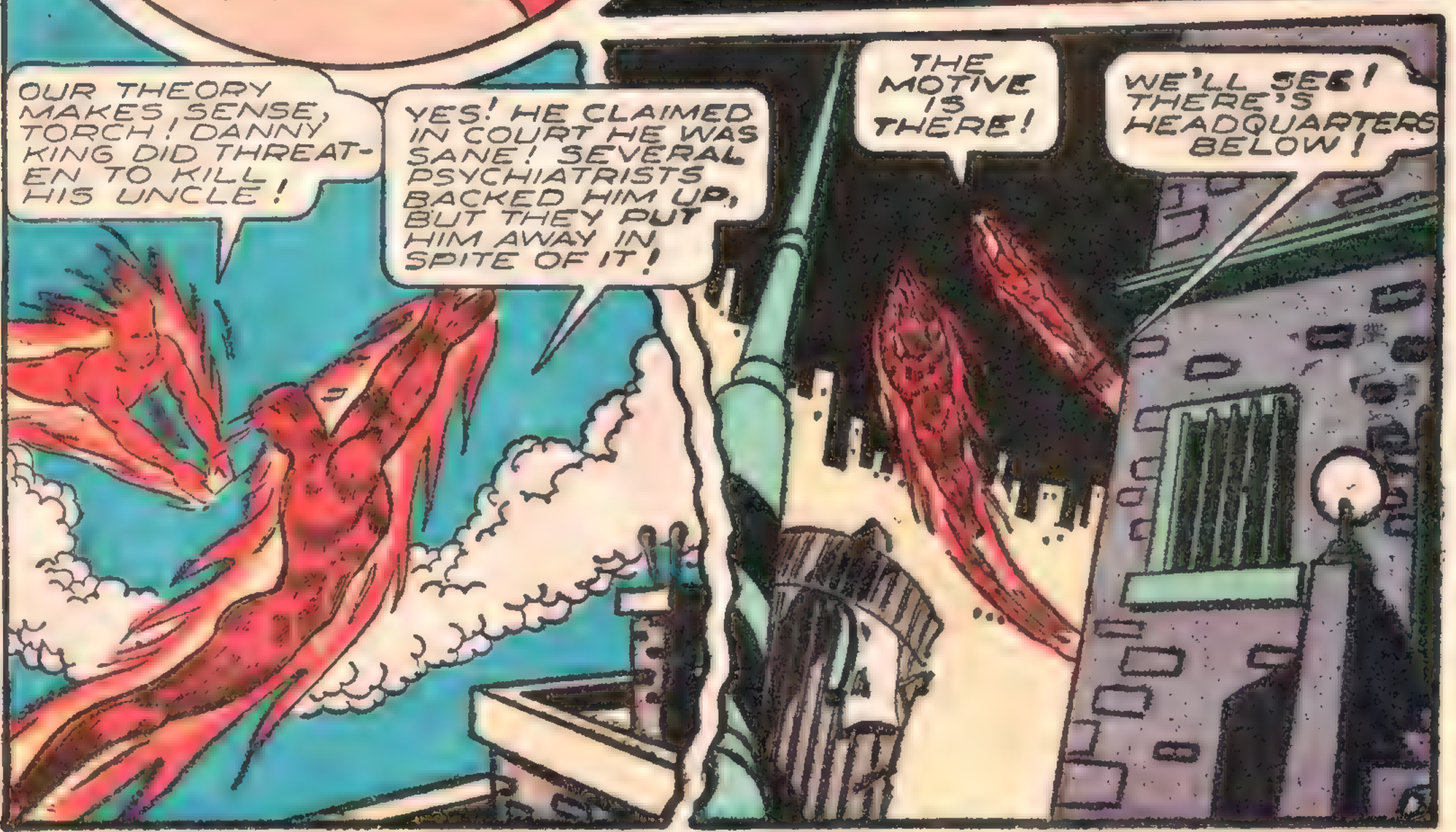


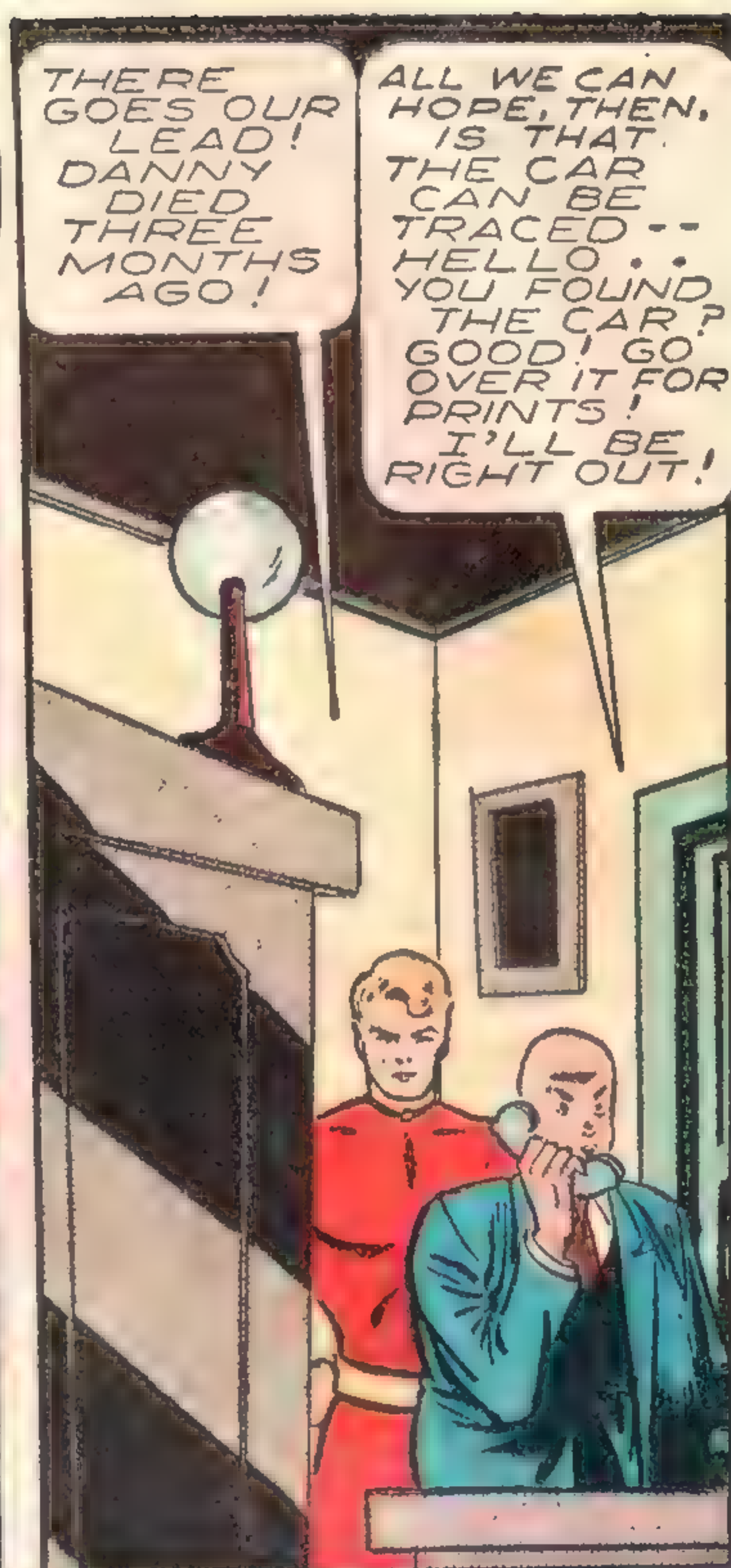
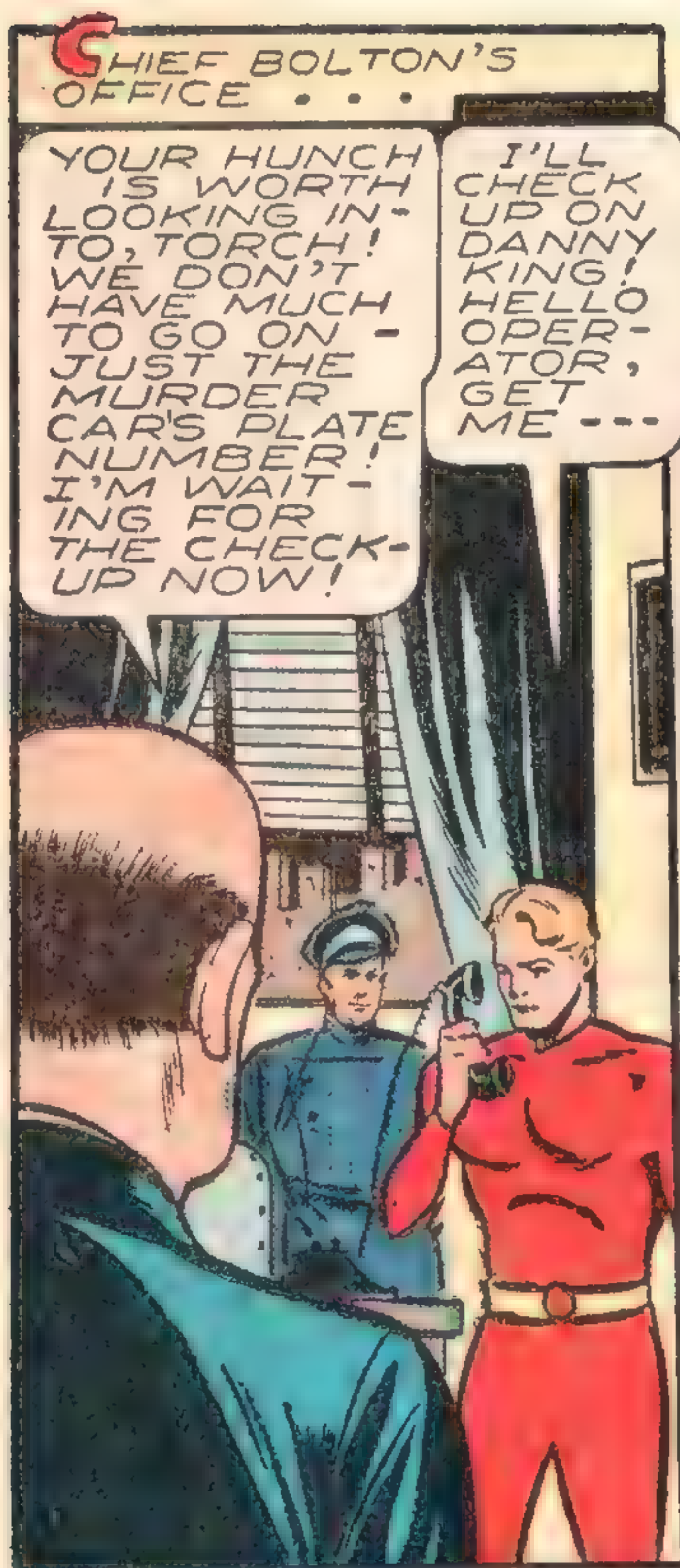
OUR THEORY MAKES SENSE, TORCH! DANNY KING DID THREATEN TO KILL HIS UNCLE!

YES! HE CLAIMED IN COURT HE WAS SANE! SEVERAL PSYCHIATRISTS BACKED HIM UP, BUT THEY PUT HIM AWAY IN SPITE OF IT!

THE MOTIVE IS THERE!

WE'LL SEE! THERE'S HEADQUARTERS BELOW!





YOU KEEP A COMPLETE AND SEPARATE FILE ON MENTAL CASES, DON'T YOU?

CERTAINLY! WE KEEP THEM IN CASE ANY INMATE ESCAPES AND RUNS AMUCK!

THEN COME ON! WE'RE CHECKING THIS PRINT AGAINST A FELLOW NAMED DANNY KING!

LOCATE KING? HAVE YOU GONE BATTY, TORCH? DANNY KING IS DEAD!

HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT HE'S ALIVE!

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LATER --- A STARTLING DISCOVERY

BY GOLLY! THIS PRINT **DOES** CHECK WITH DANNY KINGS! BUT HOW . . . ? IT CAN'T BE!

NEVER MIND THAT! WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE KING . . . AND I KNOW WHOM TO GO TO FOR THAT!

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BATTY, TORCH?
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IS DEAD!

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SUPPOSED
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DANNY KING
IS DEAD!

HE'S
SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD,
BUT I'VE GOT
A HUNCH
THAT HE'S
ALIVE!

HEY! WHO D'YOU THINK -- OH! IT'S YOU, TORCH!

I WANT DOCTOR HACK! WHERE'LL I FIND HIM?

HEY! WHO D'YOU THINK -- OH! IT'S YOU, TORCH!

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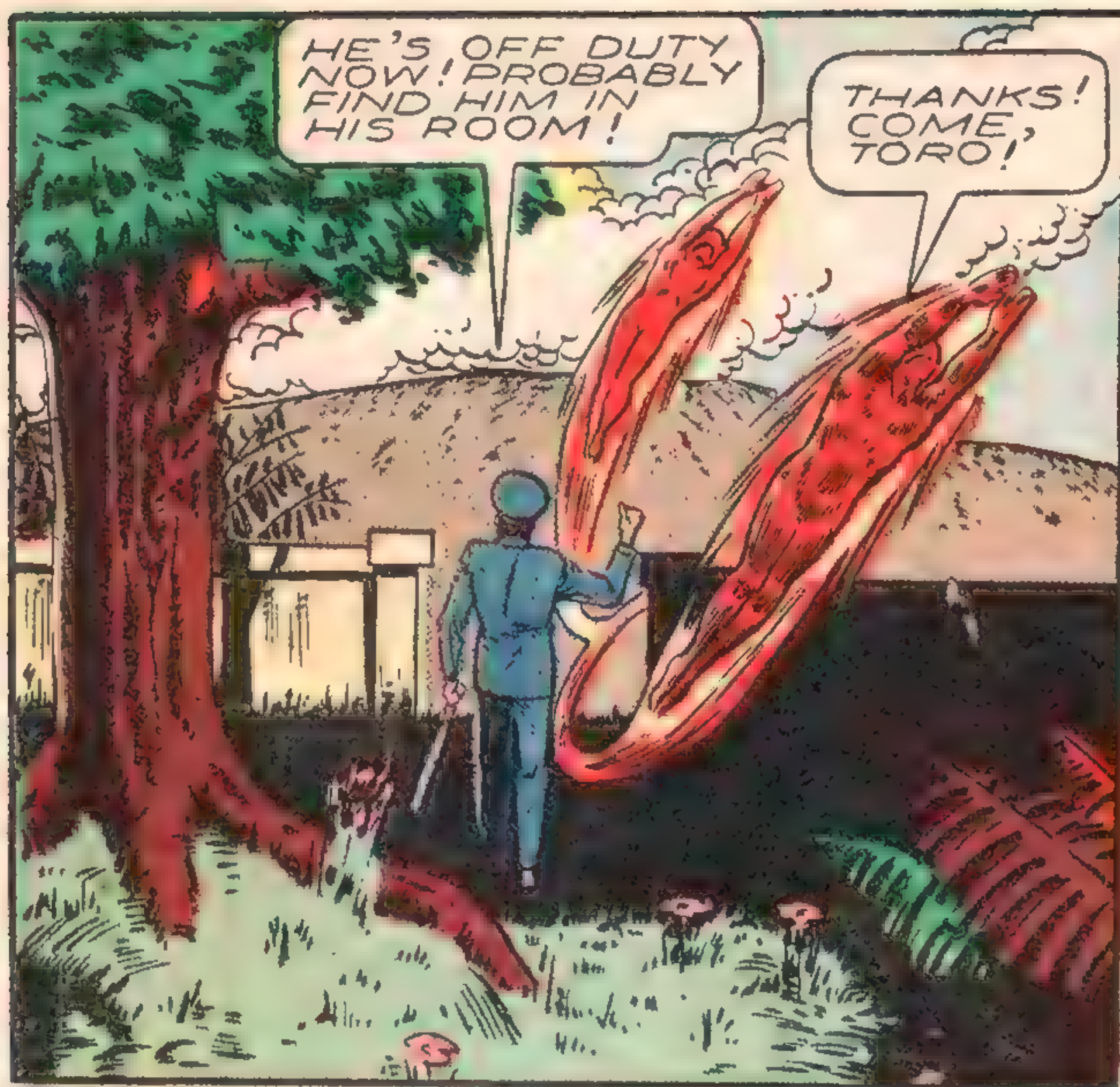
I WANT DOCTOR HACK! WHERE'LL I FIND HIM?

IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME! WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO THE FREED MORE STATE HOSPITAL! I WANT TO TALK WITH THE DOCTOR WHO SIGNED DANNY'S DEATH CERTIFICATE!

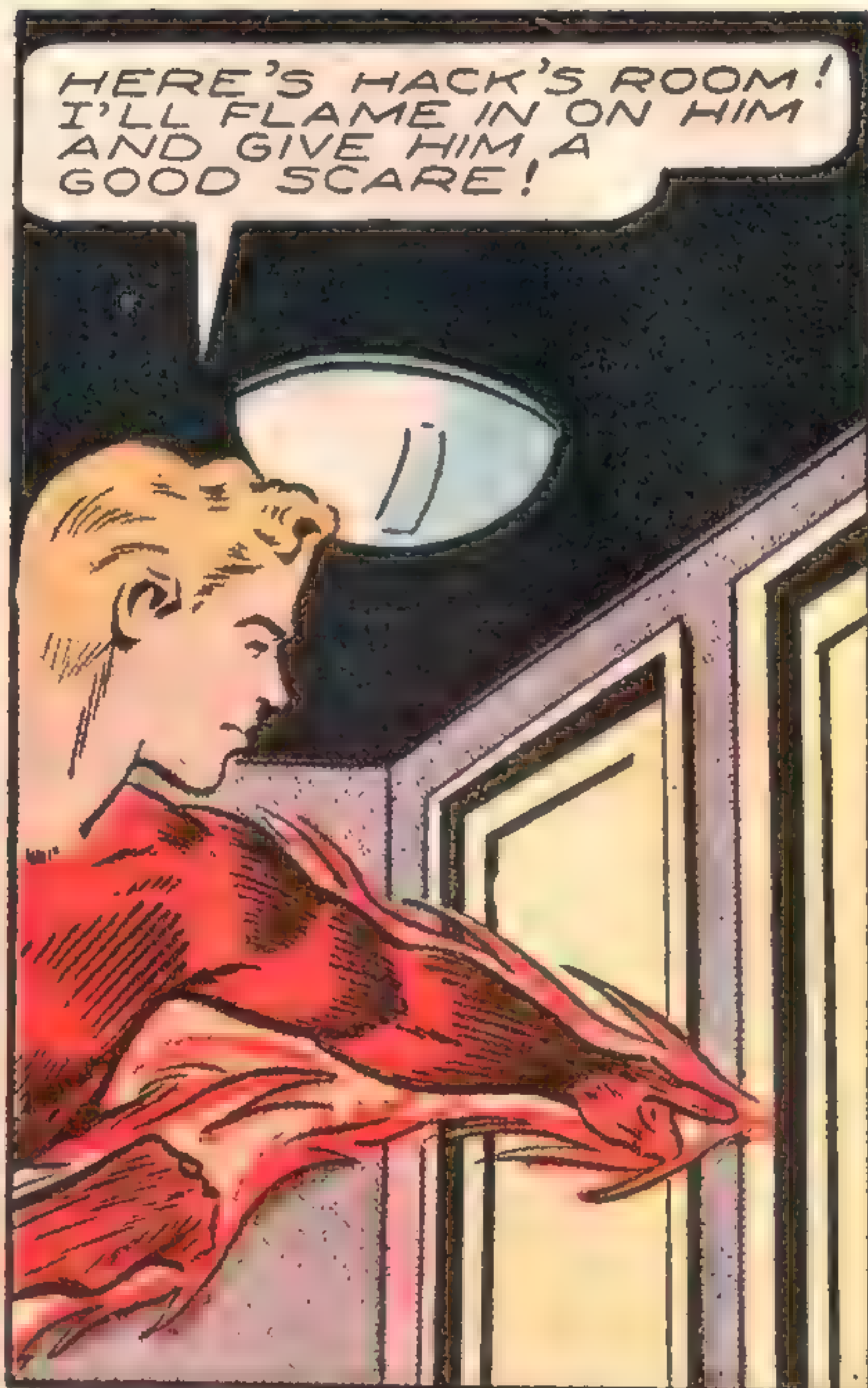
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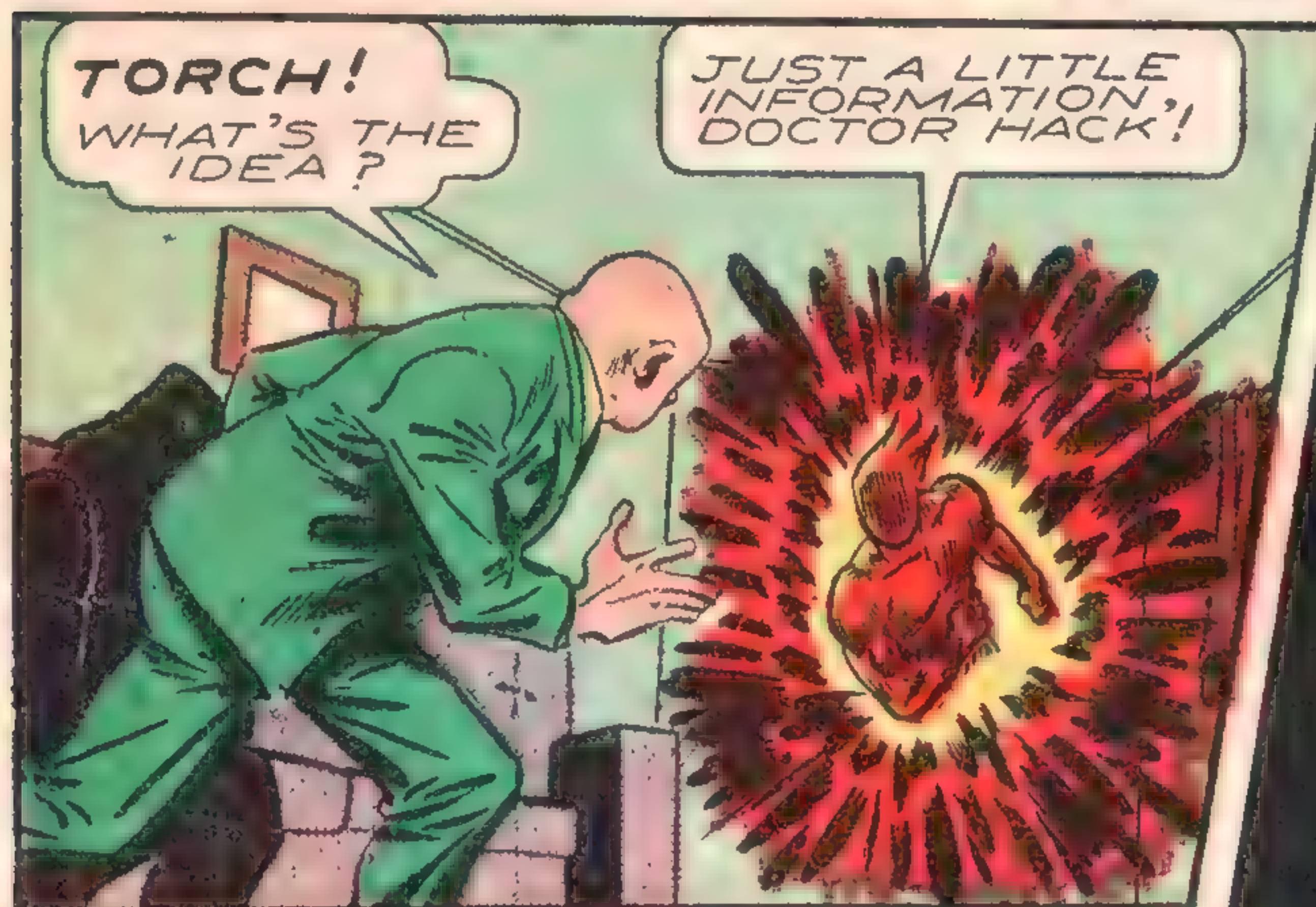


HE'S OFF DUTY NOW! PROBABLY FIND HIM IN HIS ROOM!

THANKS! COME, TORO!

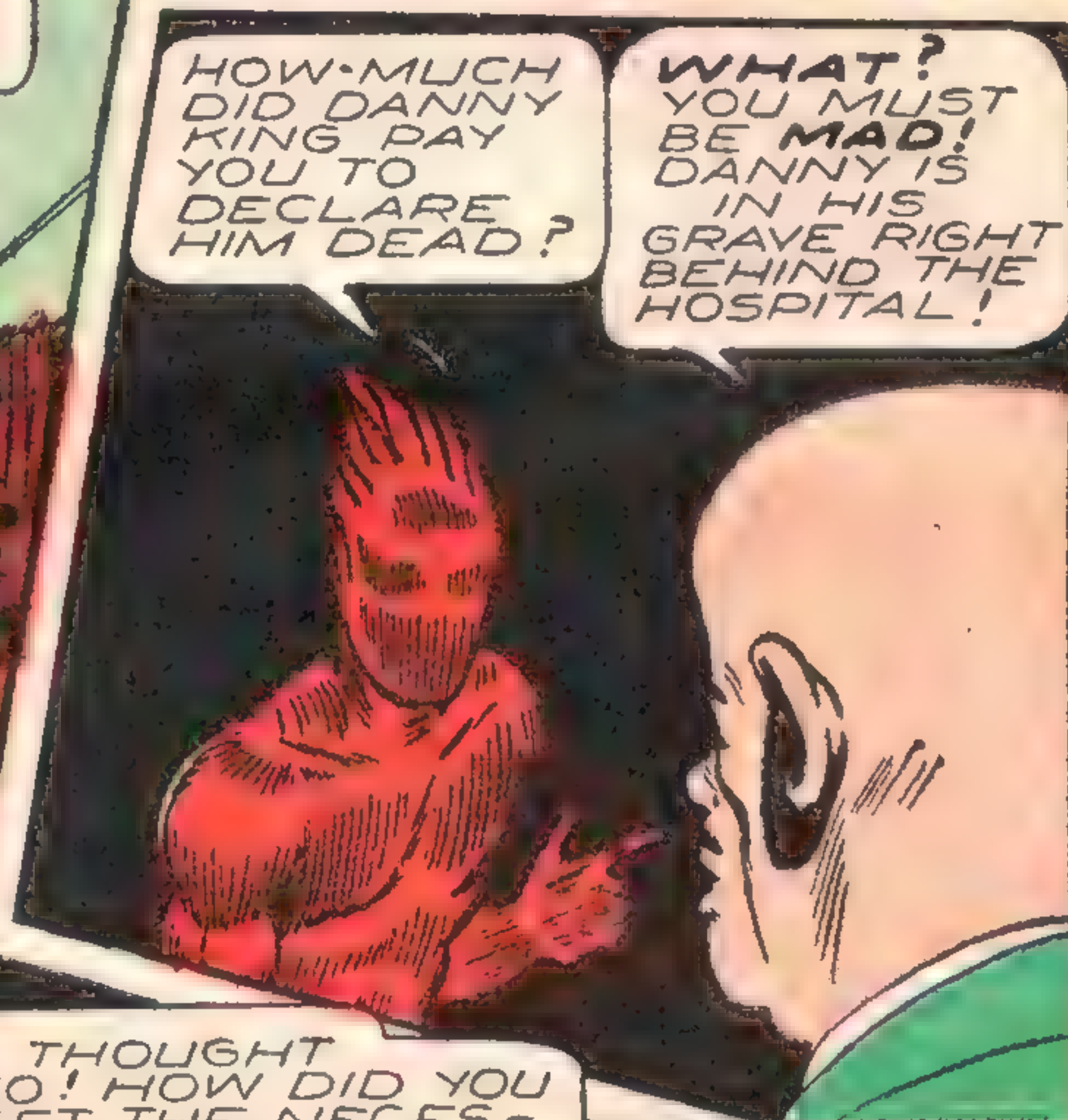


HERE'S HACK'S ROOM! I'LL FLAME IN ON HIM AND GIVE HIM A GOOD SCARE!



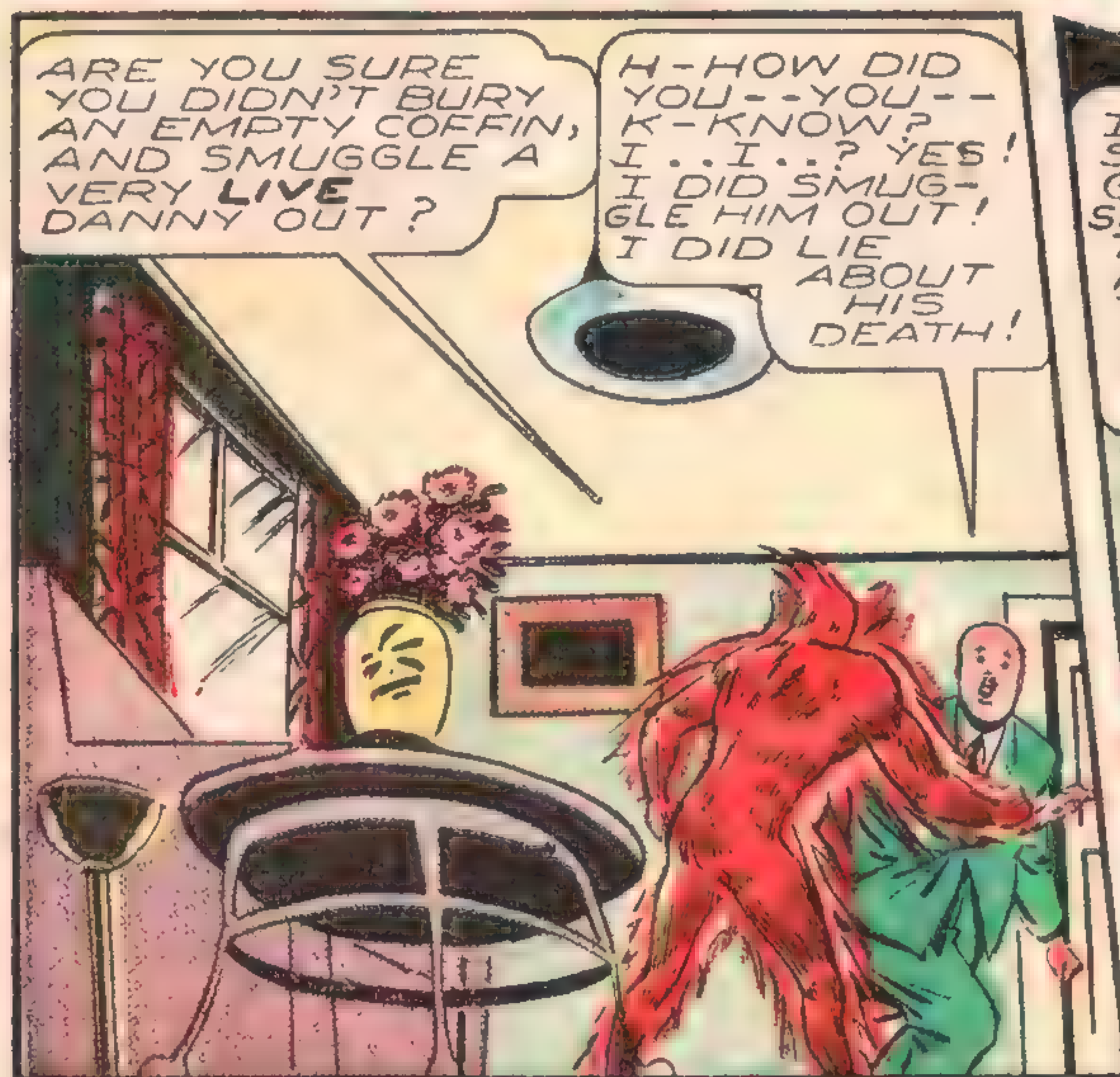
TORCH!
WHAT'S THE IDEA?

JUST A LITTLE INFORMATION, DOCTOR HACK!



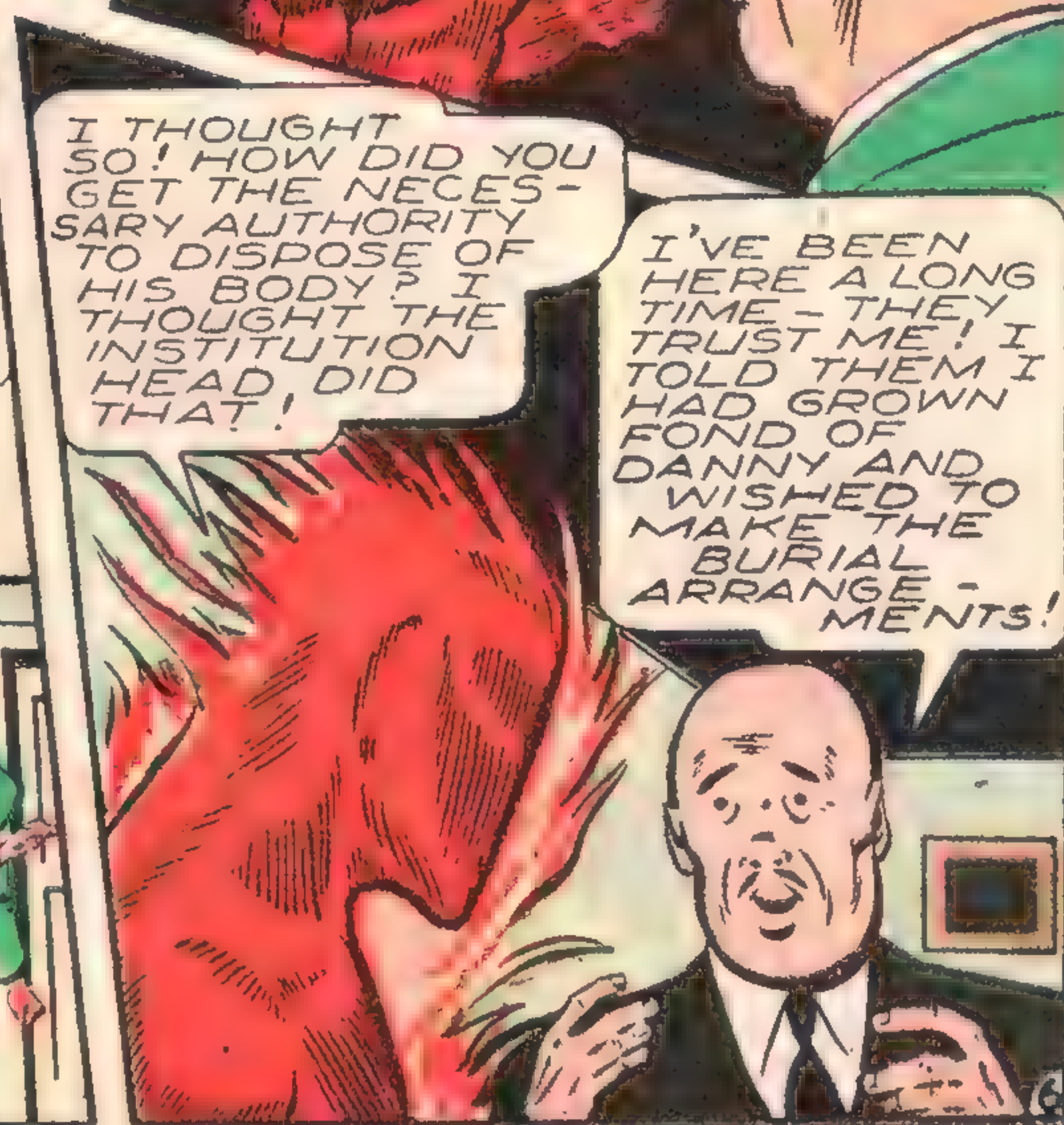
HOW MUCH DID DANNY KING PAY YOU TO DECLARE HIM DEAD?

WHAT? YOU MUST BE MAD! DANNY IS IN HIS GRAVE RIGHT BEHIND THE HOSPITAL!



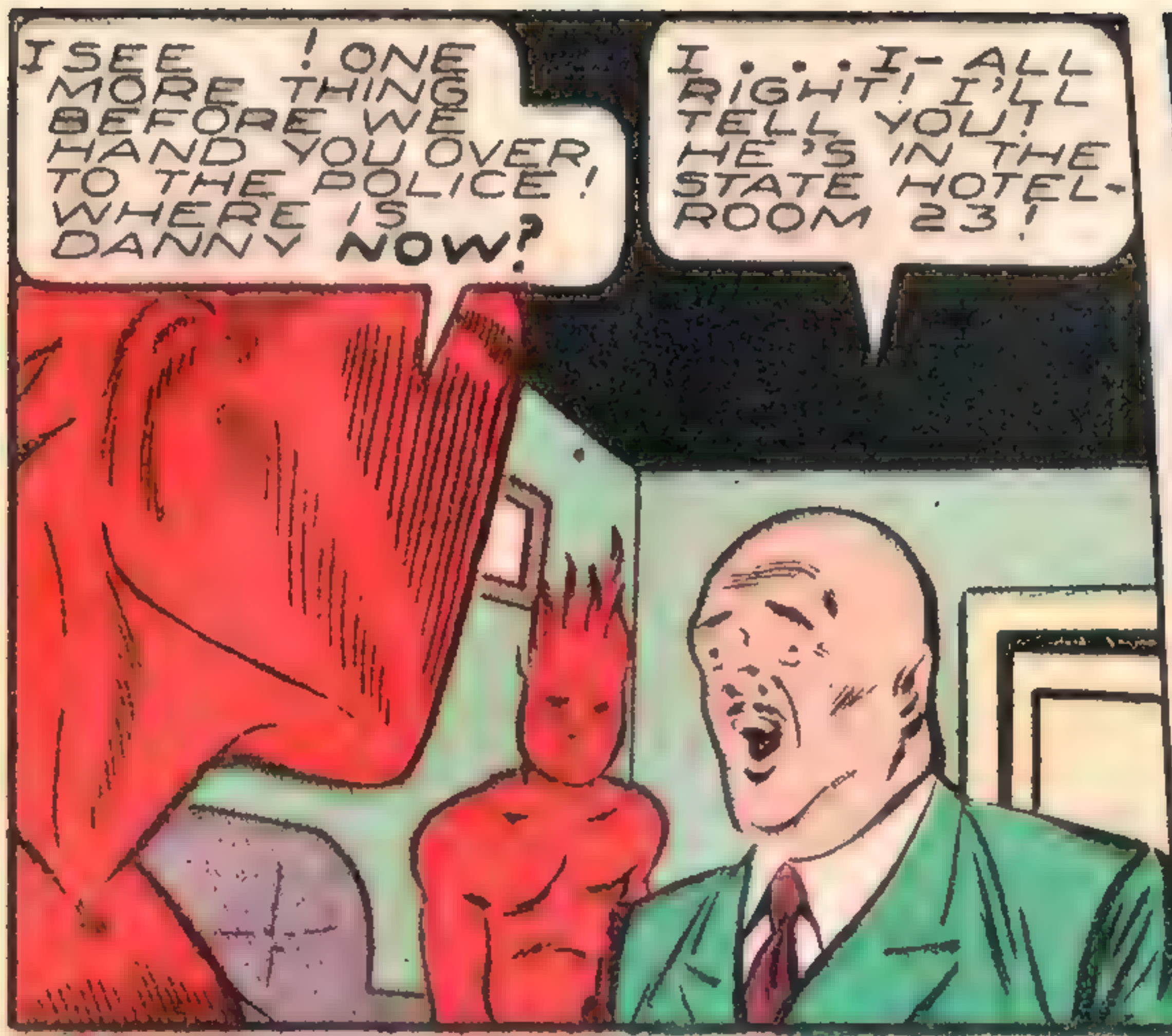
ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T BURY AN EMPTY COFFIN, AND SMUGGLE A VERY **LIVE** DANNY OUT?

H-HOW DID YOU--YOU--K-KNOW?
I..I..? YES! I DID SMUGGLE HIM OUT! I DID LIE ABOUT HIS DEATH!



I THOUGHT SO! HOW DID YOU GET THE NECESSARY AUTHORITY TO DISPOSE OF HIS BODY? I THOUGHT THE INSTITUTION HEAD DID THAT!

I'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME - THEY TRUST ME! I TOLD THEM I HAD GROWN FOND OF DANNY AND WISHED TO MAKE THE BURIAL ARRANGEMENTS!



I SEE ! ONE MORE THING BEFORE WE HAND YOU OVER TO THE POLICE ! WHERE IS DANNY NOW ?

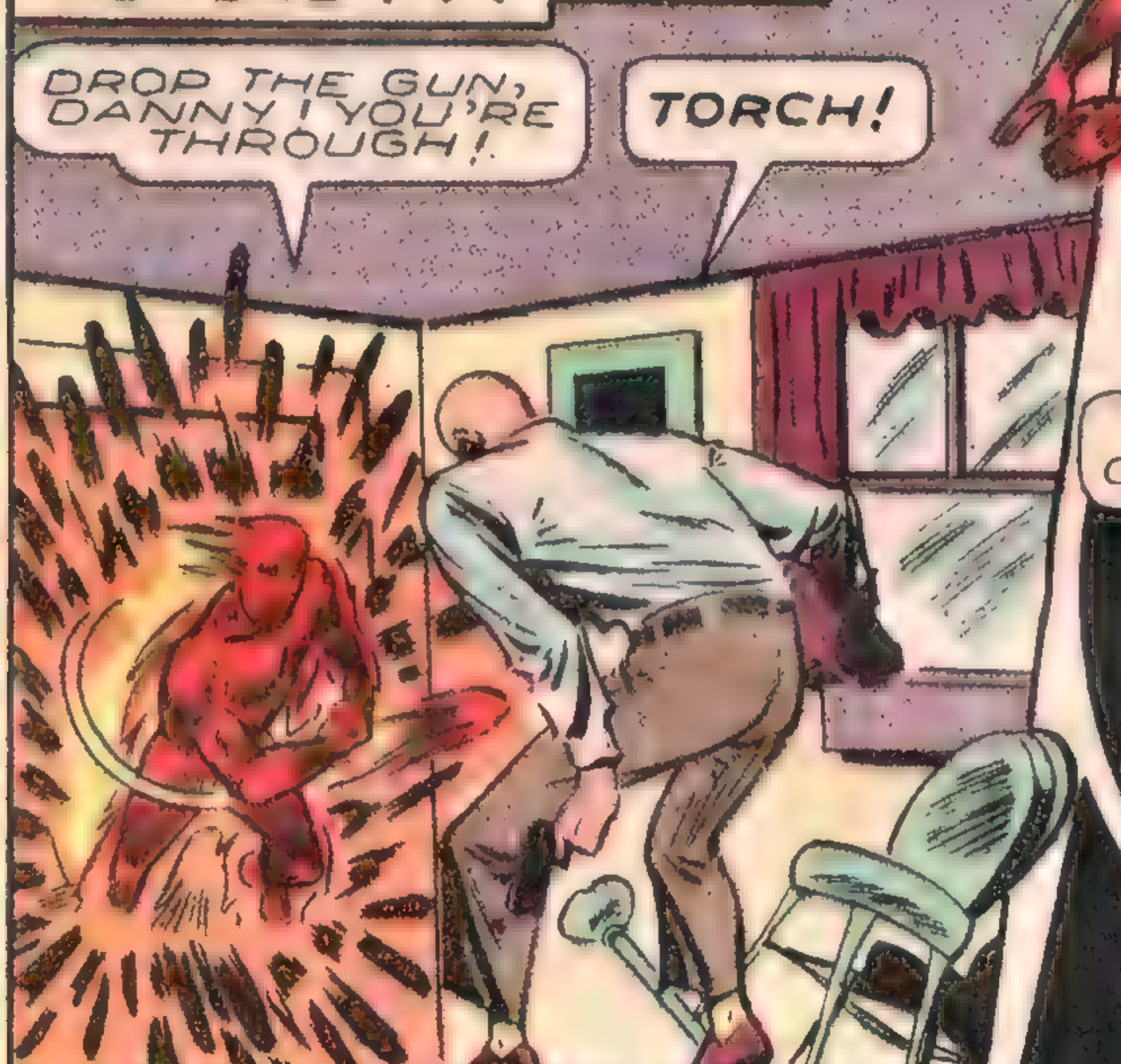
I . . . I - ALL RIGHT ! I'LL TELL YOU ! HE'S IN THE STATE HOTEL - ROOM 23 !



RIGHT AGAIN, MR. BRAINS ! HOW DO YOU DO IT ?

STOP WISE - CRACKING ! WE'VE A JOB TO FINISH !

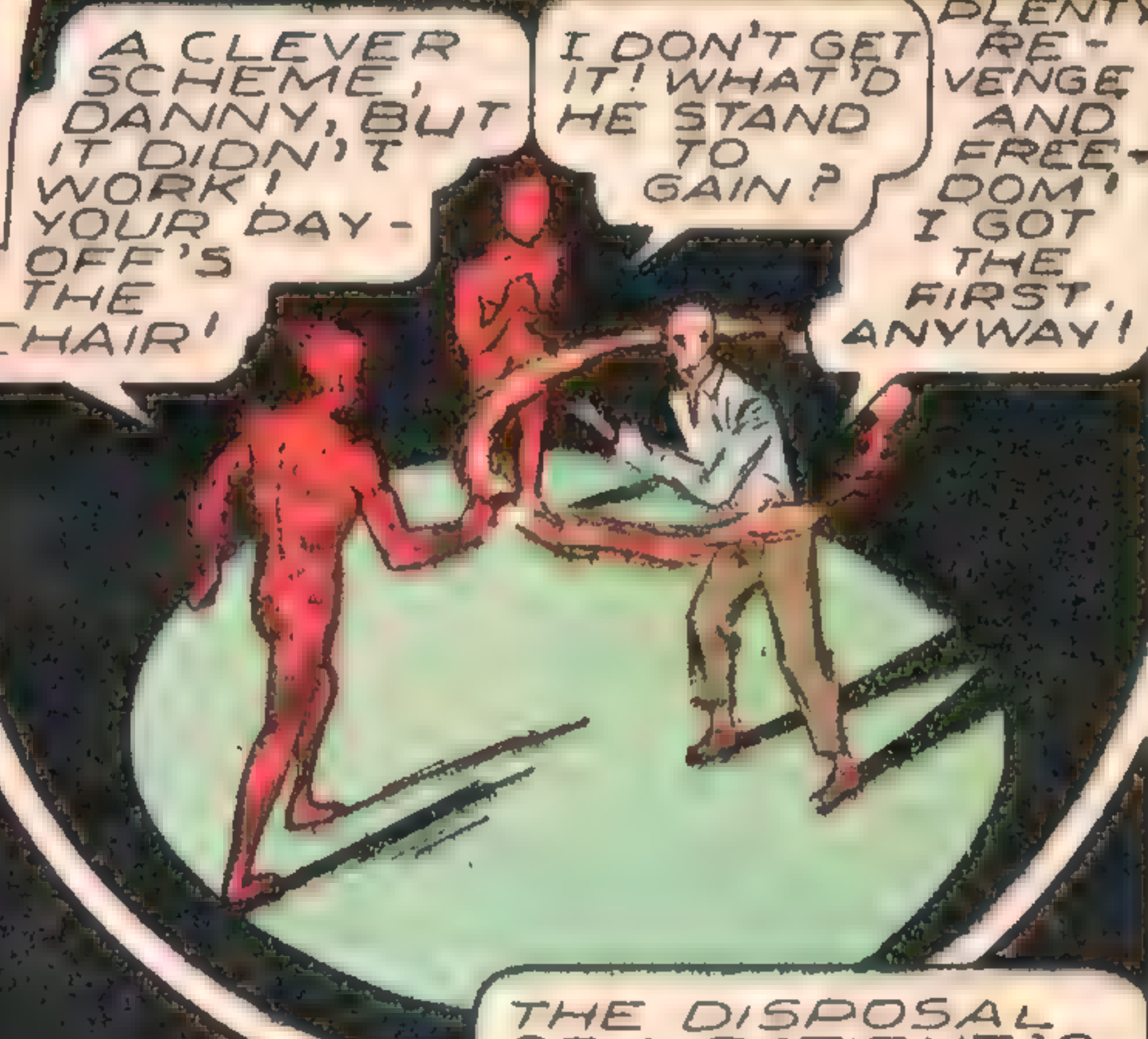
DANNY KING RECEIVES VISITORS . . .



DROP THE GUN, DANNY ! YOU'RE THROUGH !

TORCH !

DANNY PROVES NO MATCH FOR THE FLAMING DETECTIVES . . .

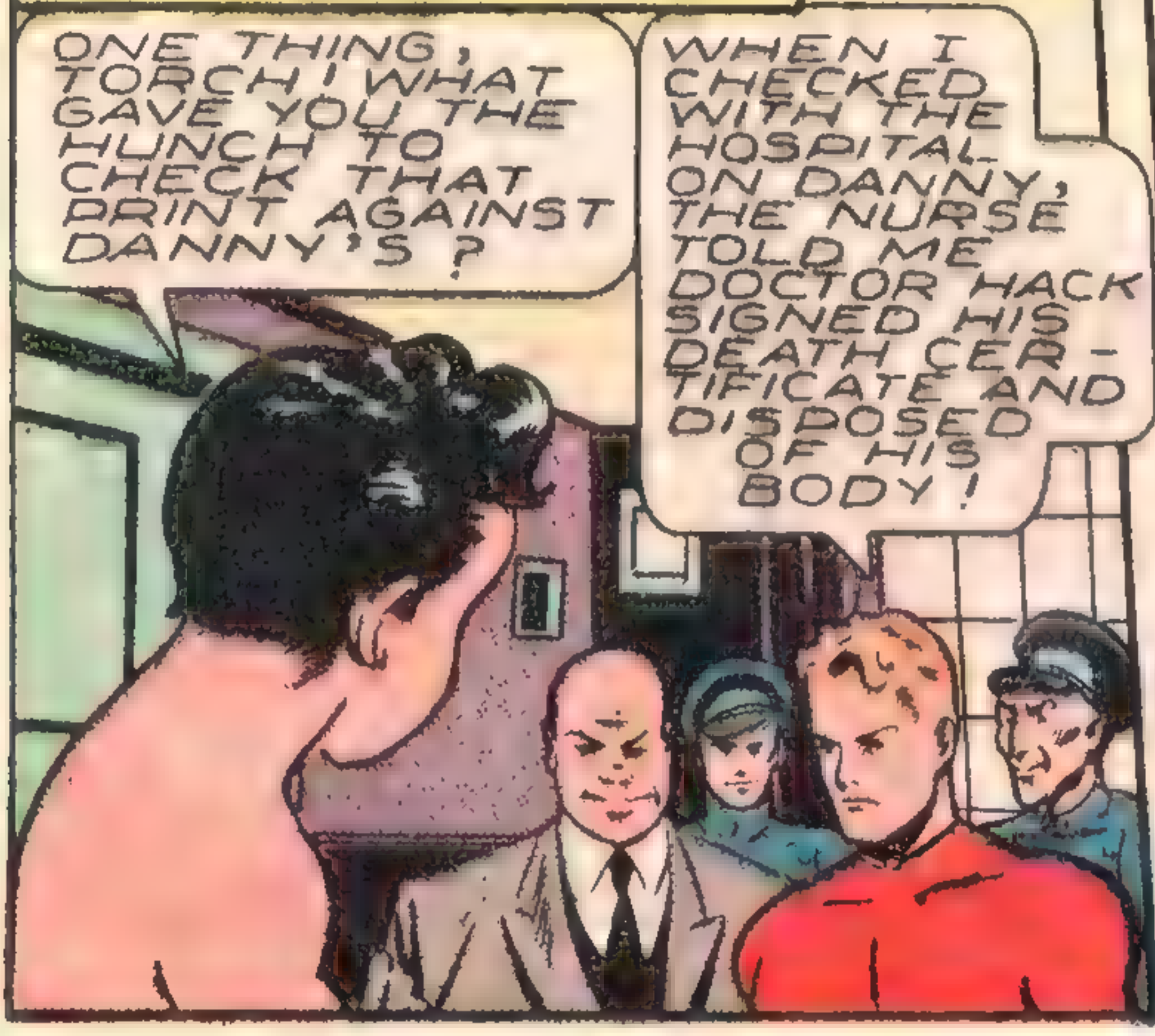


A CLEVER SCHEME, DANNY, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK ! YOUR DAY - OFF'S THE CHAIR !

I DON'T GET IT ! WHAT'D HE STAND TO GAIN ?

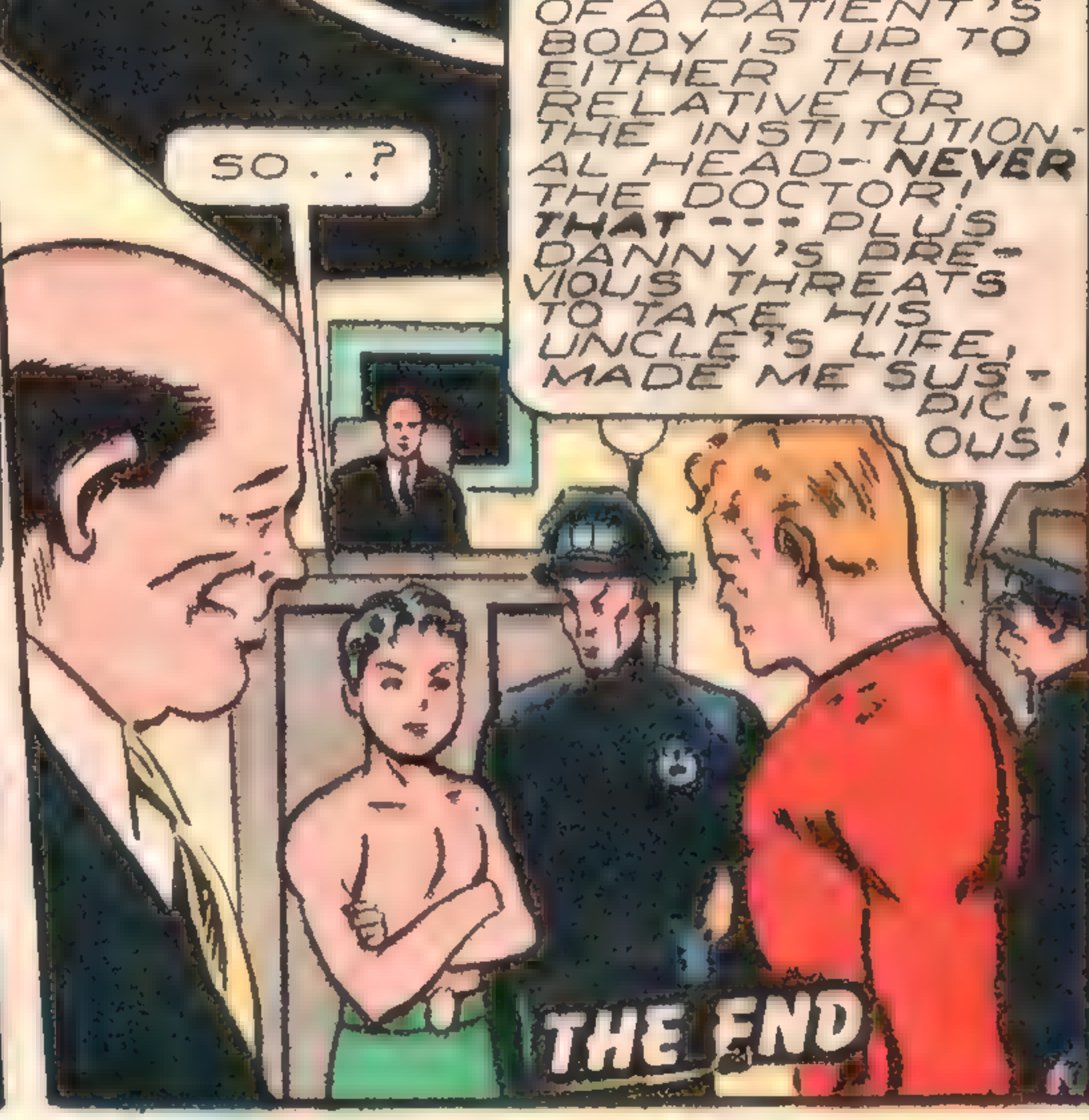
PLENTY ! RE - VENGE AND FREE - DOM ! I GOT THE FIRST, ANYWAY !

LATER -- WHEN DANNY HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO CHIEF BOLTON . . .



ONE THING, TORCH ! WHAT GAVE YOU THE HUNCH TO CHECK THAT PRINT AGAINST DANNY'S ?

WHEN I CHECKED WITH THE HOSPITAL ON DANNY, THE NURSE TOLD ME DOCTOR HACK SIGNED HIS DEATH CERTIFICATE AND DISPOSED OF HIS BODY !



SO . . . ?

THE DISPOSAL OF A PATIENT'S BODY IS UP TO EITHER THE RELATIVE OR THE INSTITUTIONAL HEAD - NEVER THE DOCTOR ! THAT --- PLUS DANNY'S PREVIOUS THREATS TO TAKE HIS UNCLE'S LIFE, MADE ME SUSPICIOUS !

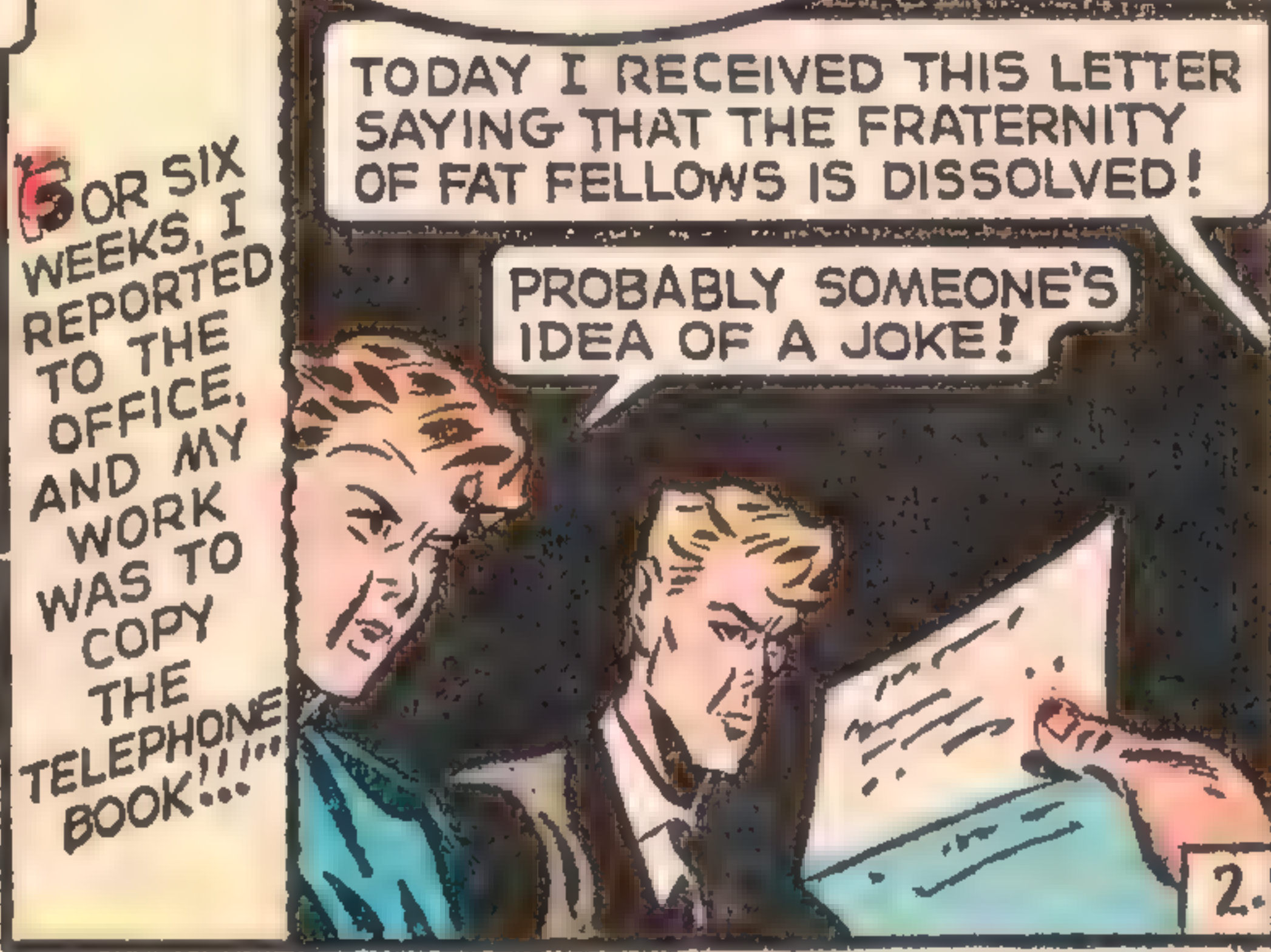
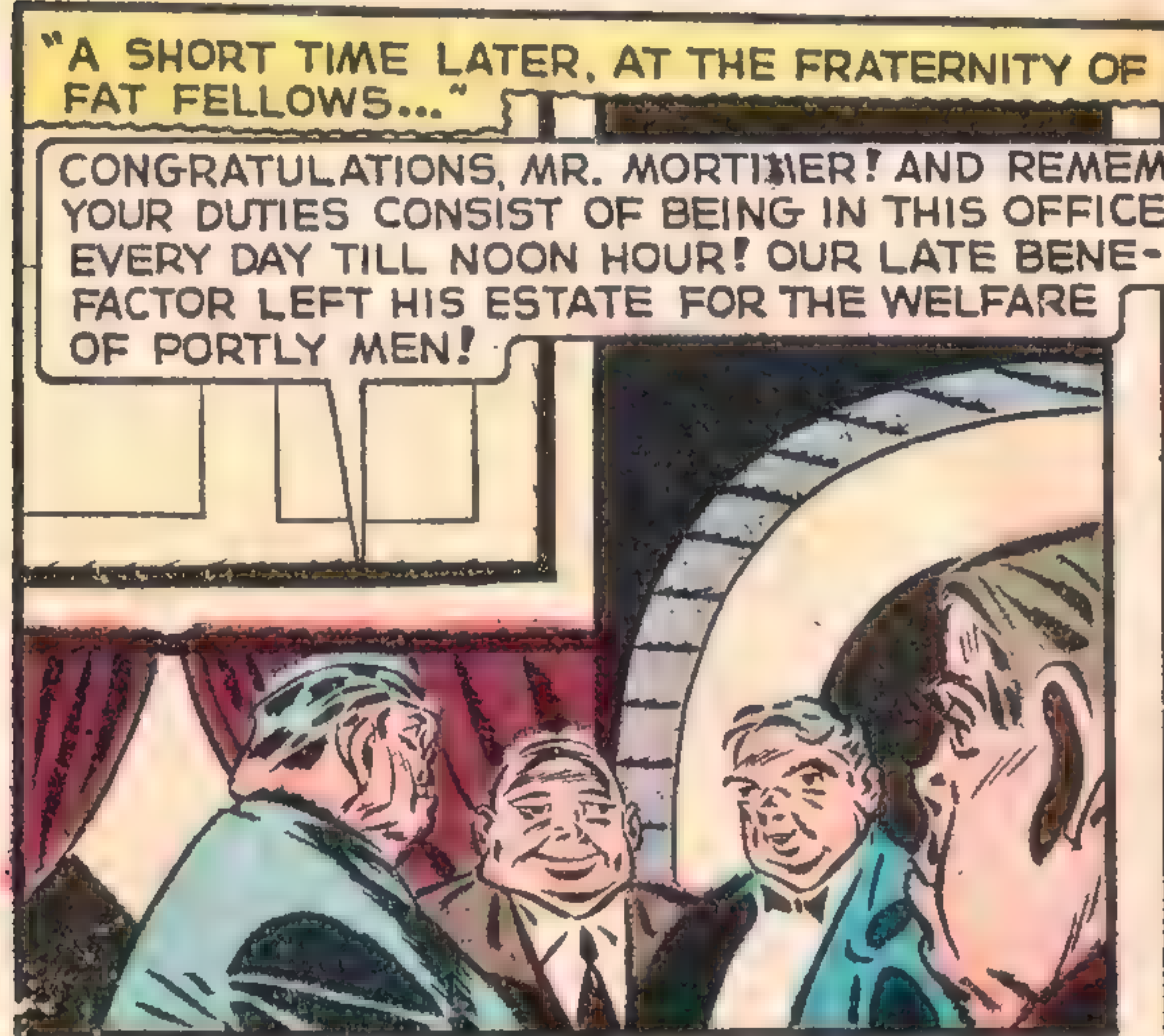
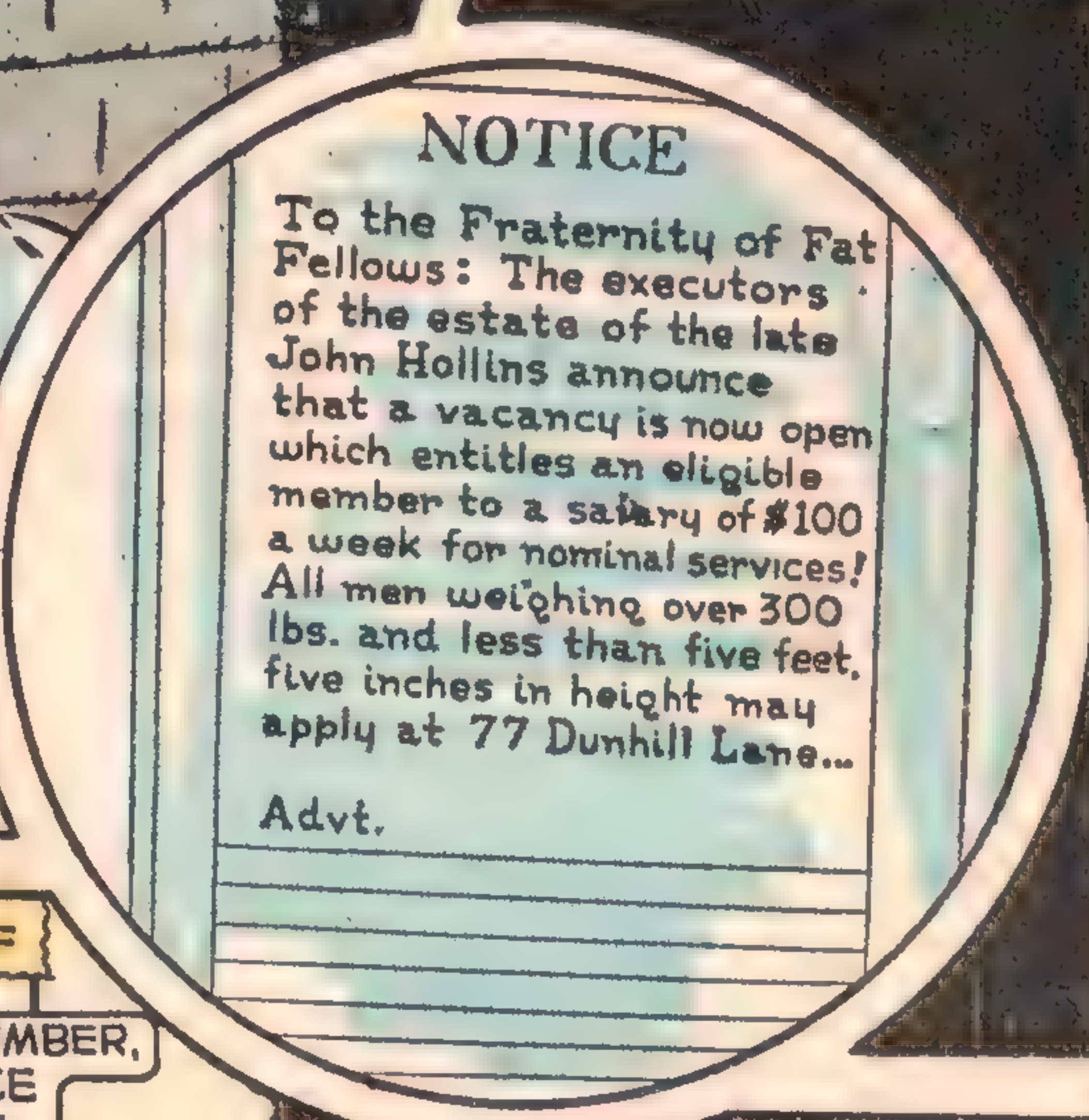
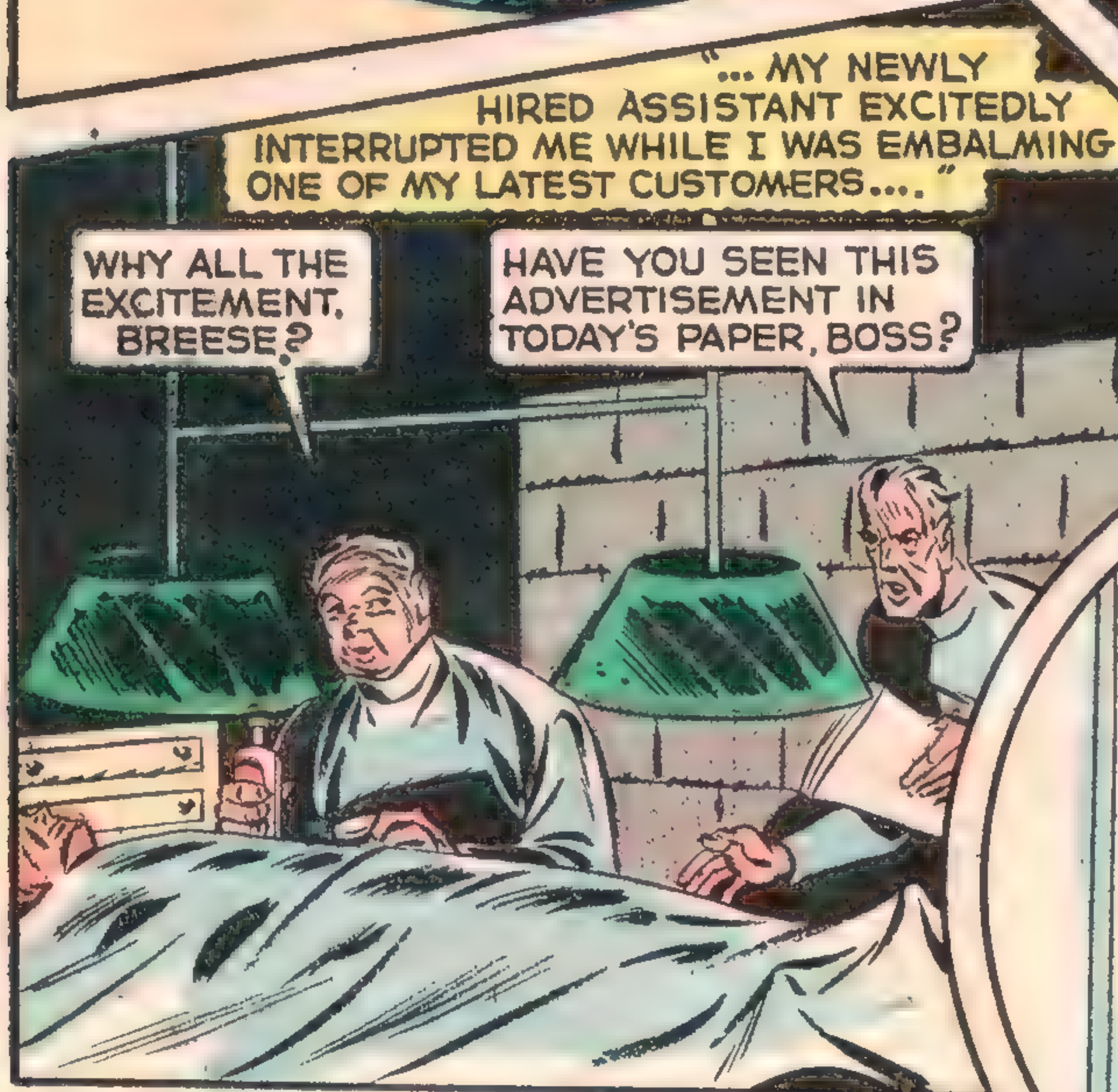
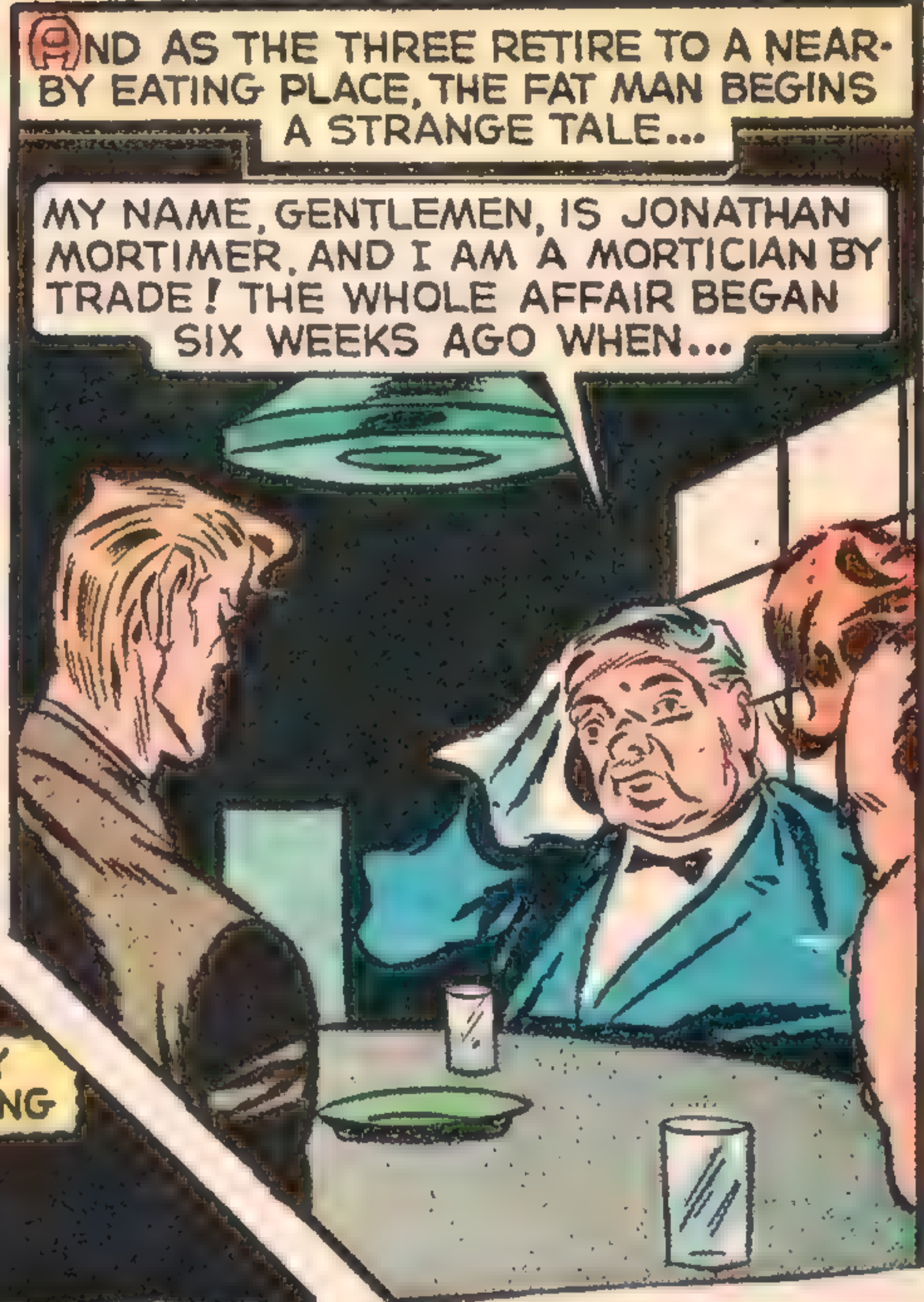
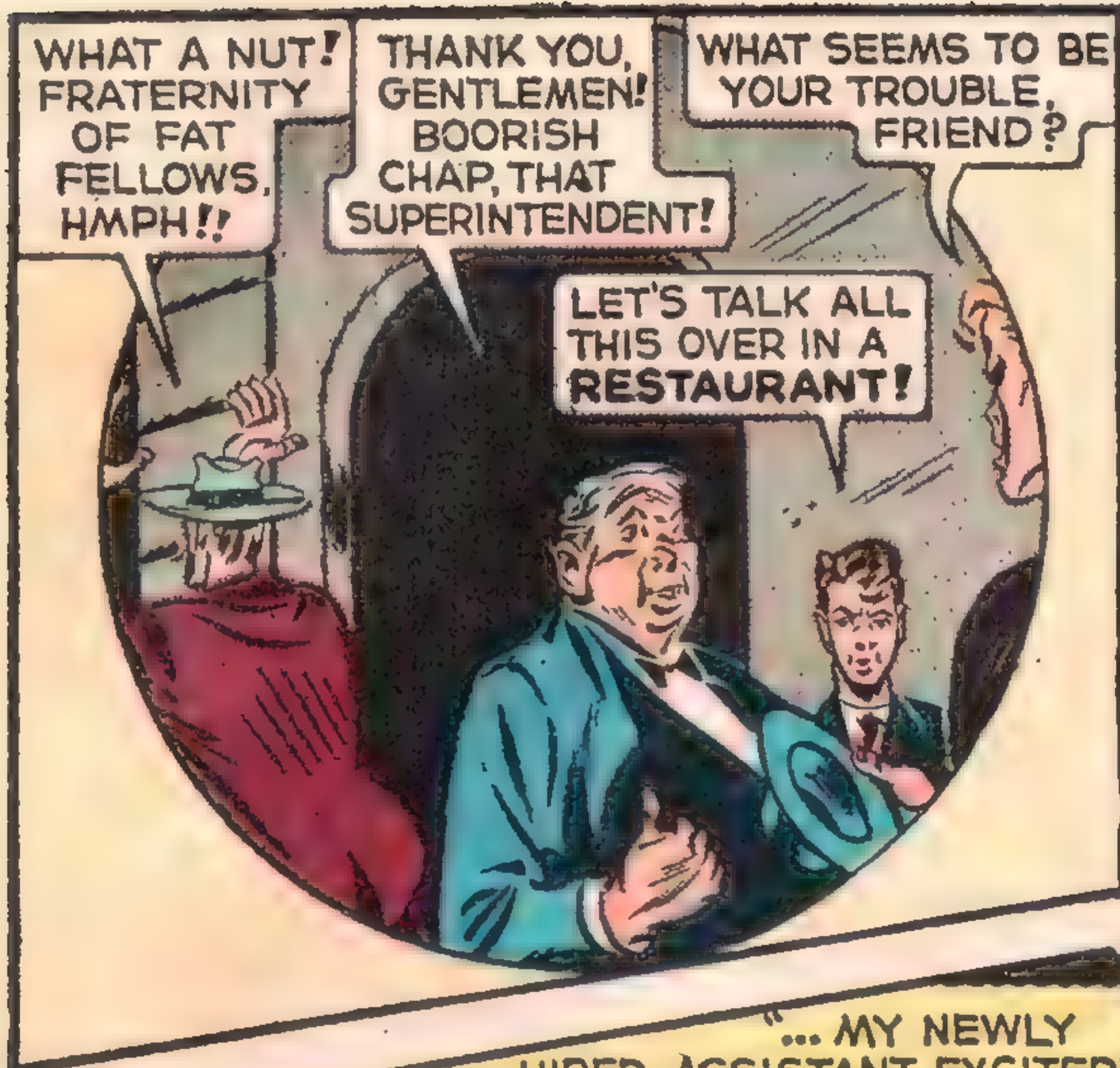
THE END

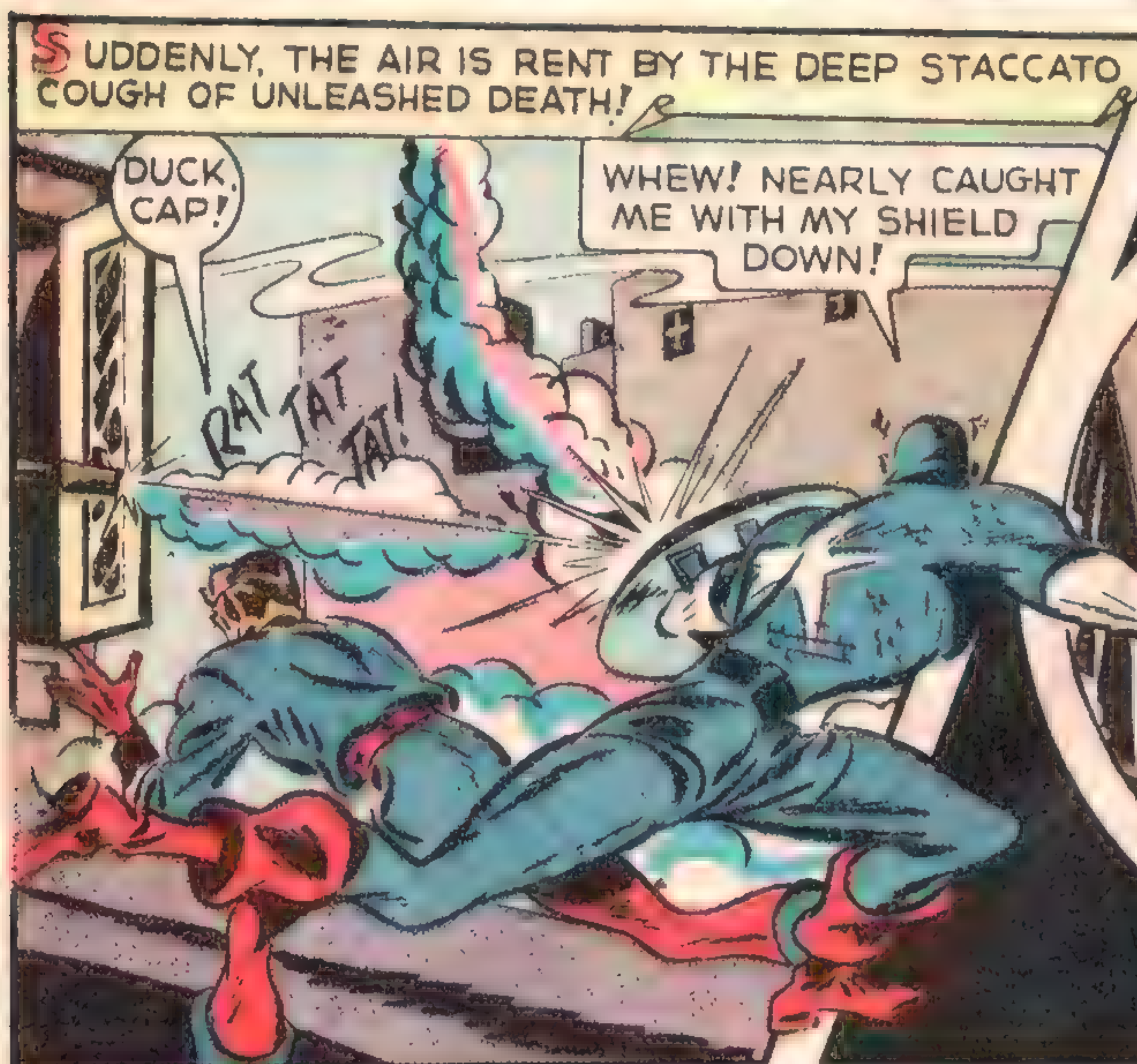
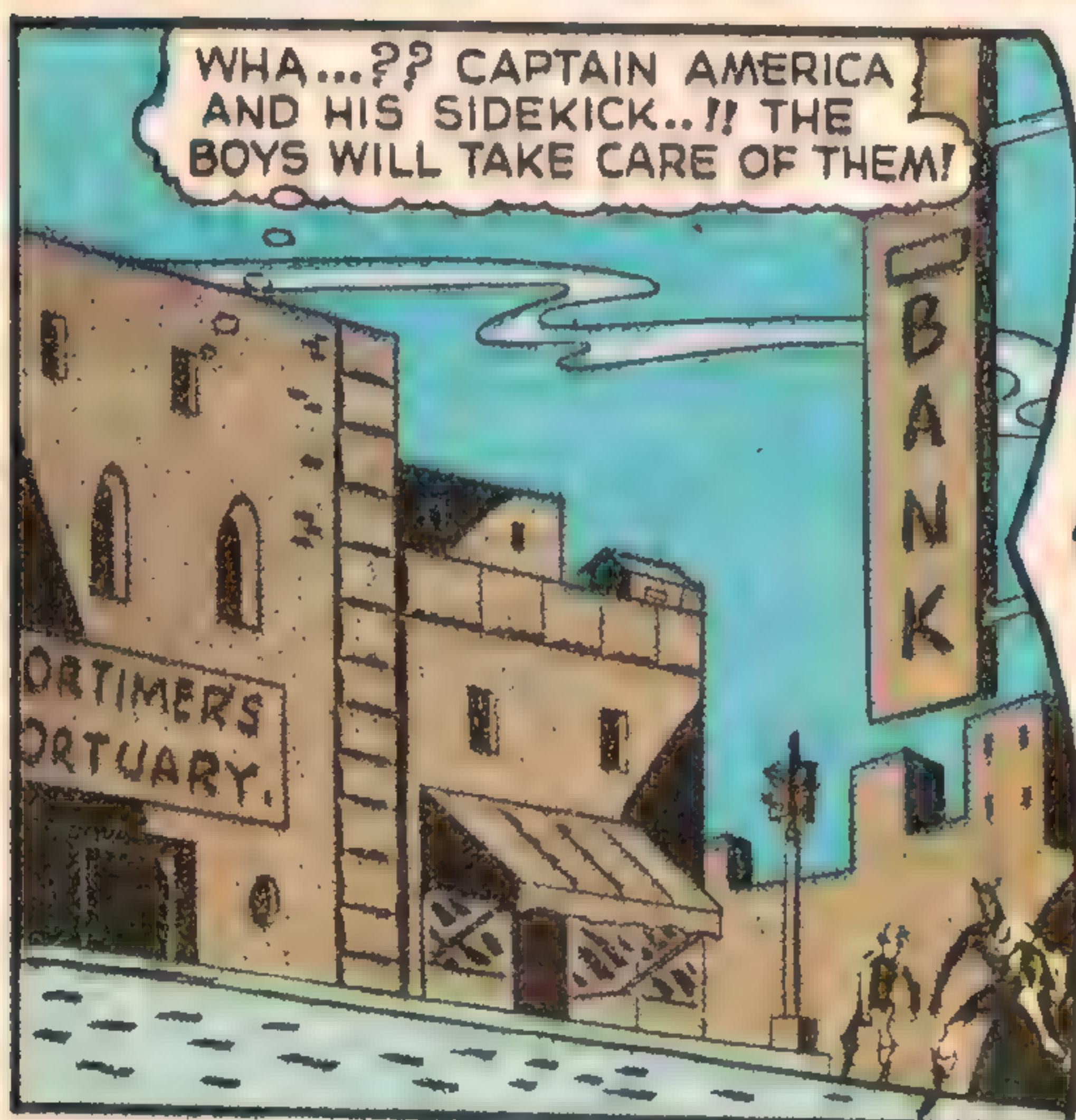
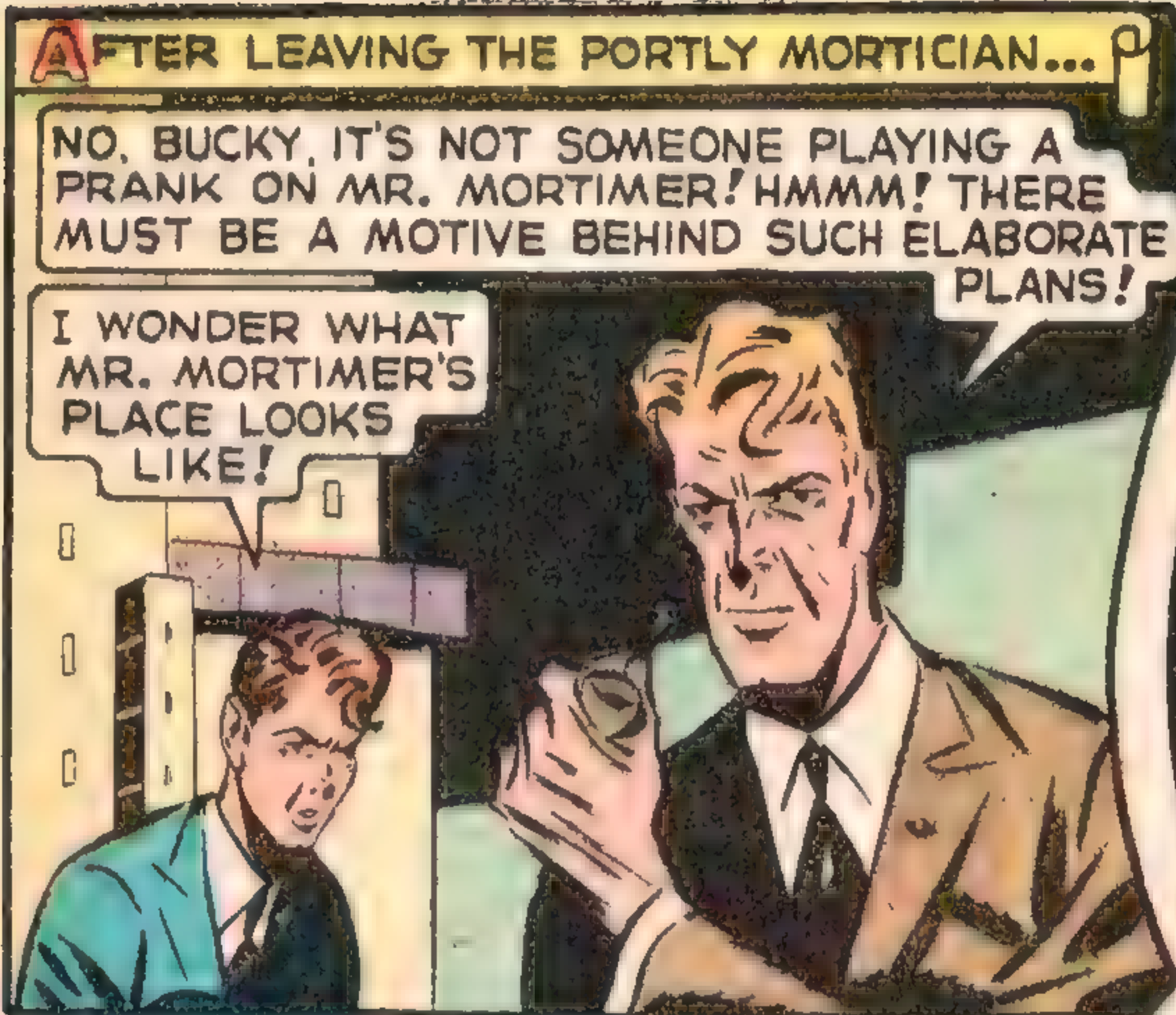
THEY DIDN'T WANT THIN MEN. THEY DIDN'T WANT TALL MEN. THEY WANTED "SHORT, FAT MEN LESS THAN FIVE FEET FIVE INCHES IN HEIGHT"! AN ODD CLUB, INDEED - BUT, WHAT STRANGE BUSINESS WAS TRANSACTED BEHIND ITS LOCKED DOORS? **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** START AN INNOCENT INVESTIGATION, AND END UP IN A FURIOUS DEATH-BATTLE TO LEARN THE SECRET BEHIND

A comic book illustration showing a man with blonde hair, wearing a red robe and green pants, holding a sword. He is standing over a fallen figure who is wearing a red tunic and blue pants. A large speech bubble above the man reads "FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS!" and a smaller one to the left says "The". The scene is set in a doorway or hallway.

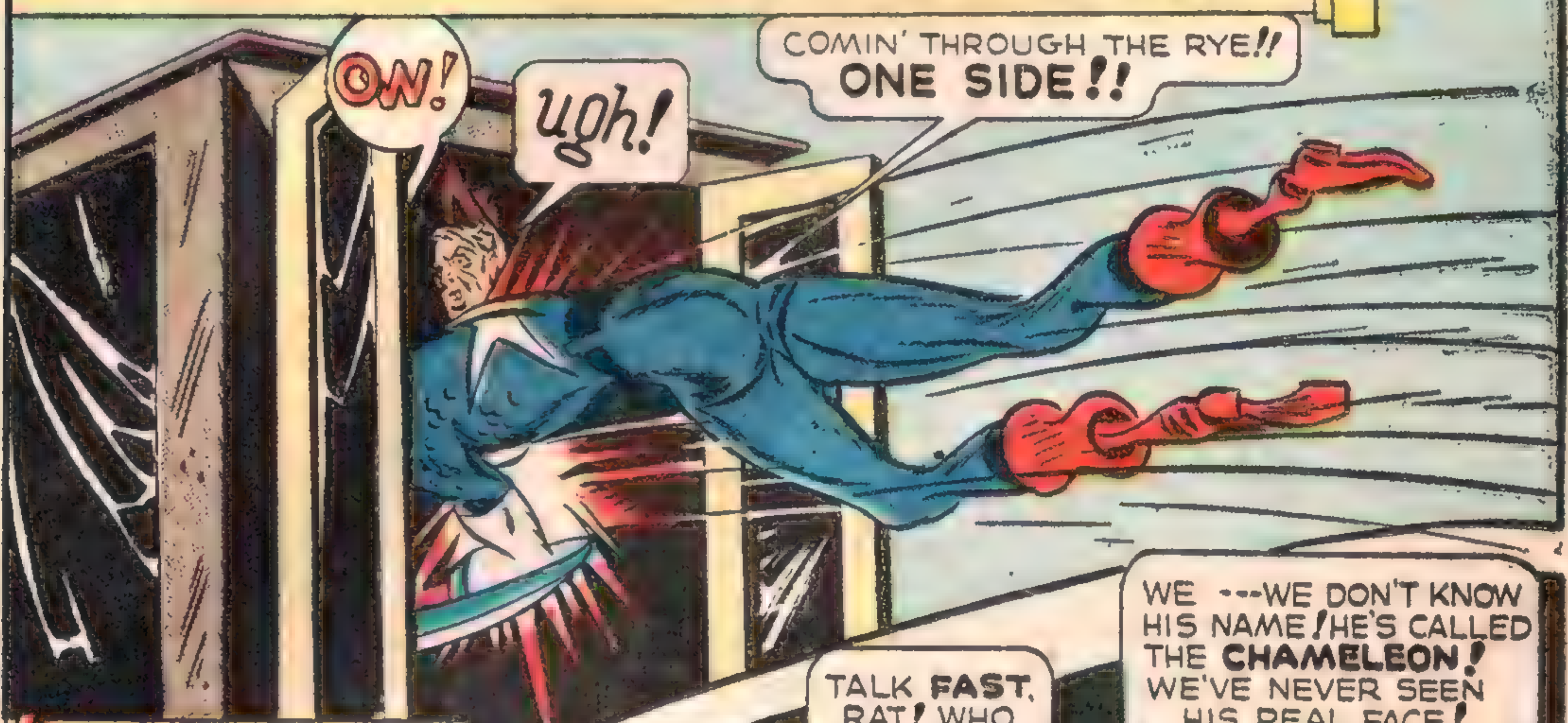
"FRATERNITY
OF
FAT
FELLOWS"!

**HEY! EASY,
FELLOW!**

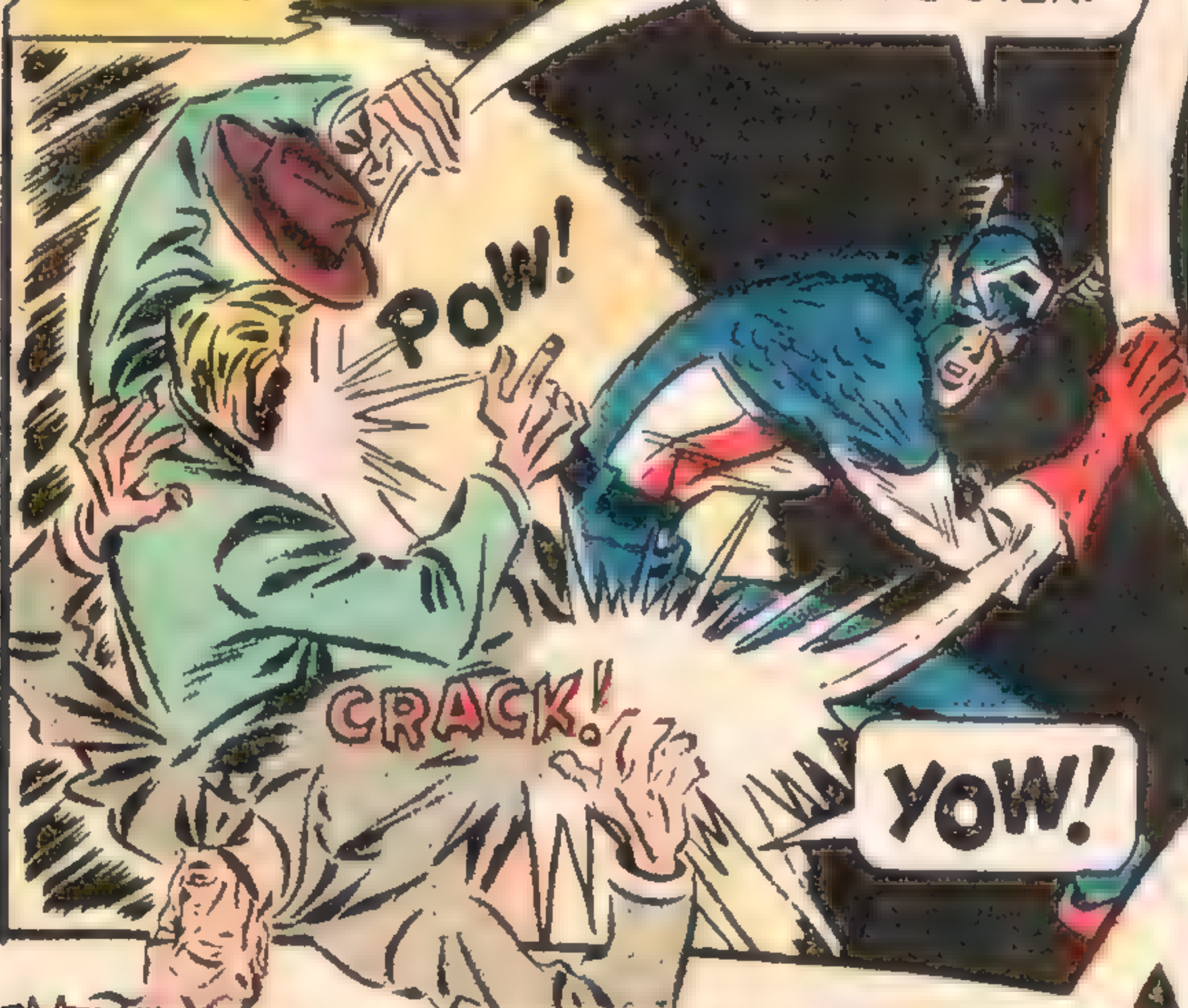




...AND CAP PLUMMETS HIS WAY INTO THE HEARSE TO JOIN BUCKY!



IN THE CLOSE CONFINES OF THE INTERIOR OF THE HEARSE, CAP MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE THUGS!!



ALLRIGHT, YOU CUTTHROATS! THE PARTY'S OVER!

TALK FAST, RAT! WHO HIRED YOU?

WE ---WE DON'T KNOW HIS NAME! HE'S CALLED THE **CHAMELEON**! WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIS REAL FACE!



BUT..

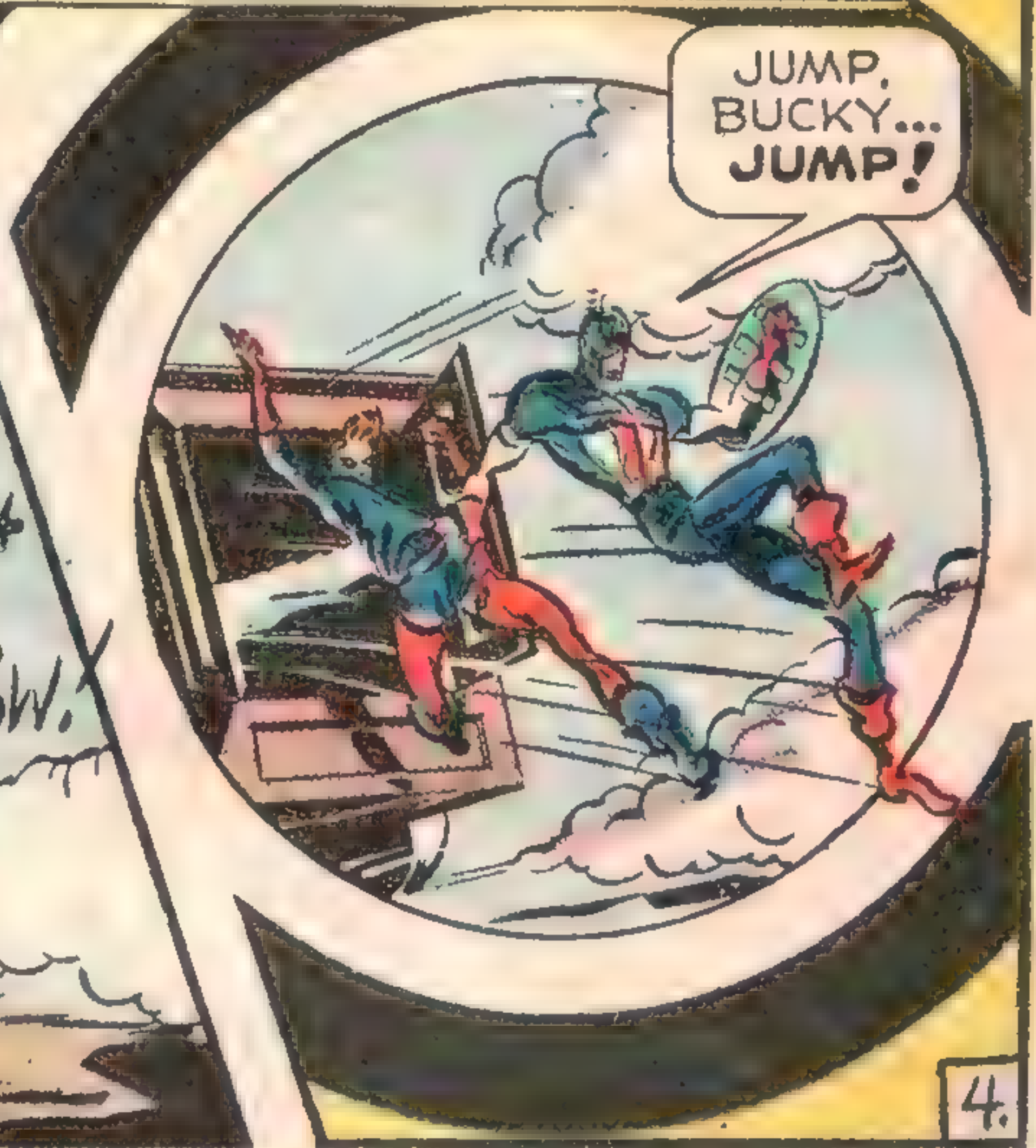
INSIDE THE HEARSE, A SIXTH SENSE WARNS CAP, AND...

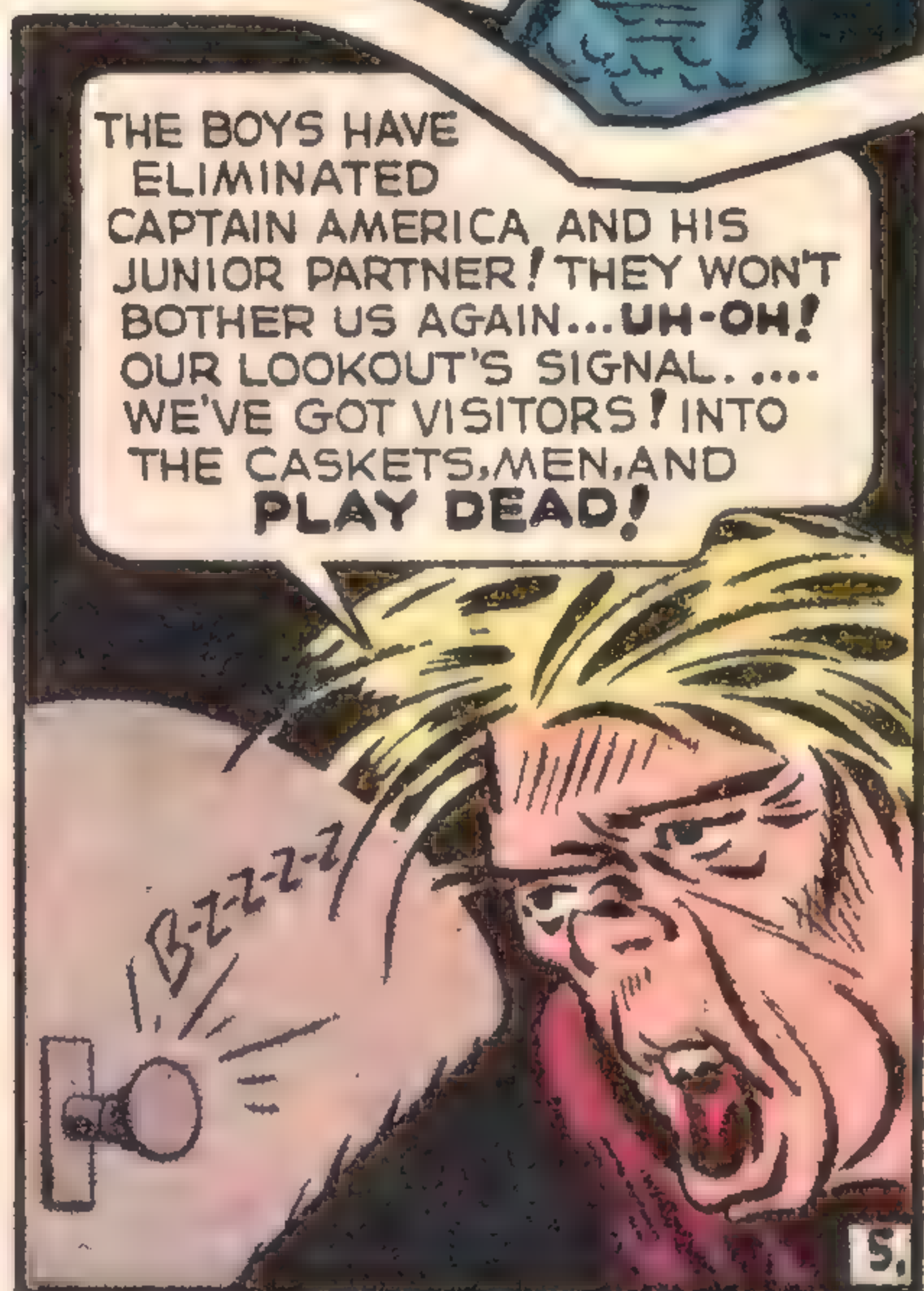
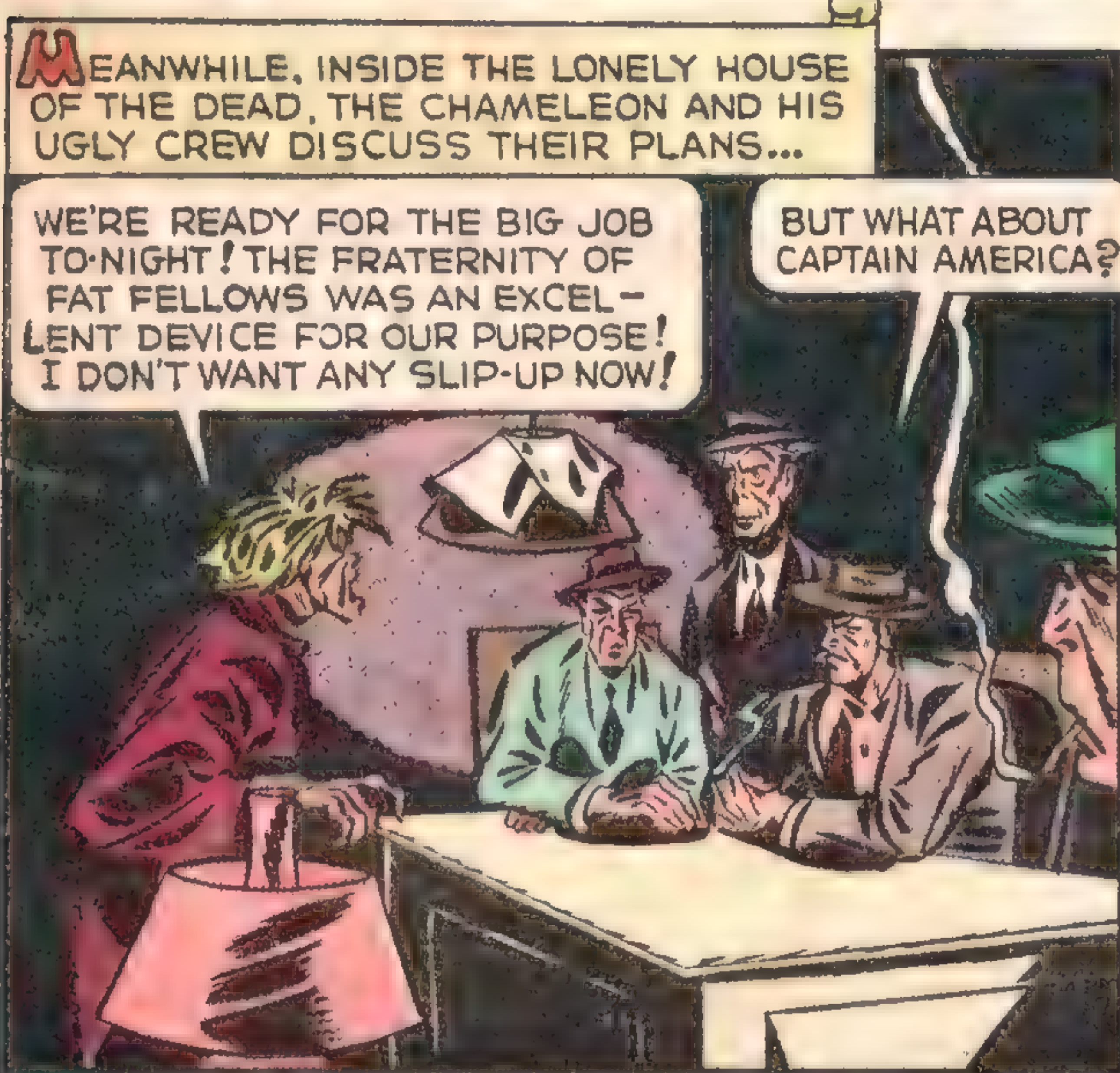
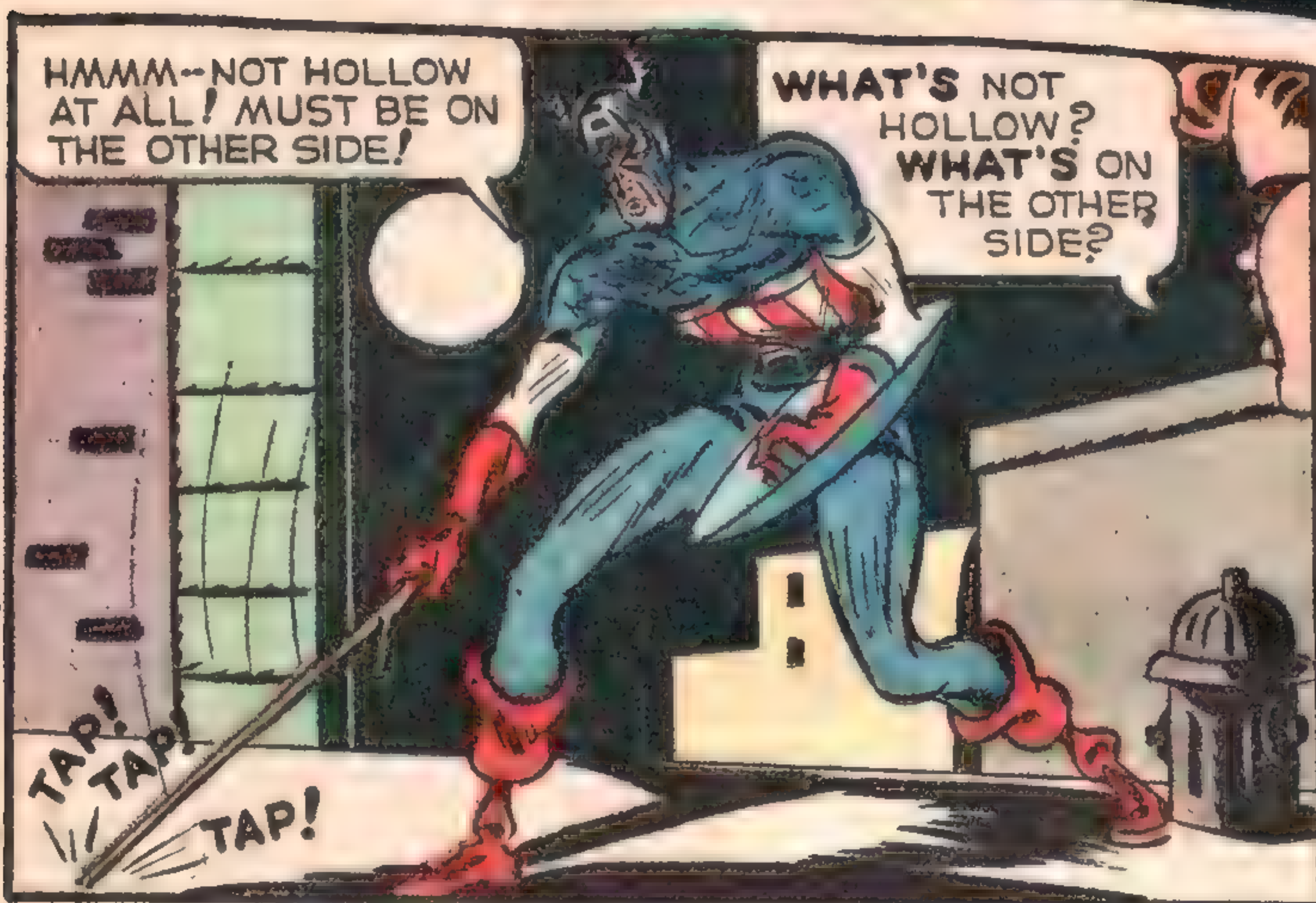
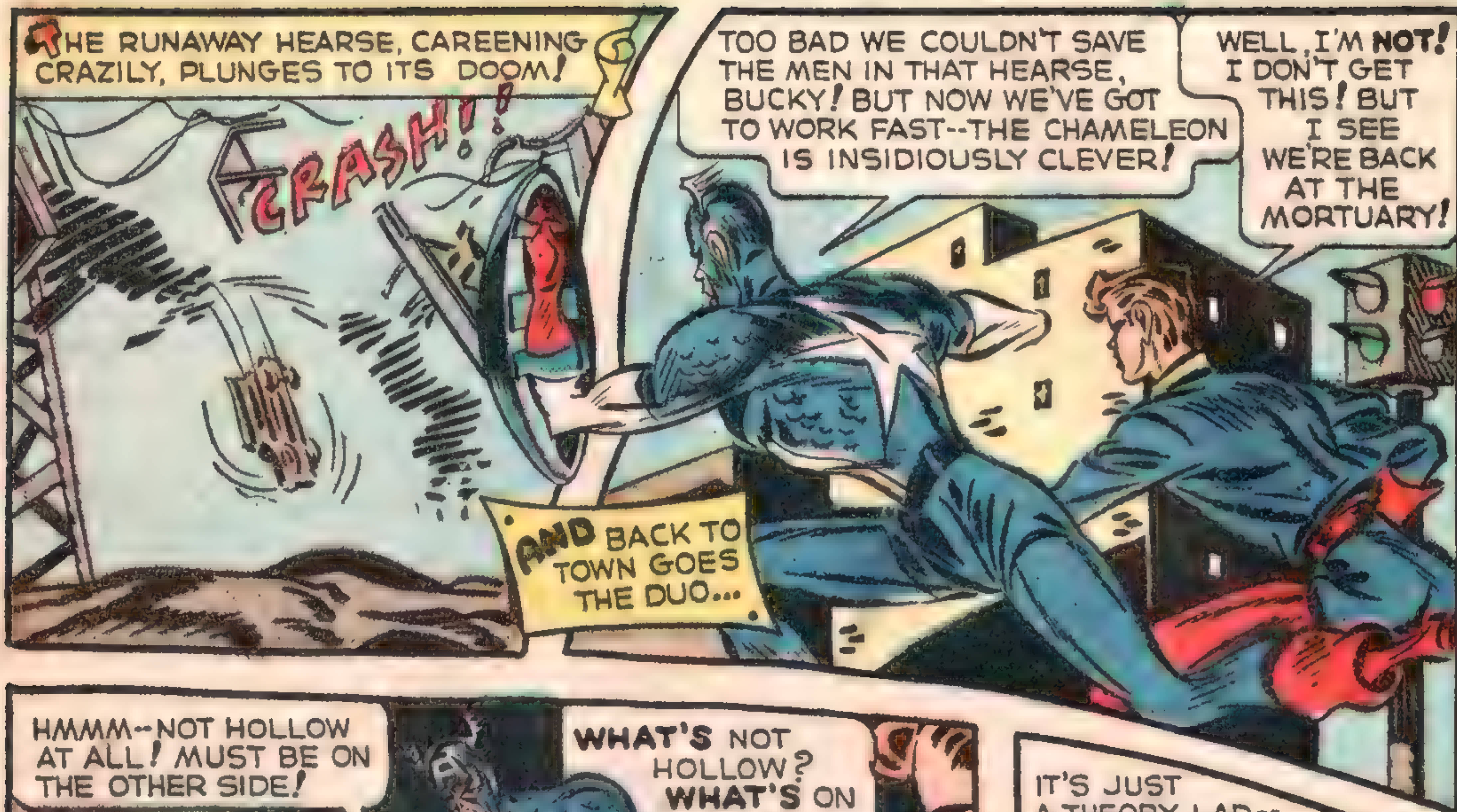
MEANWHILE, THE PANIC-STRICKEN DRIVER SETS THE HEARSE IN MOTION AND MAKES A WILD JUMP FOR SAFETY!

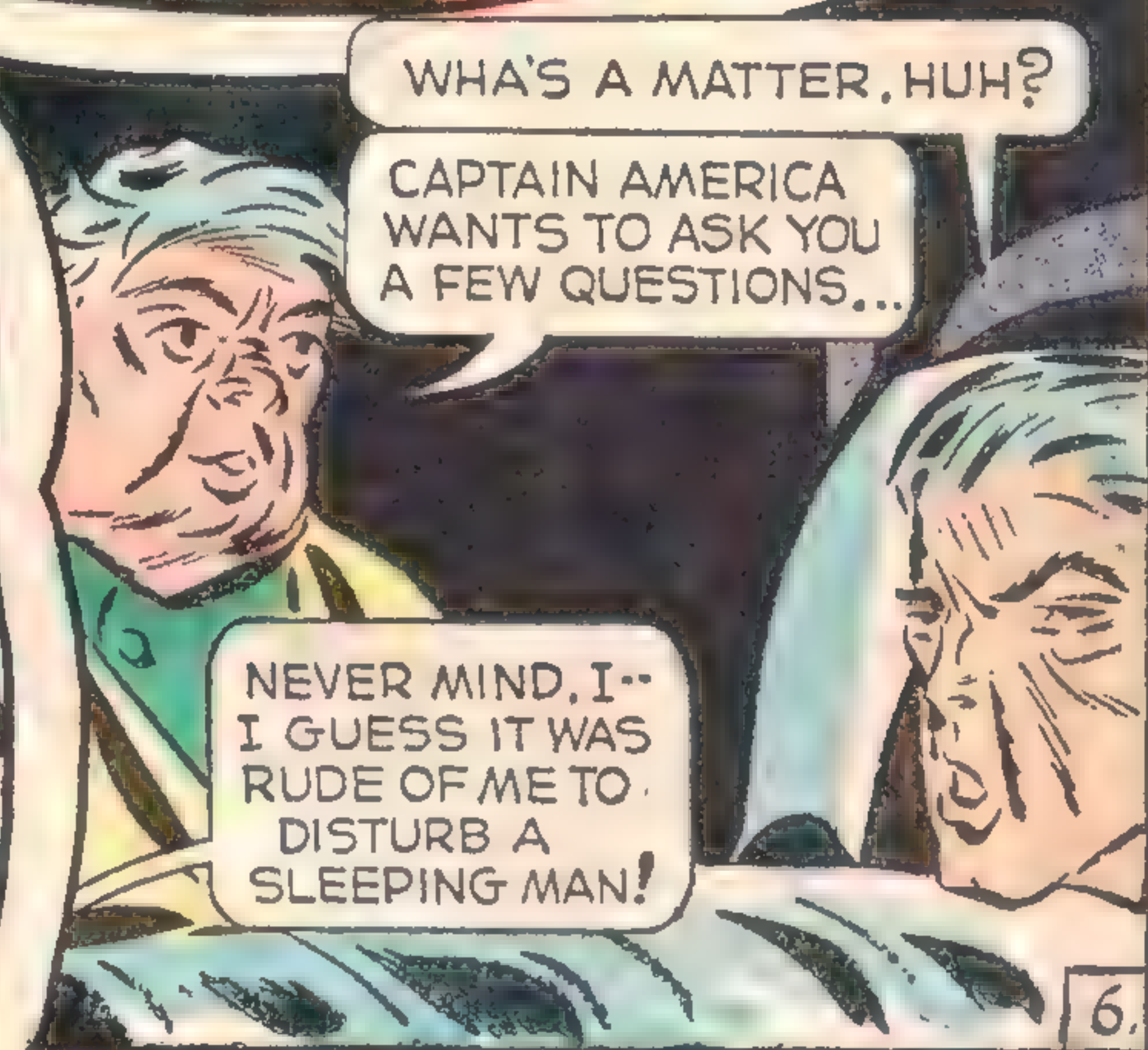
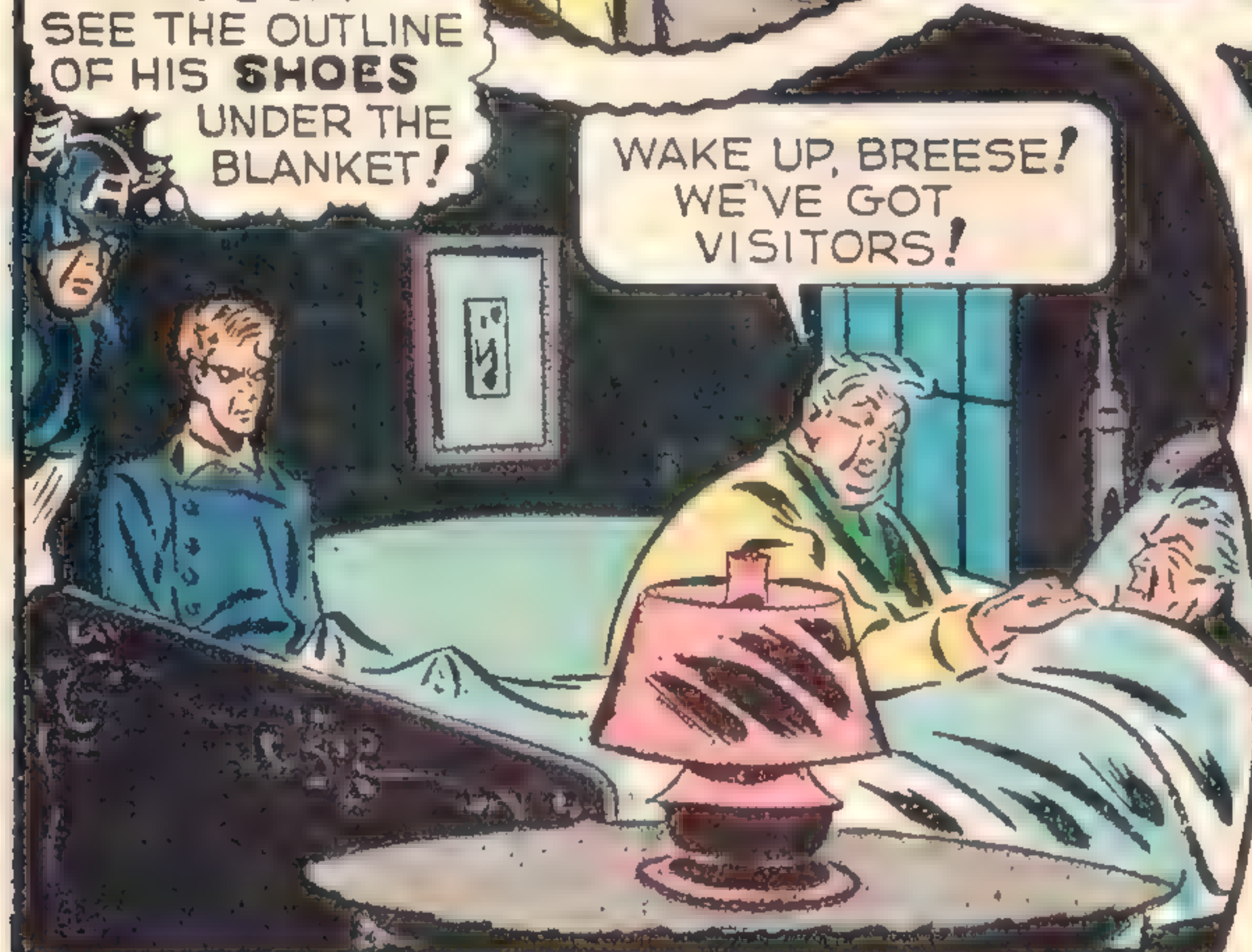
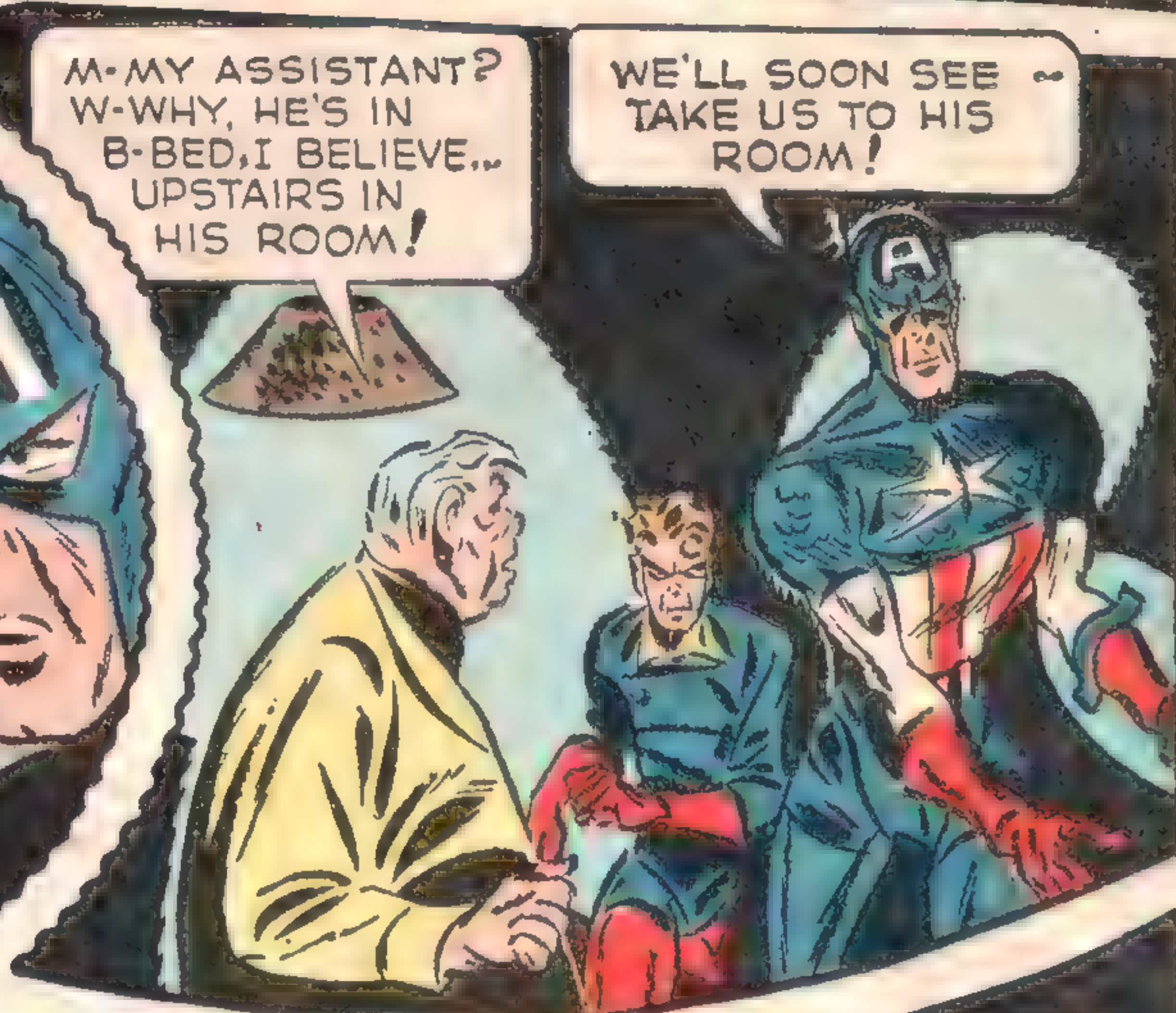
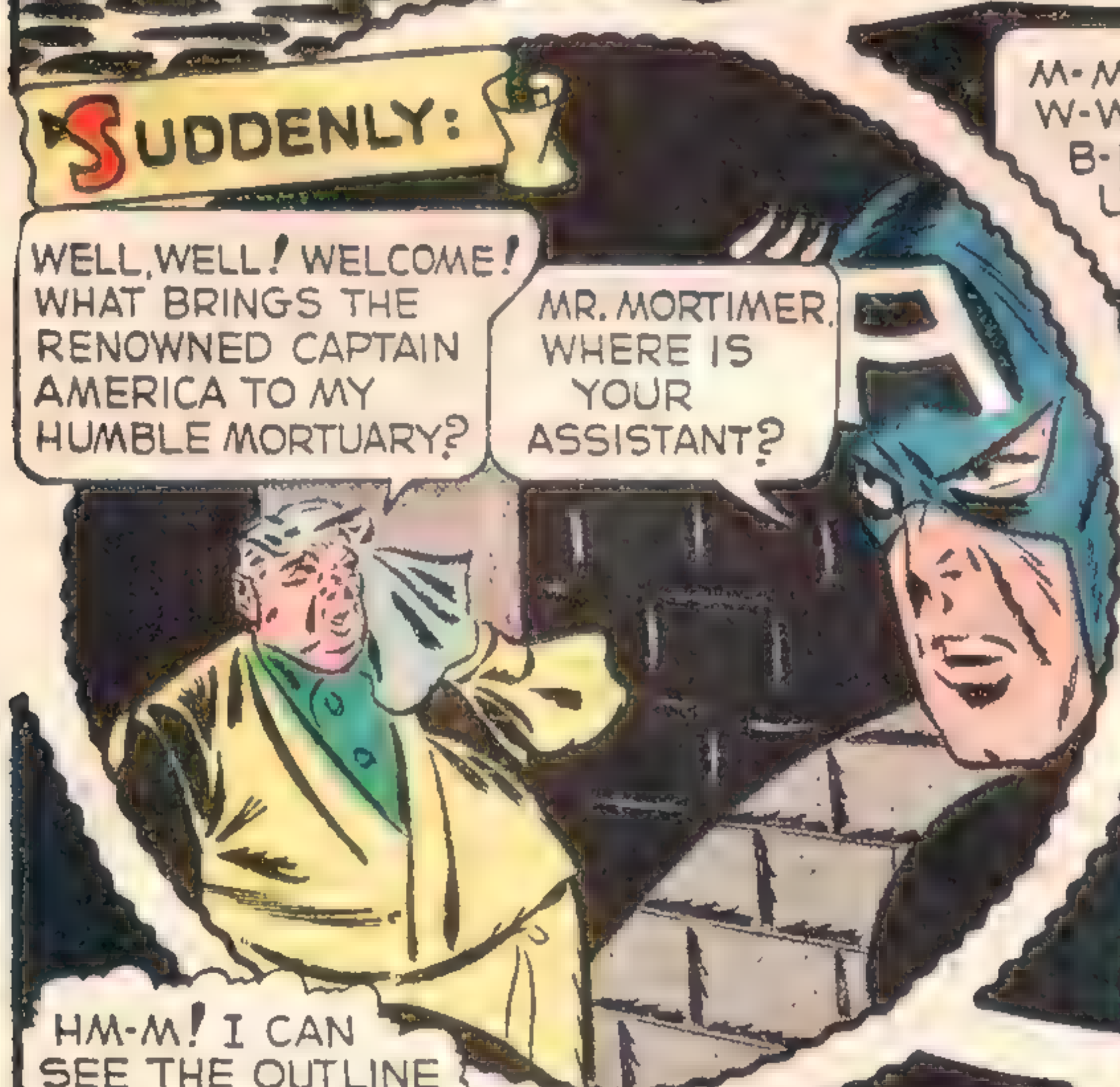
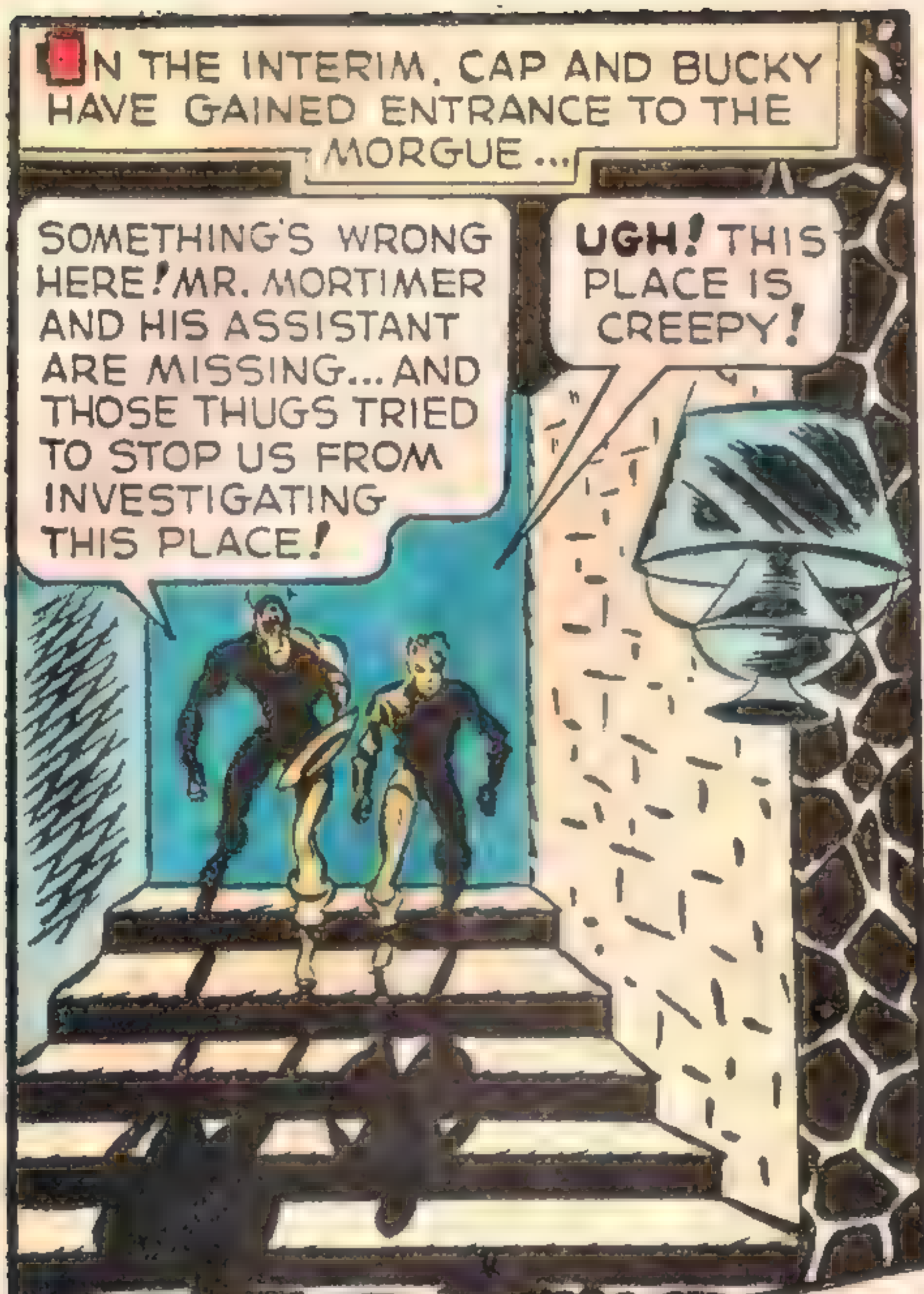
I HATE TO DO THIS TO MY PALS, BUT THE BOSS'LL THANK ME FOR GETTIN' RID OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!



JUMP, BUCKY... JUMP!



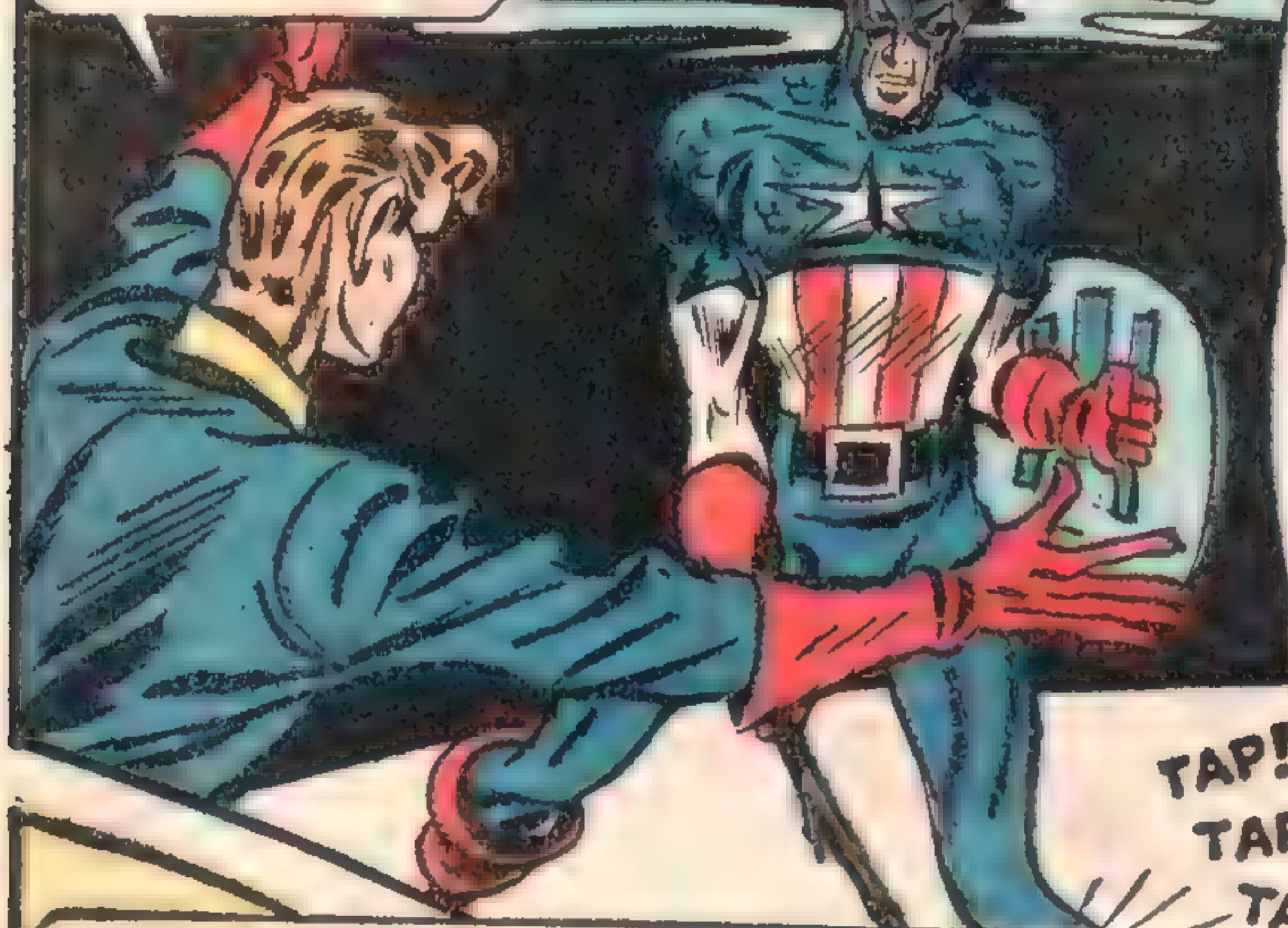




WHEN, IN THE **REAR** OF THE MORTUARY, CAP AGAIN STRIKES THE GROUND-TO BUCKY'S CONTINUED BEWILDERMENT...

AHA! SO **THIS** IS THE DIRECTION THEY'RE RUNNING IT!

CAP! WILL YOU **PLEASE** EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT?



FIRST, MR. MORTIMER AND HIS FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS... THEN WERE ATTACKED BY THUGS... THEN YOU POUND THE GROUND IN **FRONT** OF THE MORTUARY...



TAP!
TAP!
TAP!

THEN WE FIND THE ASSISTANT IN BED WITH HIS SHOES ON... NOW YOU POUND THE GROUND IN THE **REAR** OF THE MORTUARY! WHAT'S COOKING??



KNOCK!
KNOCK!

YOU'LL SOON KNOW, BUCKY!

A FEW MORE QUESTIONS, MR. MORTIMER! HOW LONG AGO DID YOU HIRE YOUR ASSISTANT?

WHY... ONLY A WEEK BEFORE THE BUSINESS OF THAT FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS OCCURRED.



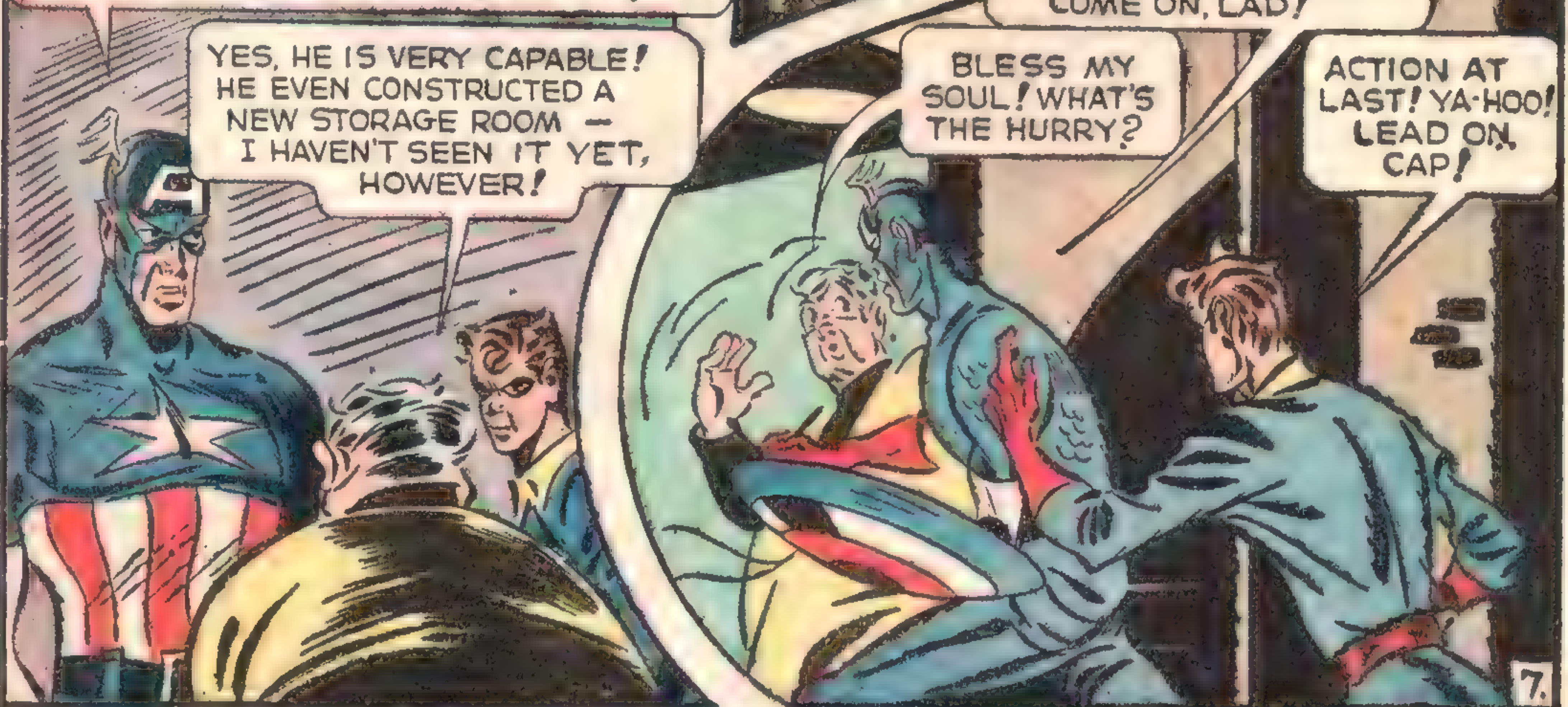
AND HE CONDUCTED YOUR BUSINESS DURING YOUR FOUR-HOUR ABSENCE EACH DAY?

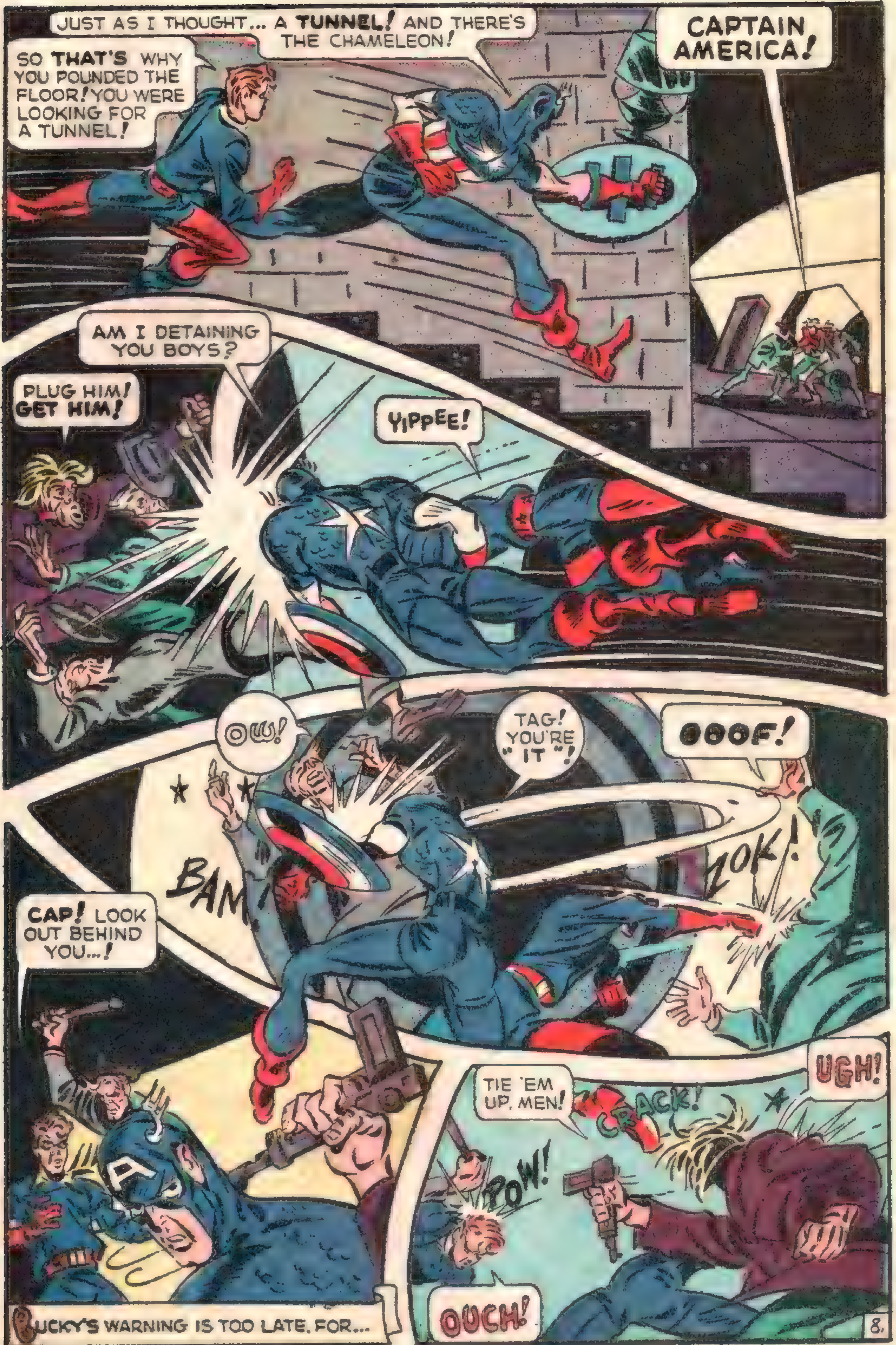
THAT'S THE ANSWER! COME ON, LAD!

YES, HE IS VERY CAPABLE! HE EVEN CONSTRUCTED A NEW STORAGE ROOM — I HAVEN'T SEEN IT YET, HOWEVER!

BLESS MY SOUL! WHAT'S THE HURRY?

ACTION AT LAST! YA-HOO! LEAD ON, CAP!





JUST AS I THOUGHT... A **TUNNEL!** AND THERE'S THE CHAMELEON!

SO **THAT'S** WHY YOU **POUNDED** THE **FLOOR!** YOU WERE **LOOKING** FOR A **TUNNEL!**

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AM I **DETAINING** YOU **BOYS?**

PLUG HIM!
GET HIM!

YIPPEE!

OW!

TAG!
YOU'RE "IT"!

OOOF!

BAM!

CAP! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU...!

ZOK!

TIE 'EM UP, MEN!

POW!

OUCH!

CRACK!

UGH!

BUCKY'S WARNING IS TOO LATE, FOR...

THE TWO VICIOUS BLOWS RENDERING THEM SENSELESS, CAP AND BUCKY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND THEMSELVES BOUND HAND AND FOOT AND BEING CONVEYED ON A BELT OF METAL ROLLERS TOWARD A ROARING FURNACE!

YOU BOYS WONDERED WHY I CONSTRUCTED THIS BELT...NOW YOU KNOW THE ANSWER! WITH THESE MEDDLERS OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN FINISH THE BANK JOB! **HURRY!**

KEEP COOL, LAD! WE'RE NOT IN SUCH A HOT SPOT!

NO, CAP-BUT WE SOON WILL BE!

AS THE CHAMELEON'S MOB DEPARTS, CAP'S KEEN EYES DETECT AN EXPOSED ELECTRIC WIRE...

DO SOMETHING, CAP... AND **FAST!** WE'RE GETTING CLOSER!!

...CAP'S TRIGGER-QUICK BRAIN SNAPS HIS BODY INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION! GRIPPING THE WIRE IN HIS TEETH, HE DRAWS THE EXPOSED ENDS DOWN TO MAKE CONTACT WITH ONE OF THE METAL ROLLERS, SHORT-CIRCUITING THE MECHANISM AND STOPPING THE CONVEYER!

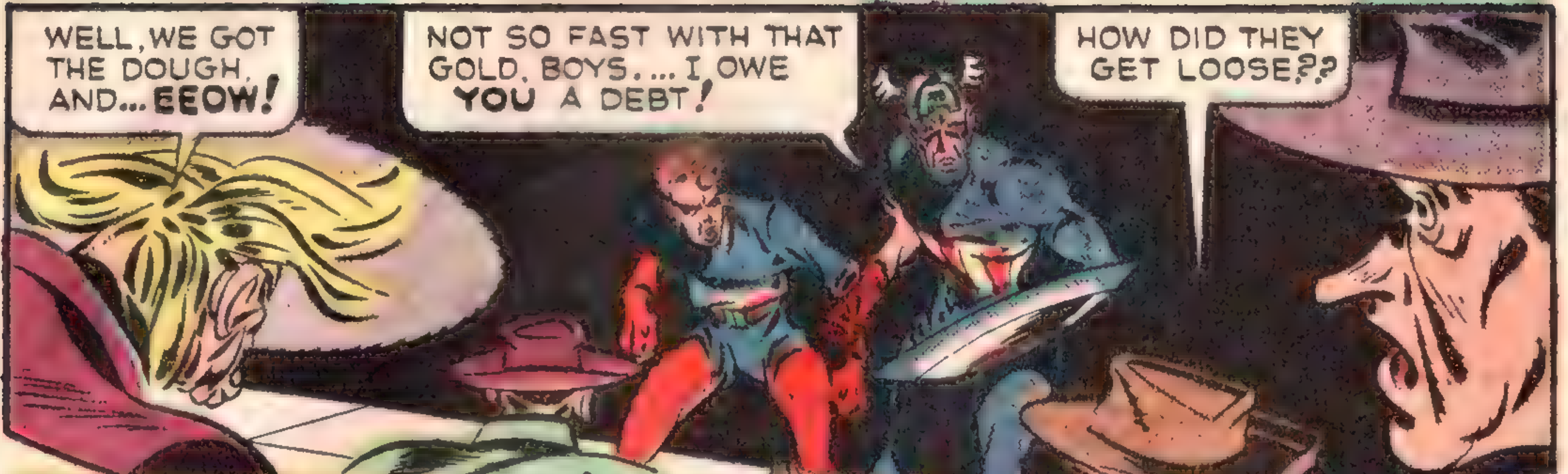
YIPPEE!
CAP! THE ROLLER'S STOPPED!

(PUFF)
MADE IT!

USING THE HEAT OF THE FURNACE FLAMES TO SINGE THE ROPES BINDING THEM CAP AND BUCKY ARE SOON FREE!

HEAR THOSE FOOT STEPS, BUCKY? THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY!

I'M READY FOR THEM, CAP!



WELL, WE GOT THE DOUGH, AND... EEOW!

NOT SO FAST WITH THAT GOLD, BOYS... I OWE YOU A DEBT!

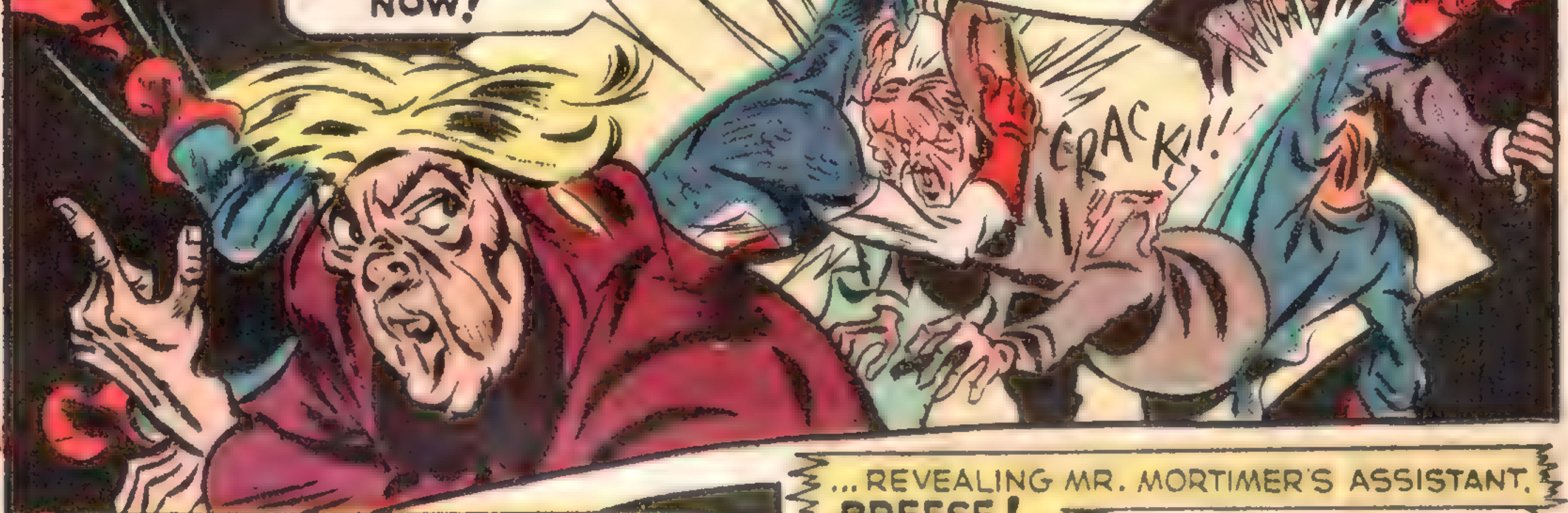
HOW DID THEY GET LOOSE??



A PAIR OF RAGING TORNADOES GETS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

AND I'M PAYING OFF RIGHT NOW!

WITH INTEREST!



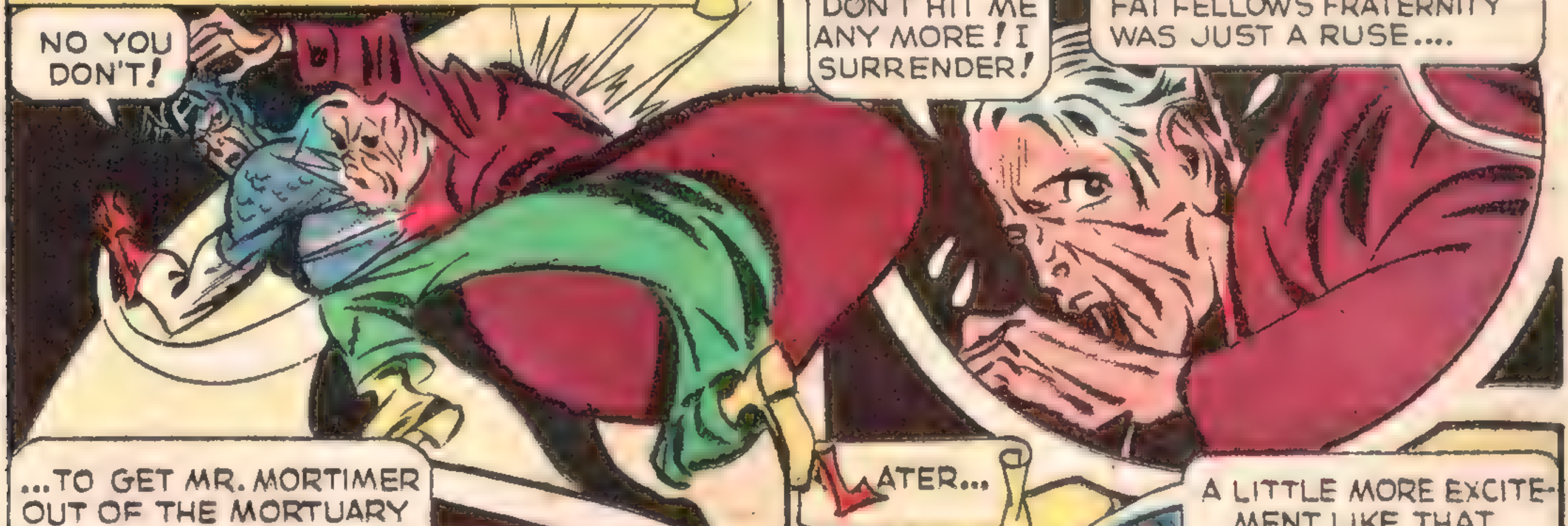
AS THE CHAMELEON DESPERATELY TRIES TO ESCAPE, THE FORCE OF CAP'S BLOW LOOSENS HIS DISGUISE...

...REVEALING MR. MORTIMER'S ASSISTANT, BREESE!

NO YOU DON'T!

AGH-H-H!
DON'T HIT ME ANY MORE! I SURRENDER!

NOW YOU CAN WRITE OUT A STATEMENT FOR THE POLICE, TELLING HOW THE FAT FELLOWS FRATERNITY WAS JUST A RUSE....



...TO GET MR. MORTIMER OUT OF THE MORTUARY A FEW HOURS A DAY SO YOUR HENCHMEN COULD DIG A TUNNEL TO THE FLOOR OF THE BANK VAULT!

I GUESS I WASN'T SO CLEVER AFTER ALL!

LATER...

A LITTLE MORE EXCITEMENT LIKE THAT, CAPTAIN AMERICA... AND I'D SOON BE ABLE TO JOIN A SOCIETY FOR SKINNY SCOUNDRELS!

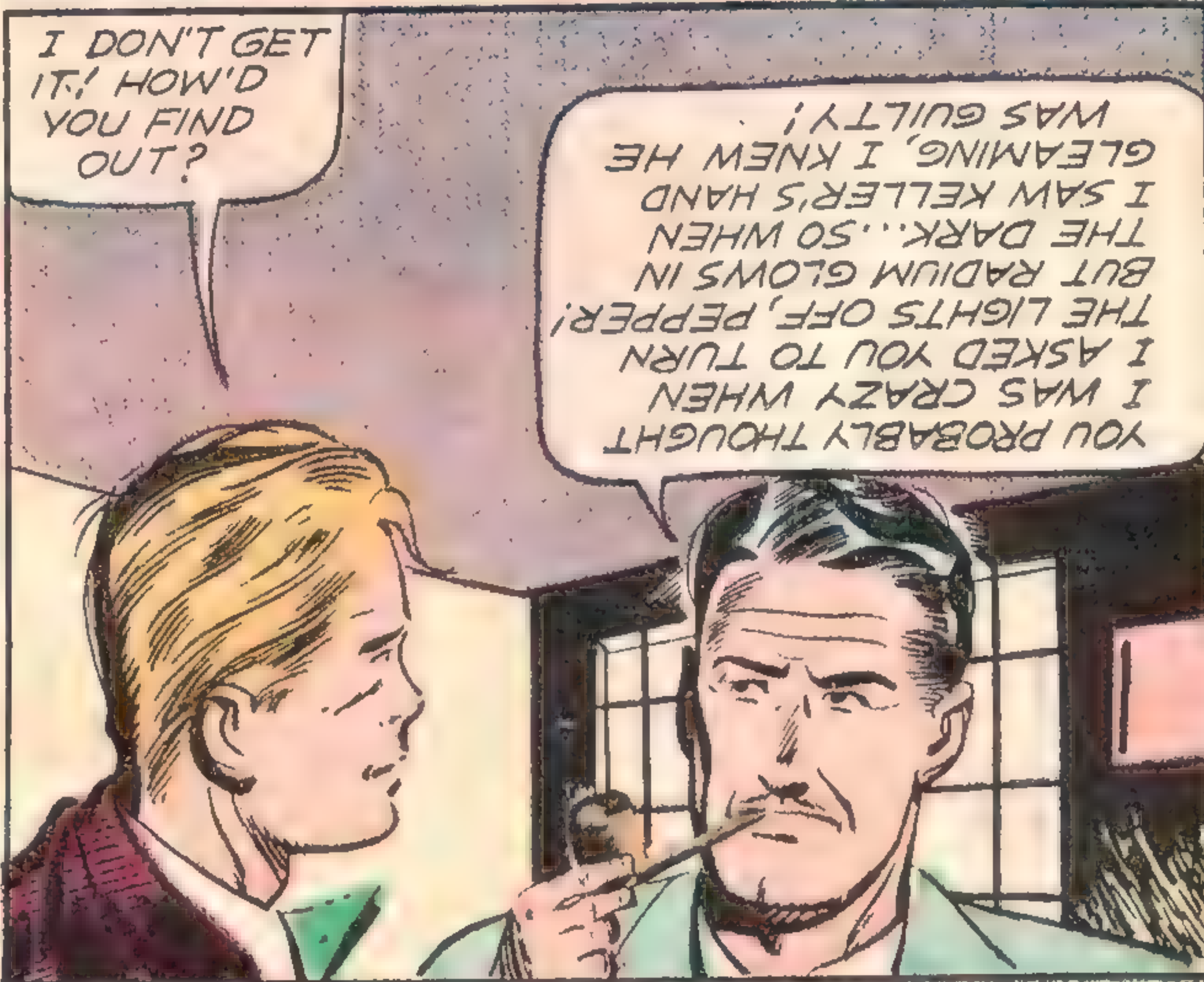
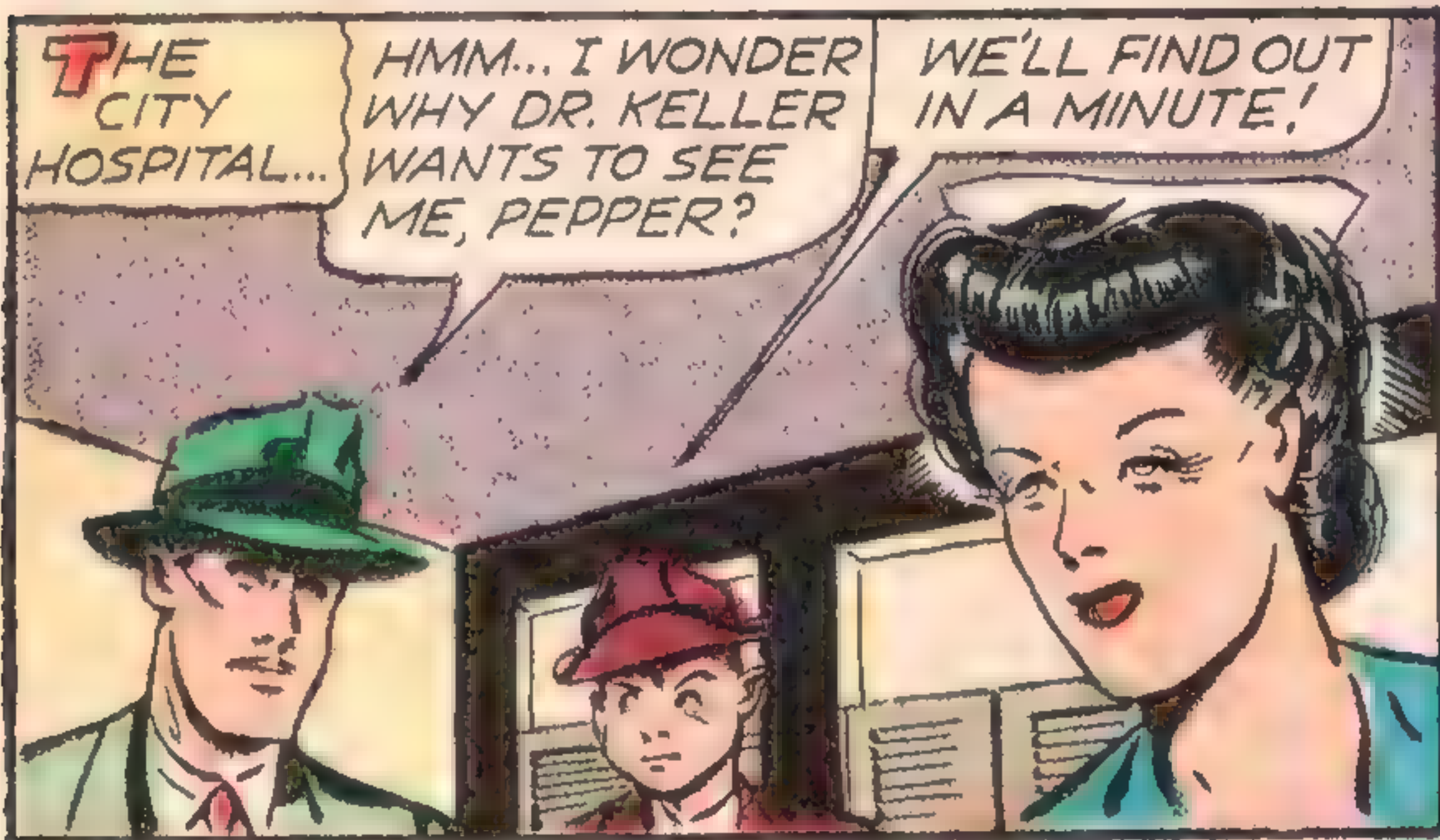


The End

LET'S PLAY
DETECTIVE
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP

The Case of
THE
ACCUSING
HAND!

I'M WORRIED, MIKE! LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO THE HOSPITAL'S ENTIRE SUPPLY OF RADIUM WAS STOLEN! YOU KNOW HOW BADLY WE NEED IT!



TURN PAGE UP-SIDE-DOWN FOR SOLUTION...

MANHUNT

THE pack-horse had been unhobbled and turned loose, the camp looked much as if a good healthy tornado had struck it and gone wild, and the note warned, "Get out of the country or I'll kill you both!"

Henry viewed it all thoughtfully, aware that Mr. Hawkins had retired to the security of the near-by woods. It didn't make much sense to Henry, but then he'd sort of thought all along this business of hunting for a man who, evidently, wanted to be left alone was nutty in the extreme.

"And you say Will Clayton is an old guy?" Henry asked, turning toward the vague sight of Mr. Hawkins' thin, stooped body. "Maybe it's time we were a little more specific. What's he like? And what's the idea of running around in the wilderness like this looking for him?"

"He's middle-aged. Perhaps a little over." Mr. Hawkins' voice sounded muffled. "I guess he knows how to handle a gun. Sorry I didn't mention that before. And—he used to be a business partner of mine. We weren't doing too good when Will pulled out, and since then I've done a good deal better. In fact, so well that I want to make good some of the money he invested."

"It still doesn't add up," Henry grumbled, shifting his lanky body so he could see down the slope into the valley. His keen eyes surveyed the half-hidden country before him. Wild country, a part of the world where few white men had ever gone. Henry said, "Will Clayton must have gotten a look at us before now. And if he did, how come he's so dead set against meeting you again? And if he's doing this just for the fun of it, I guess I haven't got a sense of humor. All I can say is the quicker I find him, and you pay off so I can go back home, the better I'll feel."

* * * * *

THE next morning Henry rode out alone, rounded up and returned the pack-horse and hobbled it. Mr. Hawkins was lounging in the woods, and when Henry approached camp he seemed to sink into the shadows still

further. His black eyes were strangely uneasy and Henry decided that Mr. Hawkins had probably had enough of his search already.

Instructing him to stay near camp to be sure nothing further happened to what few supplies they had remaining, Henry rode off into the hills again. His employer hadn't been sure where he'd find Will Clayton, or that he'd find him at all. He'd had only a general idea of the part of the country Will had disappeared into. Because Henry knew this wilderness land, Mr. Hawkins had agreed to pay him for the job of finding Will Clayton. And Henry needed that money. There were so many things needed fixing at the ranch, since he'd been away, that it wasn't funny. Yes, the money would come in very handy. And Mr. Hawkins wasn't stingy, either.

It was still and cool in the hills. Keeping to cover as much as possible, Henry pushed ahead. He wasn't quite sure what he was looking for, and knew he must be constantly on the lookout.

It was when he was resting that afternoon that he saw the glint of light on the high hill top across the valley. And since Mr. Hawkins had remained behind at camp, it was fair to assume the reflection of light was caused by the barrel of a rifle, perhaps a pair of binoculars, in the hands of someone else.

* * * * *

AS SWIFTLY as possible Henry urged his horse down into the valley and up the other side. Luck was with him for near the summit of the hill he discovered Will Clayton.

He looked much as Mr. Hawkins had described him. Rather small, a little bent over. His face was cut sharply, his cheeks coming up to determined mounds beneath the tanned skin of his face. And he was sweeping the valley and hills opposite him with a pair of binoculars.

Carefully Henry approached on foot, the carbine carried in readiness. When within forty feet or so, Henry paused, keeping carefully out of sight in the woods. He was only there a short time when he saw Will Clayton put the

glasses away, pick up a rifle and start down hill into the valley.

Henry followed. He knew by the way Will Clayton hurried, and the expectant attitude of the rifle in his hands, that he had seen something. Uneasily Henry remembered Mr. Hawkins, supposedly waiting at the camp to be sure nothing happened to their remaining equipment. And Henry realized Hawkins would probably be of little use if he were to encounter Will Clayton. Mr. Hawkins was a city man. Will Clayton evidently knew the hills. His rugged appearance substantiated that. If they should meet—

* * * * *

THEY did. Will Clayton hurried down into the valley and approached the stream. And as Henry worked swiftly closer, he saw what Will Clayton had evidently seen first.

Mr. Hawkins was kneeling on the far side of the stream, washing.

For a brief second Henry's heart thumped wildly in his throat. During that second Will Clayton slipped soundlessly to the edge of the willows. Then he stepped out, the rifle swinging forward in both hands.

Henry saw Mr. Hawkins leap erect. He stood in the tall meadow grass, arms hanging loosely at his sides. Will Clayton's voice sounded clearly.

"I warned you and your guide to stay away. I gave you a chance to get out of the country alive—"

"There's nothing to get excited about," Mr. Hawkins tried to explain. "If you'd just give me a chance—"

His hand flashed suddenly. At the same instant he flung himself aside into the grass. His hand ripped a gun from beneath his coat and he fired, the flat sound of the report coupled with his shout of defiance.

* * * * *

HENRY saw Will Clayton's hands release the rifle, saw it drop at his feet as his body went forward slowly. He stumbled, went down on hands and knees—

Mr. Hawkins leaped to his feet. He splashed through the stream, scrambled up the bank and stood over the fallen man, gun in hand.

"It's taken time," he snarled at the man on the ground. "But I had plenty of time to make up my mind to do it. I waited years for this chance, and now you're getting paid off. Only I'm giving you a better break than you gave me. I'm—killing you!"

His hand came up and he was squinting along the barrel of the revolver.

Henry moved swiftly, shaking off the lethargy gripping him. He jerked the carbine to his shoulder and fired. It was a spot-shot and the slug ripped through Mr. Hawkins' wrist, hurling the gun from his hand. He screamed sharply. His body twisted and he stumbled, floundered back down the bank and splashed into the stream. He hurled himself up the far side, started to run—

Again Henry fired. He didn't know why. It was all very mysterious, but he knew instinctively there was something wrong. Mr. Hawkins had shot Will Clayton down—

The second shot from the carbine stopped Hawkins. He plunged forward to the grass, rolled over, tried to gain his feet once more only to sink down trembling with pain.

* * * * *

WILL CLAYTON stirred carefully, grey eyes appraising the face of the young man above him.

"I forgot about you," Will Clayton admitted. "I was so anxious to beat Hawkins to the draw—"

"Too anxious," Henry answered quietly. "If someone will only tell me what this is all about..."

Will Clayton sat up gingerly, leaned back against the trunk of a sapling. His eyes rested upon Mr. Hawkins' crumpled figure on the grass across the stream.

"Not much to it," the old man explained. "Hawkins hired you to lead him into this country. He knew I'd spent several vacations here and knew this was where I'd go after I had retired.

"You see, I was responsible for sending Hawkins to prison for fifteen years, for a murder he was mixed up in. Recently he broke out and wanted to kill me for what I had done!"

Henry drew a deep breath. Slowly the muddle inside his head was clearing up. "Back where I started from," Henry murmured. "I could have used the dough he was going to pay me, too. Of course, I didn't know the circumstances—"

"There'll be a reward on Hawkins' head," Mr. Clayton said gently. "That will go to you. And you can be sure of it this way. If Hawkins had killed me, he'd probably have killed you also, just so no one would know what he'd done!"

"Two birds with one stone," Henry muttered. "Imagine. Me one of the birds!"

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA

IN

"The Case of the
BLONDE BOMBSHELL!"

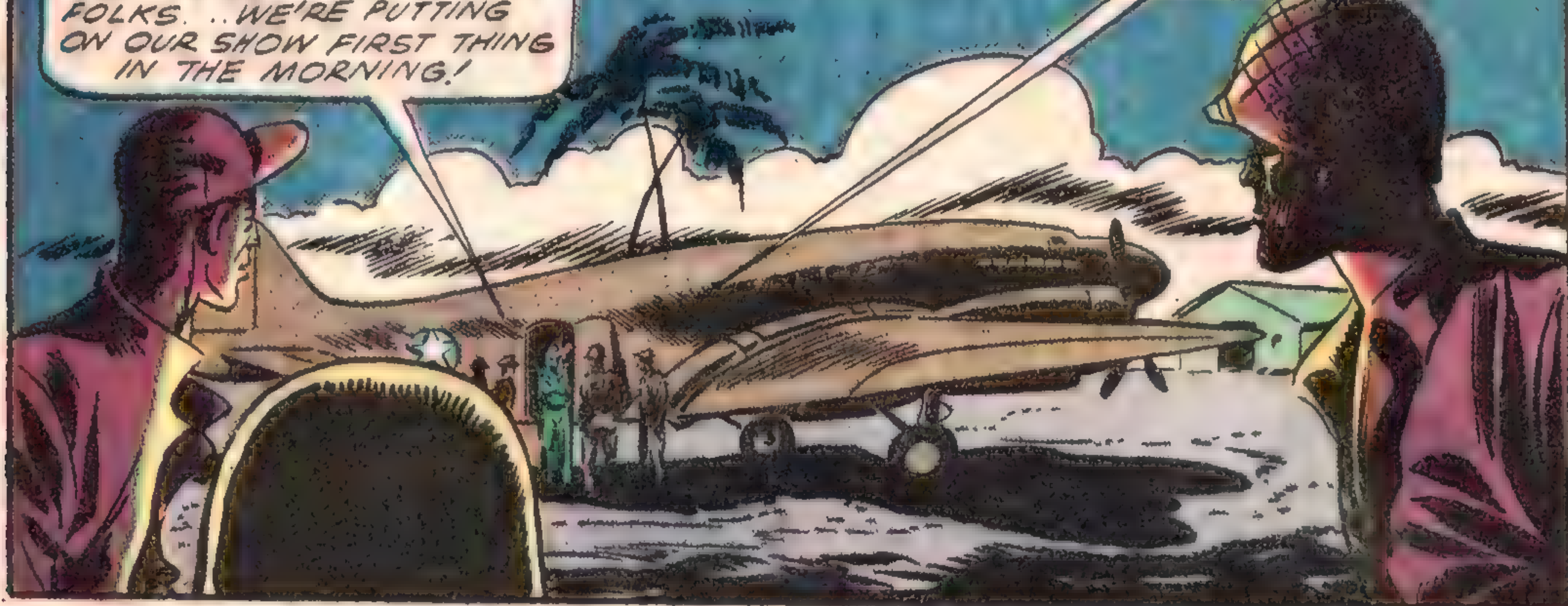


WITH THE LIFE OF ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ENTERTAINERS AT STAKE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DARE THE MENACE OF A TREACHEROUSLY CUNNING JAPANESE PLOTTER... WHO HOLDS IN HIS PALM THE POWER TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE WORLD!

ON A PACIFIC ISLAND, A PLANE LANDS AT NIGHT AND DISGORGES A CARGO OF U.S.O. ENTERTAINERS...

BETTER GET SOME SLEEP, FOLKS. ...WE'RE PUTTING ON OUR SHOW FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

I'M PRACTICALLY SLEEPING ALREADY!



IT'S FLUFFY FLAIR!

STOP KIDDING! WHAT WOULD THE G.I.'S NUMBER ONE PIN-UP GIRL BE DOING THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM HOLLYWOOD?

U.S.O. ENTERTAINERS TRAVEL ANYWHERE TO CHEER UP THE SOLDIERS - IT'S FLUFFY FLAIR ALL RIGHT!

MAYBE IT LOOKS LIKE HER, -BUT I'LL BET THIS DIME IT ISN'T!



WELCOME, MISS FLAIR! IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN ON US!

SEE!

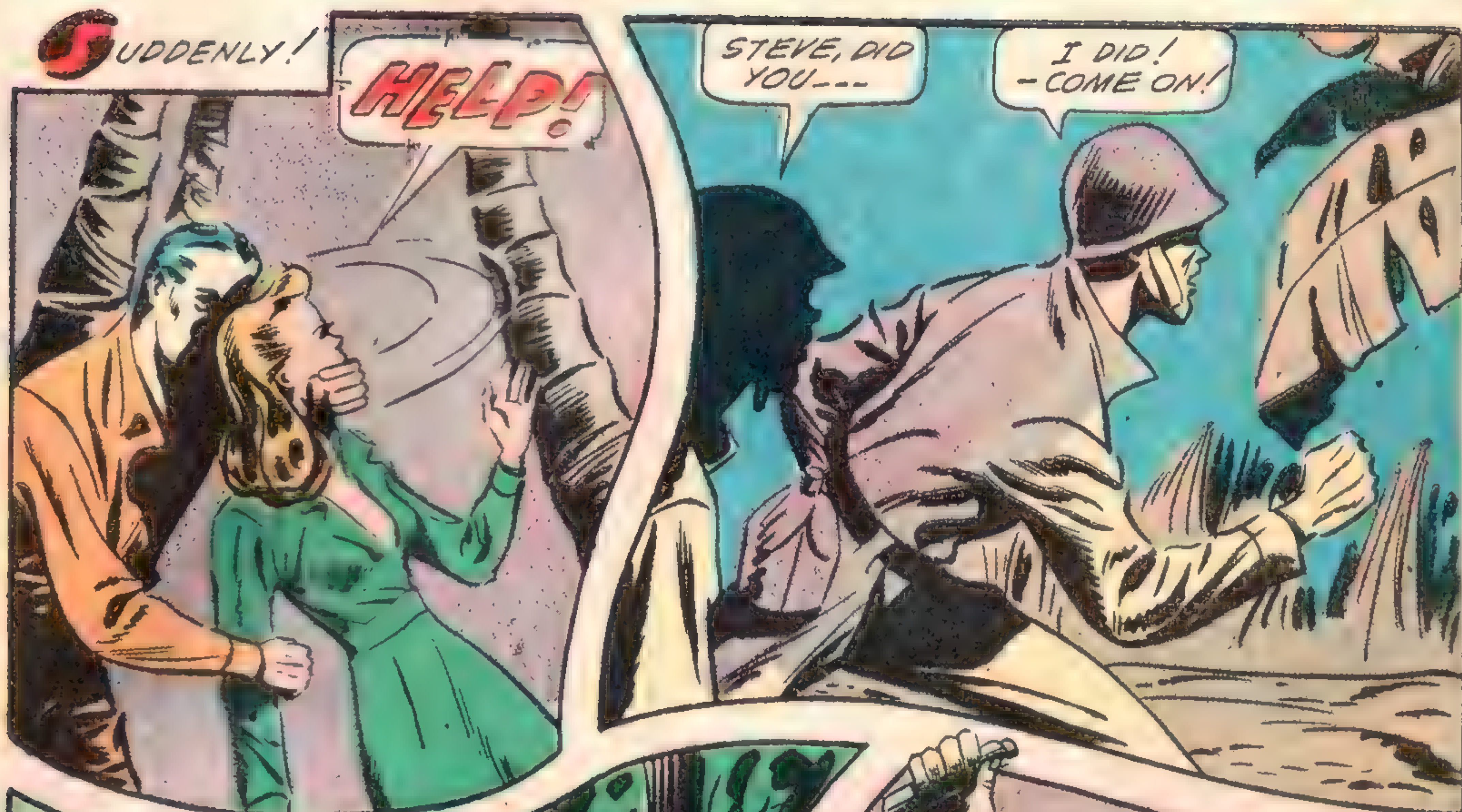
I'LL TAKE THAT DIME, PAL!



...BUT, AS FLUFFY FLAIR WALKS TOWARDS HER BARRACKS, A SINISTER FIGURE CROUCHES IN THE SHADOWS...

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS!





COME, MISS FLAIR. I-- CAPTAIN CATTI-- HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON SUCH STUPID FOOLS!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

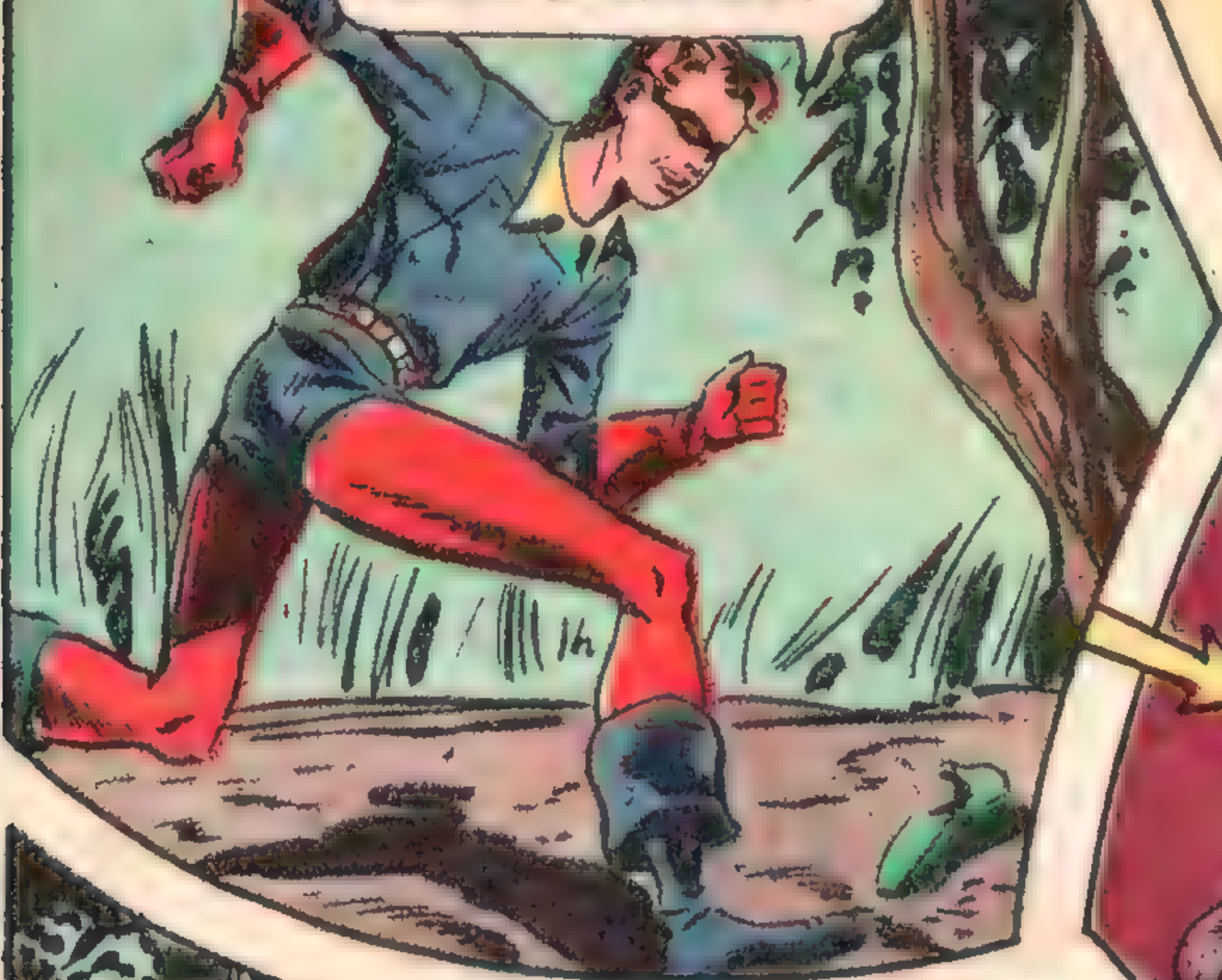
GOLLY! IT'S JUST AS IF THEY WERE SWALLOWED UP BY THE NIGHT!

NOT A TRACE YET, BUT WE CAN'T GIVE UP!



SOON...

CAP! CAP! THERE'S ONE OF FLUFFY FLAIR'S SHOES!



THEY CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY!

LET'S HOPE NOT!



SOME MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE EFFECTS OF THE SMOKE HAVE WORN OFF...

HE WENT OFF IN THIS DIRECTION, BUCKY!

IT'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY TOUGH TO FOLLOW HIM!

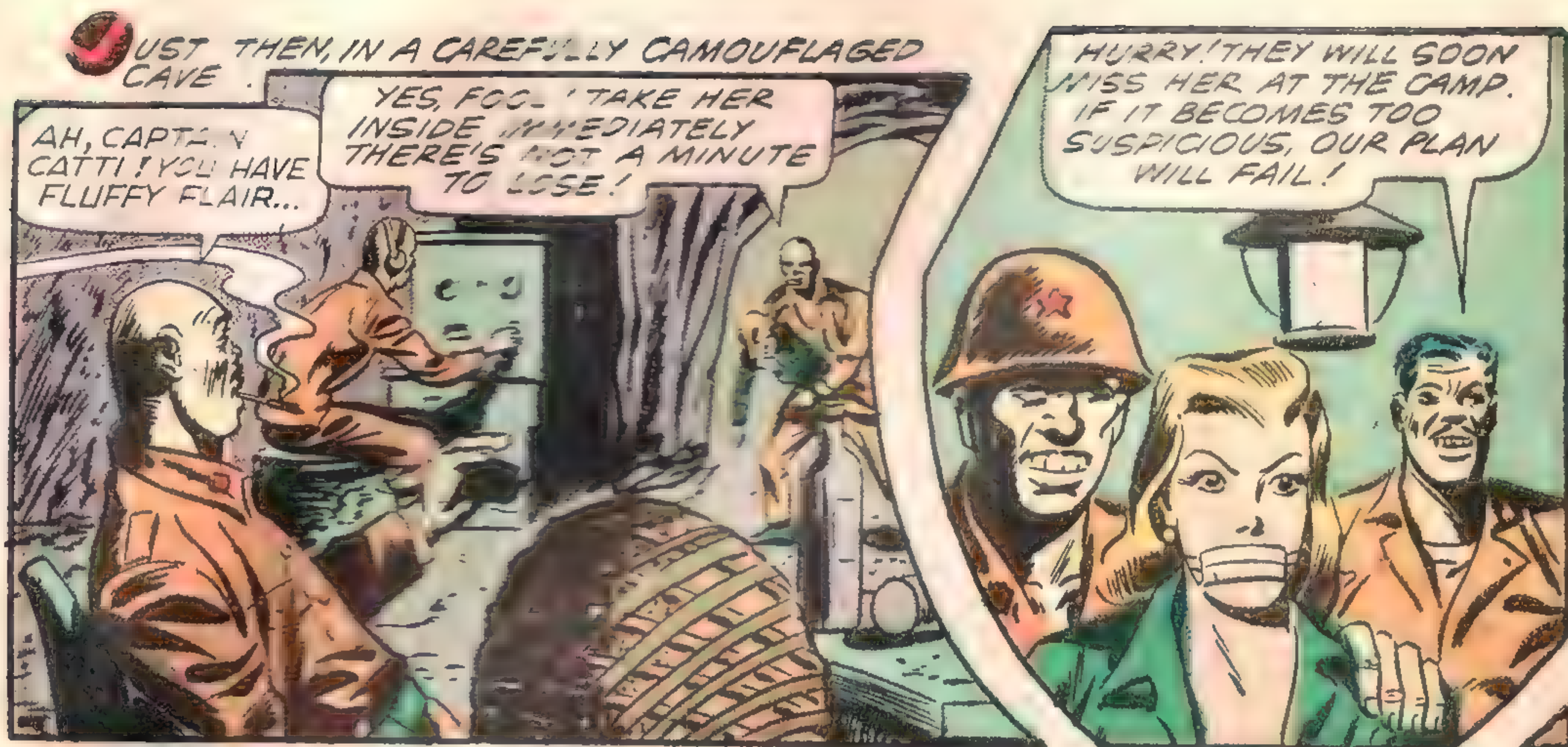


THOSE JAPS MUST HAVE A VERY SPECIAL REASON FOR KIDNAPPING FLUFFY FLAIR! THEIR AGENTS MUST HAVE FOLLOWED HER CAMP TOUR VERY CAREFULLY!



WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, BUCKY!



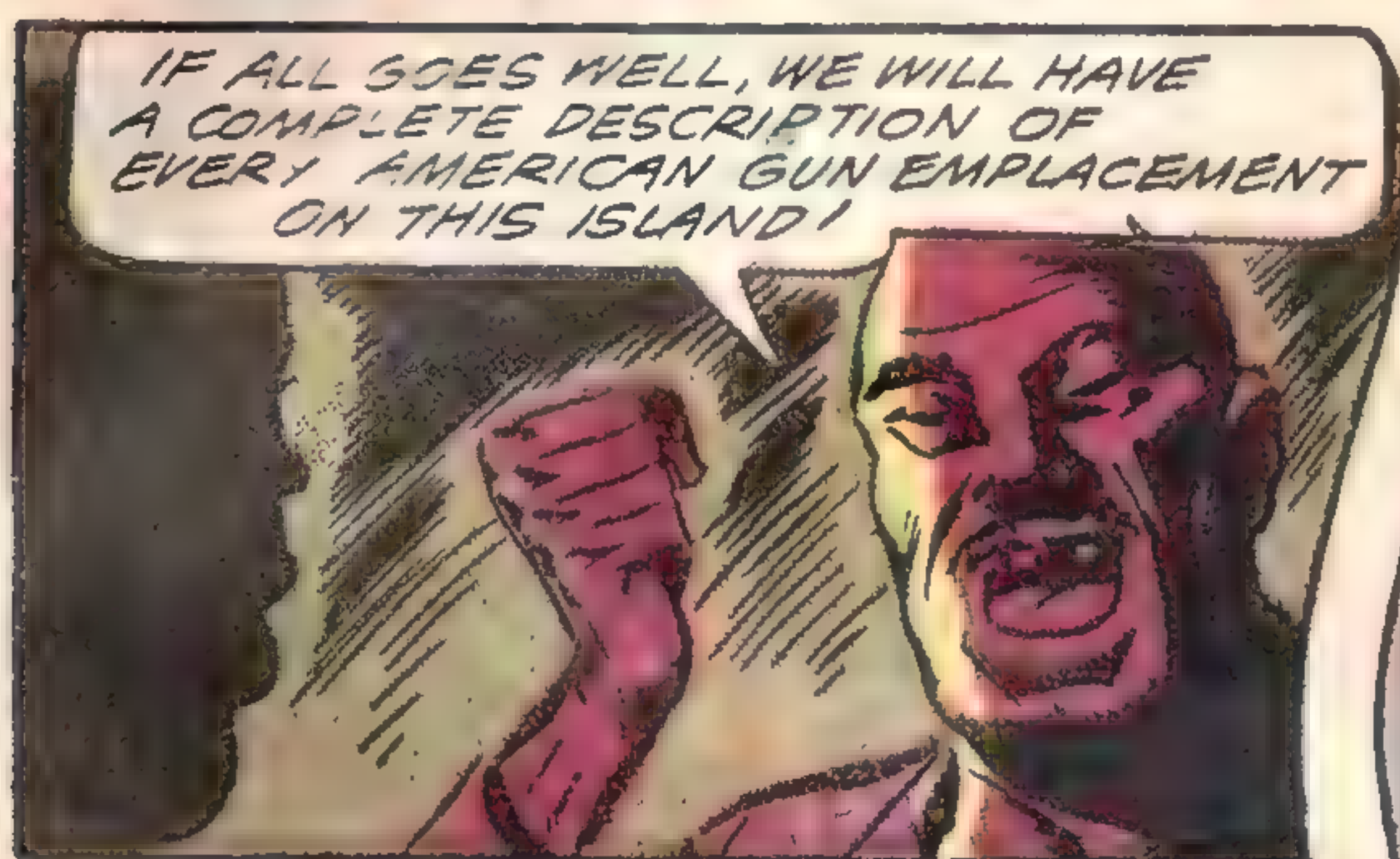


JUST THEN, IN A CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED CAVE .

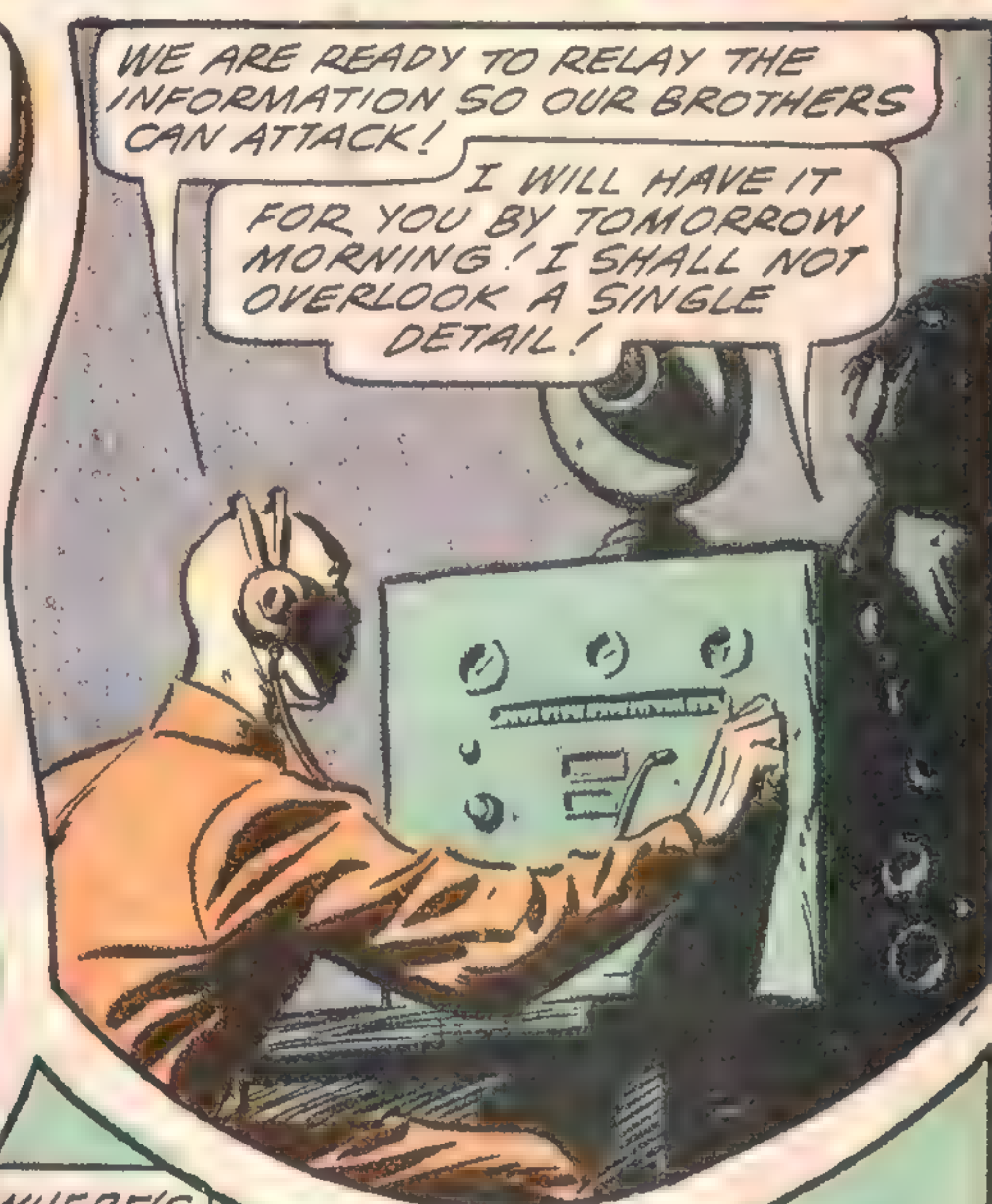
AH, CAPTAIN CATTI! YOU HAVE FLUFFY FLAIR...

YES, FOOL! TAKE HER INSIDE IMMEDIATELY THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!

HURRY! THEY WILL SOON MISS HER AT THE CAMP. IF IT BECOMES TOO SUSPICIOUS, OUR PLAN WILL FAIL!



IF ALL GOES WELL, WE WILL HAVE A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF EVERY AMERICAN GUN EMPLACEMENT ON THIS ISLAND!



WE ARE READY TO RELAY THE INFORMATION SO OUR BROTHERS CAN ATTACK!

I WILL HAVE IT FOR YOU BY TOMORROW MORNING! I SHALL NOT OVERLOOK A SINGLE DETAIL!



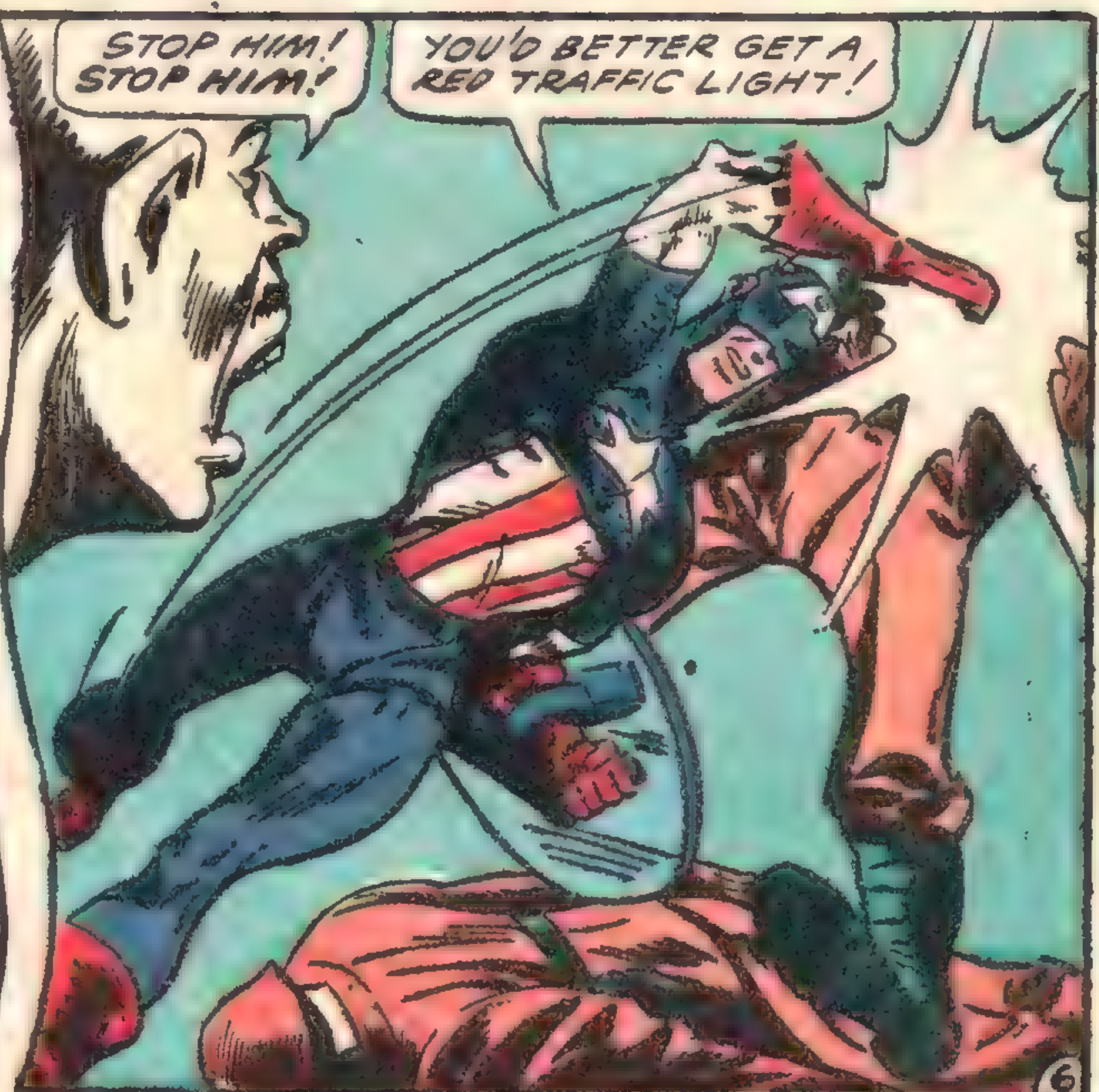
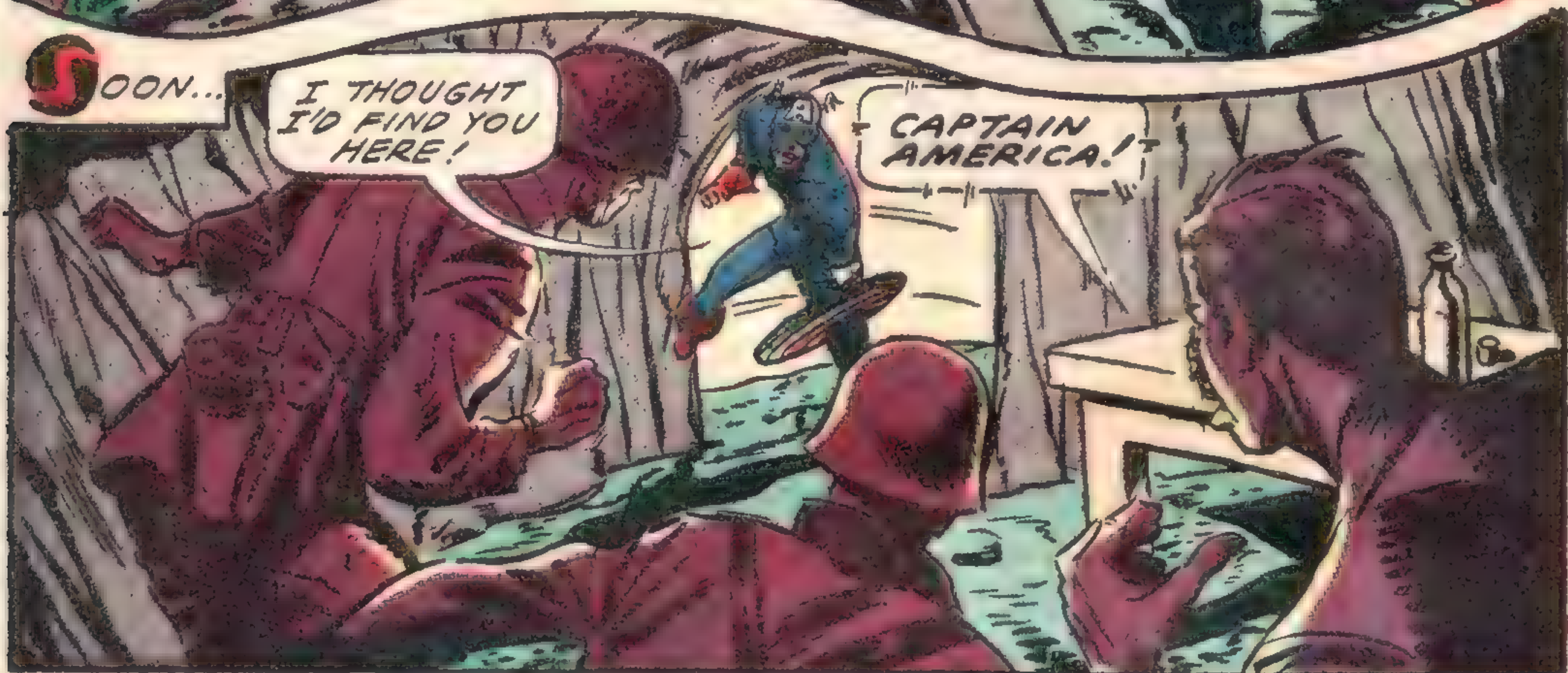
TEN MINUTES LATER...

WHY... THERE'S FLUFFY FLAIR!

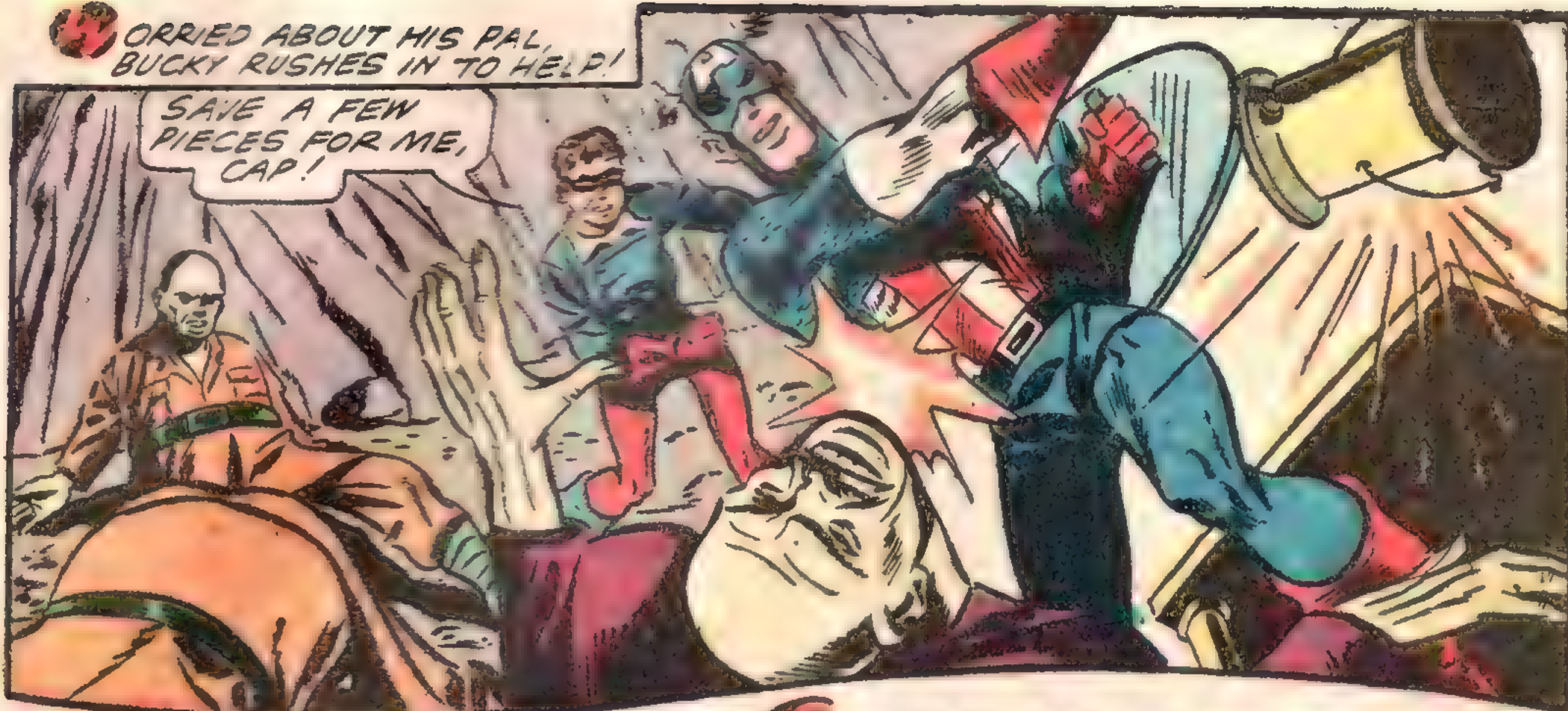
SEEMS AS IF SHE JUST CAME OUT OF THAT CAVE!

WHERE'S THAT JAP?

JAP? OH, HE JUST LET ME DOWN A FEW MINUTES AGO AND REMOVED THE GAG FROM MY MOUTH! THEN HE LEFT!



WORRIED ABOUT HIS PAL,
BUCKY RUSHES IN TO HELP!



BUT CAPTAIN CATTI
SNEAKS UP FROM
BEHIND AND...

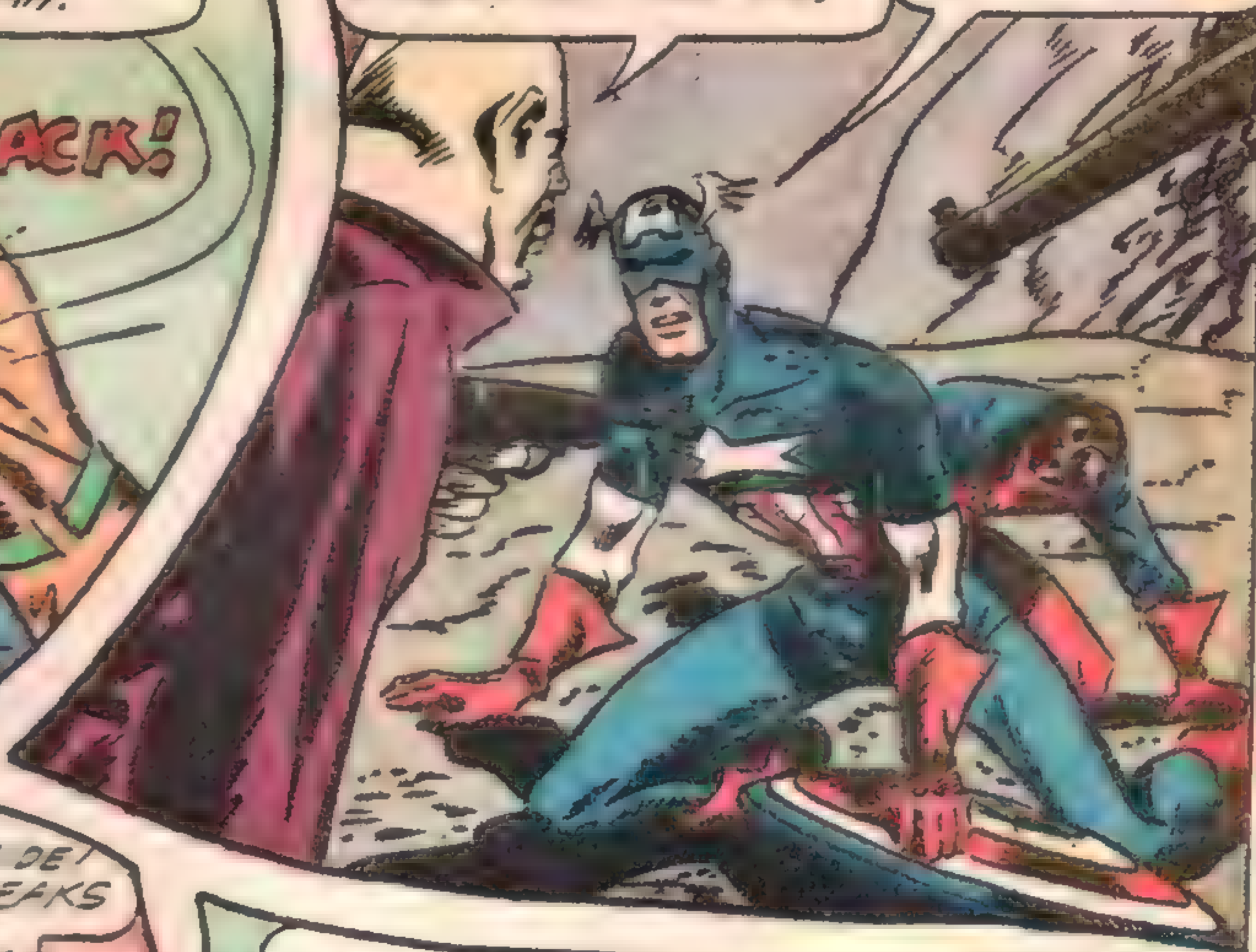
WHEN YOU FIGHT JAPANESE,
YOU MUST HAVE EYES IN BACK
OF YOUR HEAD, TOO! HAH!



SWIFTLY, THE JAPS OVERPOWER
BUCKY AND...

BY MORNING, I WILL
HAVE FULL INFORMATION
ABOUT YOUR FORCES--
BECAUSE FLUFFY
FLAIR WILL HELP US!

NOT FLUFFY
FLAIR! YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT
HER
IMPERSONATOR!



MISS FLAIR'S
SHOE IS MUCH TOO SMALL
FOR THE GIRL I LEFT OUTS DE!
YOUR GIRL LOOKS, ACTS, SPEAKS
THE SAME, THOUGH. YOU
COACHED HER WELL!



YES, WHEN
THE IMPERSONATOR ENTERTAINS,
I WILL WATCH FROM A HIGH TREE
HER ARM AND LEG MOTIONS WILL
BE IN A SPECIAL CODE. WE WILL
LEARN ALL ABOUT YOU!



LOCKED IN A ROCK-WALLED ROOM, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LET PRECIOUS HOURS SLIP BY...

WE CAN'T GET OUT! GEE! IF THAT PHONY BLONDE TIPS OFF THE JAPS, THE LIVES OF OUR BOYS WON'T BE WORTH A DIME!

A DIME! THE DIME I WON FROM YOU!

THAT HEAVY DOOR IS SET IN A WOODEN FRAME AND THE SCREWS ON THE HINGES ARE INSIDE! I CAN USE THE DIME AS A SCREW DRIVER!

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S POWERFUL FINGERS SWIFTLY LOOSEN THE HINGES, AND....

THEY'RE OUT!

YOU'RE GONNA BE OUT TOO!!

YUUUU!

SWIFTLY THEY WRECK
THE JAP WIRELESS, THEN...

YOU GET THE REAL
FLUFFY FLAIR. I'M
GOING AFTER CAPTAIN
CATTI!

RIGHT,
CAP!

MEANWHILE...

AH! THE U.S.O. SHOW IS
STARTING SOON MY GIRL-
SPY WILL TAKE FLUFFY
FLAIR'S PLACE!

SUDDENLY!

SURPRISED?

QUAST THEN, BUCKY
AND THE REAL FLUFFY
FLAIR ARRIVE TO SEE...

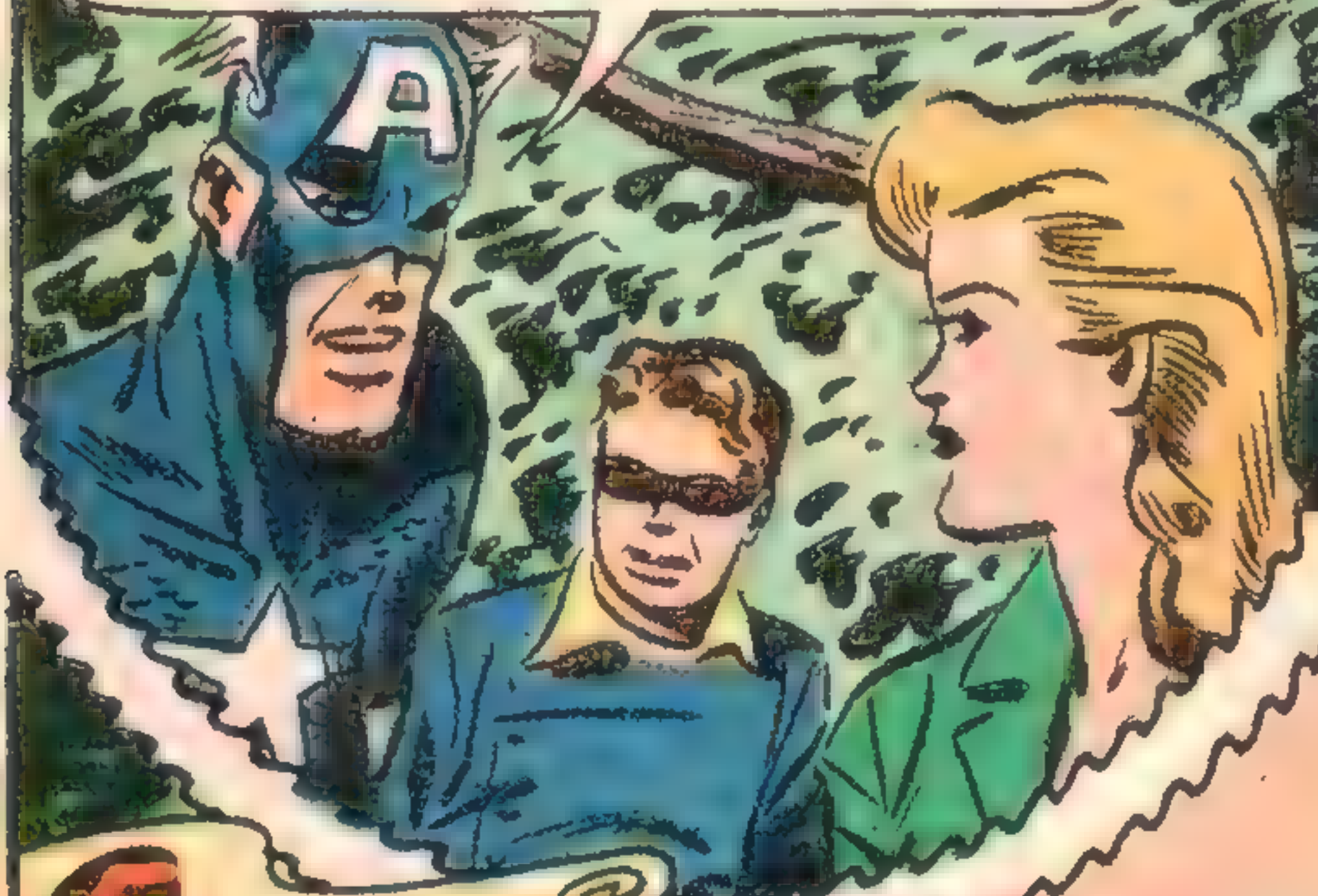
I-I'LL
KILL...

M-MAYBE!

YIPPEE! CAP TOOK
CARE OF THAT JAP,
ALL RIGHT!

ARGHHHH!

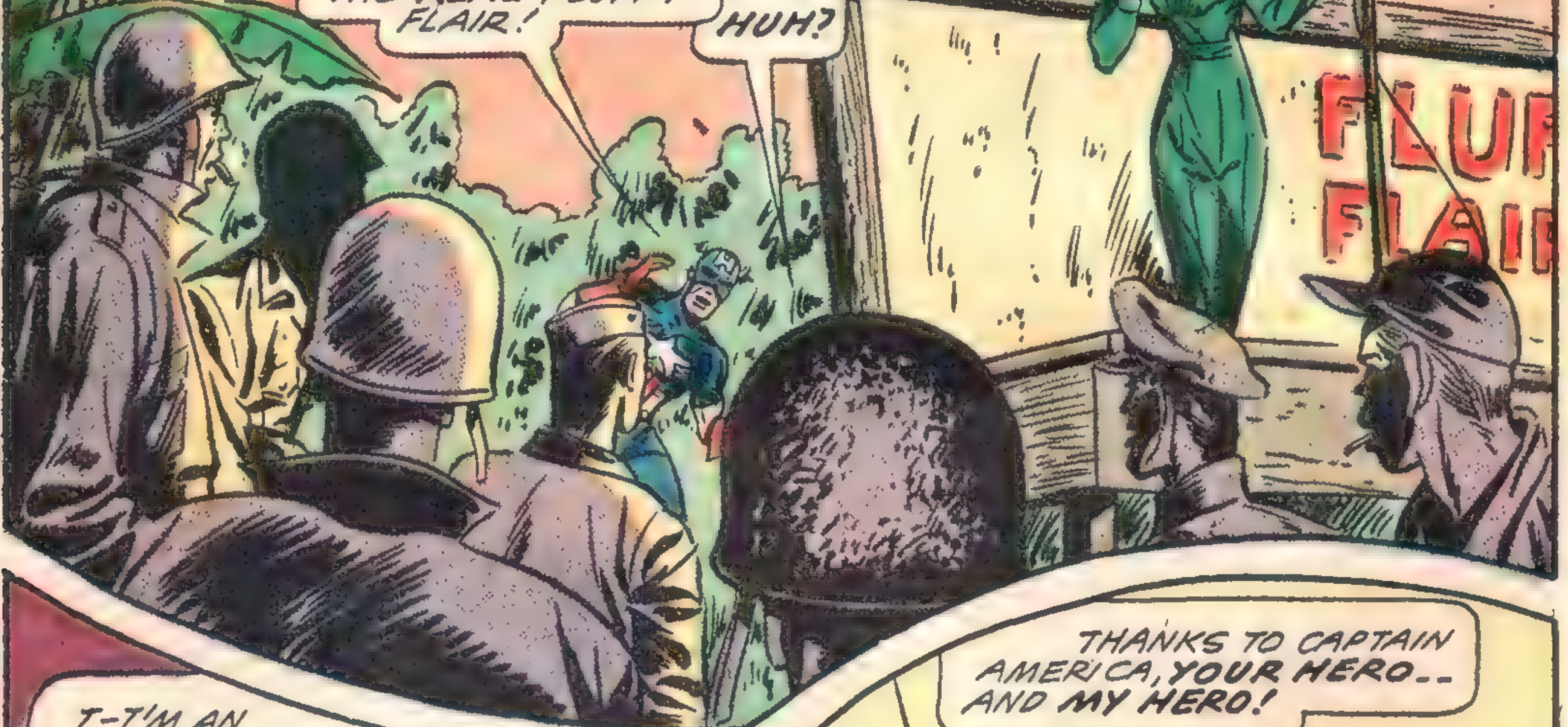
CATTI'S NECK IS BROKEN
AND OUR BOYS CAN TAKE
CARE OF THE OTHER JAPS.
LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP!



FIVE MINUTES
LATER...

HOLD EVERYTHING!
THOSE MOTIONS WON'T
DO ANY GOOD. HERE'S
THE REAL FLUFFY
FLAIR!

HUH?



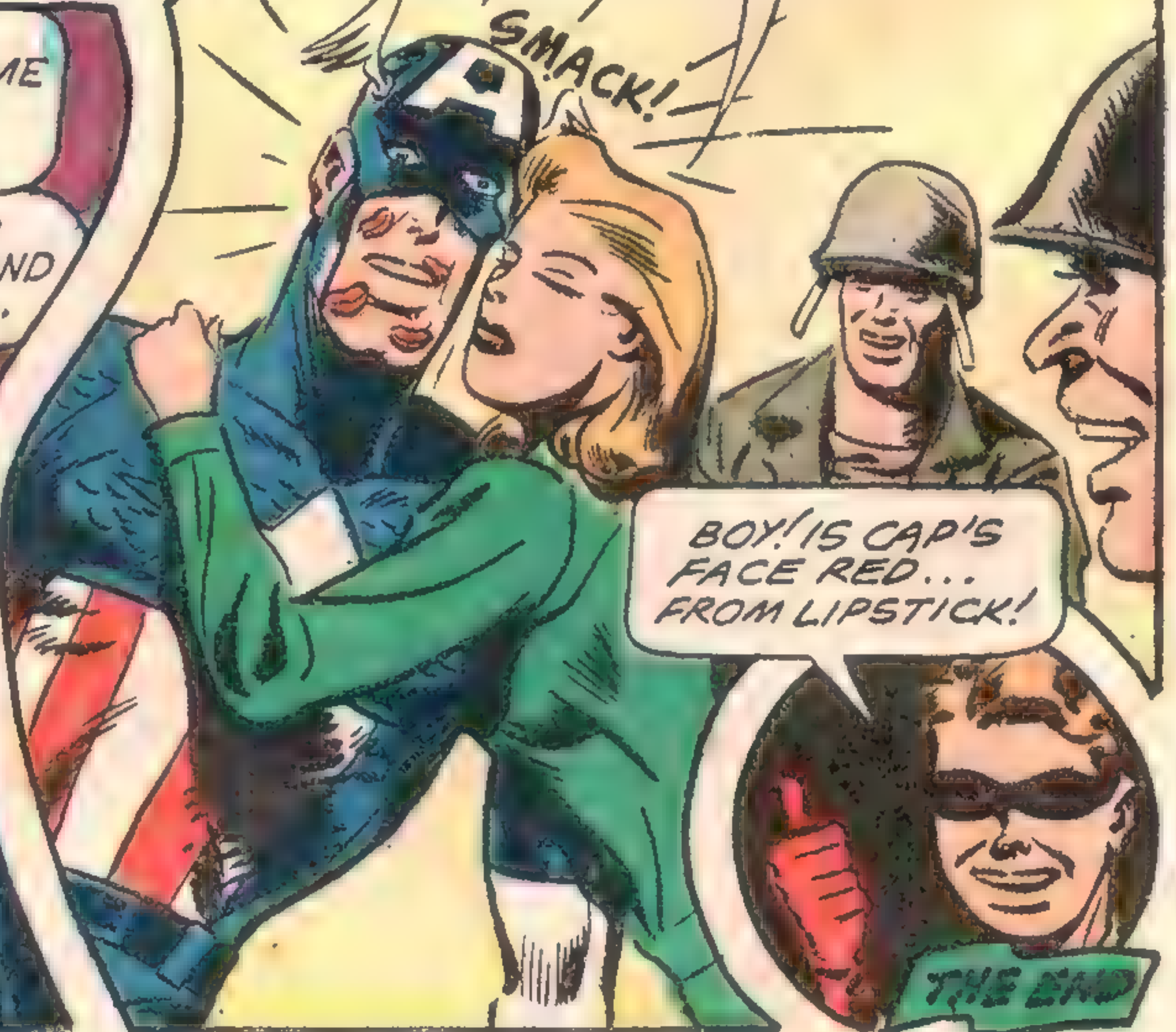
I-I'M AN
AMERICAN! THE
JAPS CAPTURED MY
BROTHER AND MADE ME BECOME
A SPY! WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO WITH ME?

NOTHING! THE JAP
MENACE IS ENDED...AND
MISS FLAIR IS SAFE...



THANKS TO CAPTAIN
AMERICA, YOUR HERO...
AND MY HERO!

SMACK!



BOY! IS CAP'S
FACE RED...
FROM LIPSTICK!



THE END

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You



A simply wonderful collection of wonderfully simple ideas for Christmas gifts for everybody . . . Tricky trinkets—bracelets, necklaces, rings, lapel pins, earrings . . . Enhancing hairbands, combs, barrettes . . . Dandy doo-dads and handy gadgets—scuffs and belts, trays and vases, sewing kits, waste paper baskets, notepaper, and just heaps of things . . . Delicious, nutritious recipes for cookies and cakes . . . And a joyful jubilee of gala mixin's with fun-derful games and party fixin's . . . to make this year's celebration the best ever! . . . Make all these gifts yourself out of tiny bits and pieces . . . Pretty, practical presents for all, at a cost so small it's just nothing at all . . . And all in this "nifty notion" Christmas booklet, bright and shiny in a gay holiday wrapping . . . With lifelike colored illustrations to guide you . . . And a special section to list all the stockings you've filled and the gifts you've put into them—a permanent record of everyone you play Santa to in 1945 . . . This festive booklet is published by MISS AMERICA Magazine from the overflow of suggestions from the "Miss America Speaks" column . . . Send for your copy NOW . . . "Here's How For A Merry Christmas" . . . Only 10c . . . Mail your dime TODAY to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. B-K, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

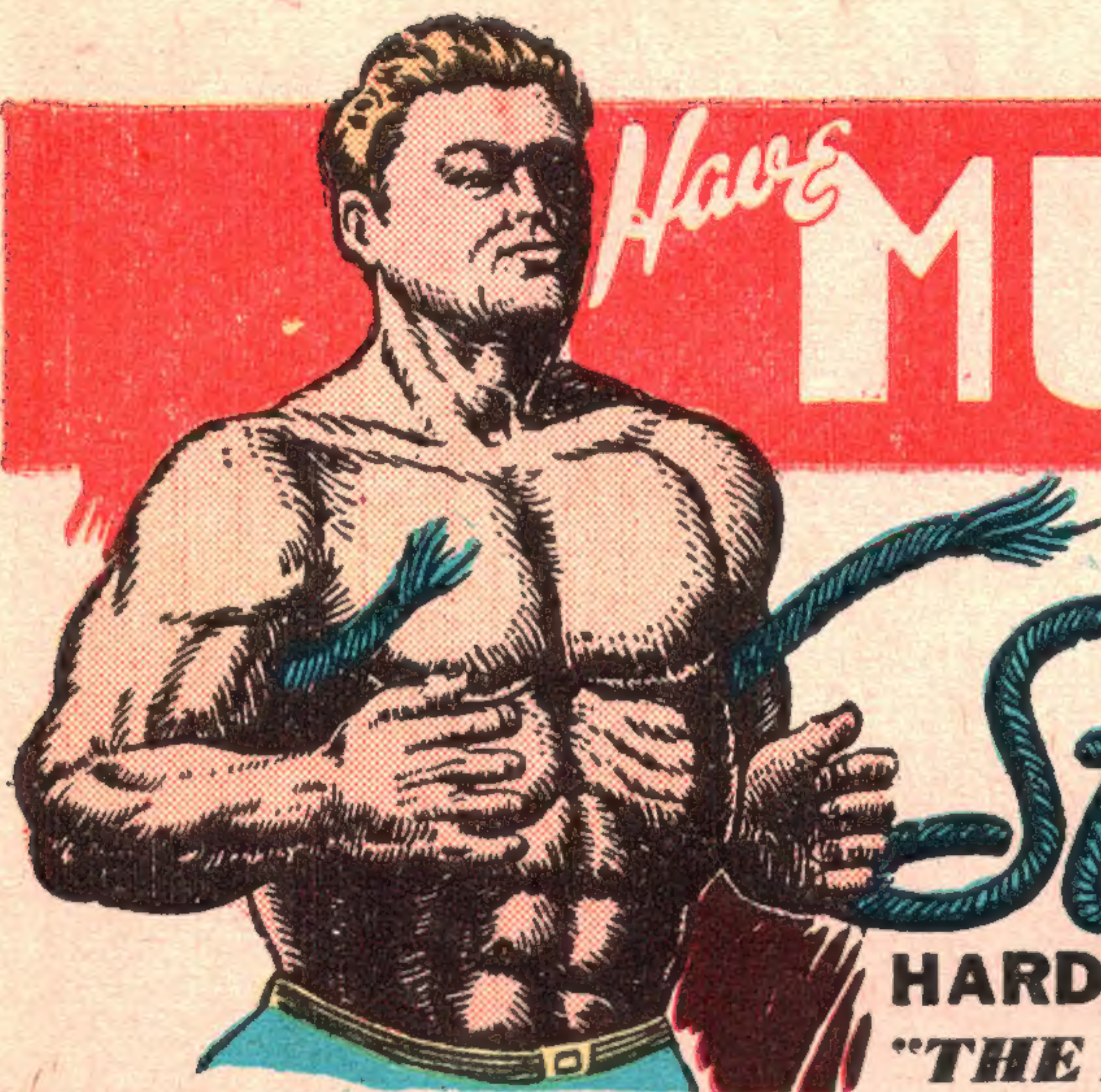


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**HARDEN YOURSELF and BECOME
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healthy, dynamic, muscular body which gives you courage and confidence to succeed in your efforts. Strength and health go hand in hand. A weakling is nobody's friend but more important he is his own worst enemy. Arms full of super-strong muscles and a powerful mid-section are two of the most important parts of your body to line with strength, that defies weaklings. Let Bob Hoffman help you build your body into a beautiful and admired physique with this specially prepared course of instructions. He'll open the doors to strength and let you enter . . . and when you're through you'll be a new man, ready to join his Hall of Famous Champions.



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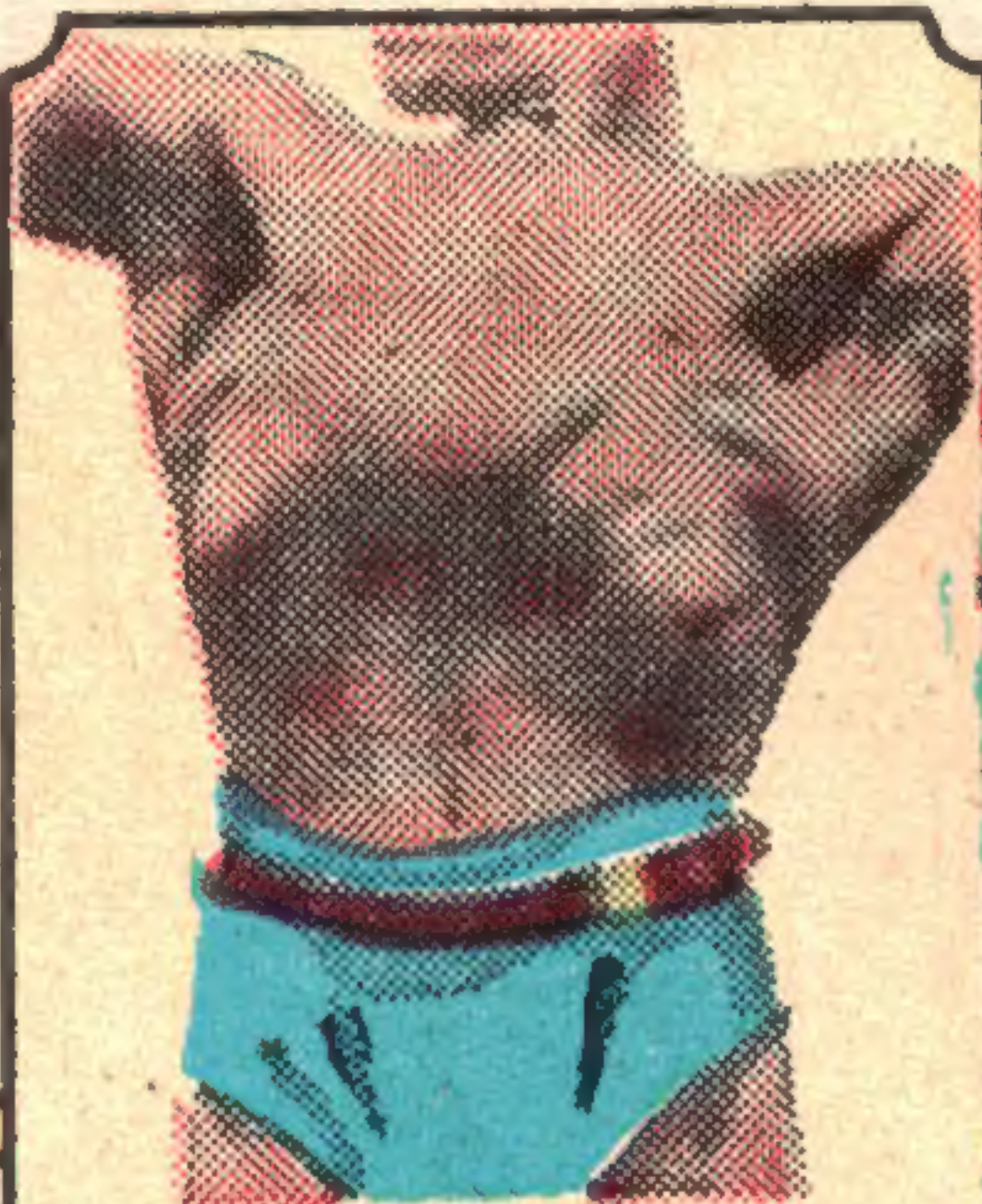
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